

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

### CHAPTER I.

So we settled it all when the storm was done,  
As comfy as comfy could be;  
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,  
Because I was only three,  
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot,  
Because he was five and a man;  
And that's how it all began, my dears,  
And that's how it all began.

*Big Barn Stories.*

"WHAT do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know," said Maisie.

"Beat me, and lock you up in your bedroom," Dick answered, without hesitation. "Have you got the cartridges?"

"Yes: they're in my pocket, but they are joggling horribly. Do pin-fire cartridges go off of their own accord?"

"Don't know. Take the revolver, if you are afraid, and let me carry them."

"I'm *not* afraid." Maisie strode forward swiftly, a hand in her pocket and her chin in the air. Dick followed with a small pin-fire revolver.

The children had discovered that their lives would be unendurable without pistol-practice. After much forethought and self-denial, Dick had saved seven shillings and sixpence, the price of a badly-constructed Belgian revolver. Maisie could only contribute half a crown to the syndicate for the purchase of a hundred cartridges. "You can save better than I can, Dick," she explained: "I like nice things to eat, and it doesn't matter to you. Besides, boys ought to do these things."

Dick grumbled a little at the arrangement, but went out and made

the purchases, which the children were then on their way to test. Revolvers did not lie in the scheme of their daily life as decreed for them by the guardian who was incorrectly supposed to stand in the place of a mother to these two orphans. Dick had been under her care for six years, during which time she had made her profit of the allowances supposed to be expended on his clothes, and, partly through thoughtlessness, partly through a natural desire to pain,—she was a widow of some years anxious to marry again,—had made his days burdensome on his young shoulders. Where he had looked for love, she gave him first aversion and then hate. Where he growing older had sought a little sympathy, she gave him ridicule. The many hours that she could spare from the ordering of her small house she devoted to what she called the home training of Dick Helder. Her religion, manufactured in the main by her own intelligence and an ardent study of the Scriptures, was an aid to her in this matter. At such times as she herself was not personally displeased with Dick, she left him to understand that he had a heavy account to settle with his Creator; wherefore Dick learned to loathe his God as intensely as he loathed Mrs. Jennett; and this is not a wholesome frame of mind for the young. Since she chose to regard him as a hopeless liar, when dread of pain drove him to his first untruth he naturally developed into a liar, but an economical and self-contained one, never throwing away the least unnecessary fib, and never hesitating at the blackest, if it were only plausible, that might make his life a little easier. The treatment taught him at least the power of living alone,—a power that was of service to him when he went to a public school and the boys laughed at his clothes, which were poor in quality and much mended. In the holidays he returned to the teachings of Mrs. Jennett, and, that the chain of discipline might not be weakened by association with the world, was generally beaten, on one count or another, before he had been twelve hours under her roof.

The autumn of one year brought him a companion in bondage, a long-haired, gray-eyed little atom, as self-contained as himself, who moved about the house silently and for the first few weeks spoke only to the goat that was her chiefest friend on earth and lived in the back-garden. Mrs. Jennett objected to the goat on the grounds that he was un-Christian,—which he certainly was. "Then," said the atom, choosing her words very deliberately, "I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you are a very bad woman. Amomma is mine, mine, mine!" Mrs. Jennett made a movement to the hall, where certain umbrellas and canes stood in a rack. The atom understood as clearly as Dick what this meant. "I have been beaten before," she said, still in the same passionless voice; "I have been beaten worse than you can ever beat me. If you beat me I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you do not give me enough to eat. I am not afraid of you." Mrs. Jennett did not go into the hall, and the atom, after a pause to assure herself that all danger of war was past, went out, to weep bitterly on Amomma's neck.

Dick learned to know her as Maisie, and at first mistrusted her profoundly, for he feared that she might interfere with the small liberty of action left to him. She did not, however; and she volun-



teered no friendlinesses until Dick had taken the first steps. Long before the holidays were over, the stress of punishment shared in common drove the children together, if it were only to play into each other's hands as they prepared lies for Mrs. Jennett's use. When Dick returned to school, Maisie whispered, "Now I shall be all alone to take care of myself; but," and she nodded her head bravely, "I can do it. You promised to send Amomma a grass collar. Send it soon." A week later she asked for that collar by return of post, and was not pleased when she learned that it took time to make. When at last Dick forwarded the gift she forgot to thank him for it.

Many holidays had come and gone since that day, and Dick had grown into a lanky hobbledohoy more than ever conscious of his bad clothes. Not for a moment had Mrs. Jennett relaxed her tender care of him, but the average canings of a public school—Dick fell under punishment about three times a month—filled him with contempt for her powers. "She doesn't hurt," he explained to Maisie, who urged him to rebellion, "and she is kinder to you after she has whacked me." Dick shambled through the days unkept in body and savage in soul, as the smaller boys of the school learned to know, for when the spirit moved him he would hit them, cunningly and with science. The same spirit made him more than once try to tease Maisie, but the girl refused to be made unhappy. "We are both miserable as it is," said she. "What is the use of trying to make things worse? Let's find things to do, and forget things."

The pistol was the outcome of that search. It could only be used on the muddiest foreshore of the beach, far away from bathing-machines and pier-heads, below the grassy slopes of Fort Keeling. The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast, and the many-colored mud-banks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed. It was late in the afternoon when Dick and Maisie arrived on their ground, Amomma trotting patiently behind.

"Mf!" said Maisie, sniffing the air. "I wonder what makes the sea so smelly. I don't like it."

"You never like anything that isn't made just for you," said Dick, bluntly. "Give me the cartridges, and I'll try first shot. How far does one of these little revolvers carry?"

"Oh, half a mile," said Maisie, promptly. "At least it makes an awful noise. Be careful with the cartridges; I don't like those jagged stick-up things on the rim. Dick, do be careful."

"All right. I know how to load. I'll fire at the breakwater out there."

He fired, and Amomma ran away bleating. The bullet threw up a spurt of mud to the right of the weed-wreathed piles.

"Throws high and to the right. You try, Maisie. Mind, it's loaded all round."

Maisie took the pistol and stepped delicately to the verge of the mud, her hand firmly closed on the butt, her mouth and left eye screwed up. Dick sat down on a tuft of bank and laughed. Amomma returned very cautiously. He was accustomed to strange experiences in his afternoon walks, and, finding the cartridge-box unguarded, made

investigations with his nose. Maisie fired, but could not see where the bullet went.

"I think it hit the post," she said, shading her eyes and looking out across the sailless sea.

"I know it has gone out to the Marazion Bell Buoy," said Dick, with a chuckle. "Fire low and to the left; then perhaps you'll get it. Oh, look at Amomma!—he's eating the cartridges!"

Maisie turned, the revolver in her hand, just in time to see Amomma scampering away from the pebbles Dick threw after him. Nothing is sacred to a billy-goat. Being well fed and the adored of his mistress, Amomma had naturally swallowed two loaded pin-fire cartridges. Maisie hurried up to assure herself that Dick had not miscounted the tale.

"Yes, he's eaten two."

"Horrid little beast! Then they'll joggle about inside him and blow up, and serve him right. . . . Oh, Dick! have I killed you?"

Revolvers are tricky things for young hands to deal with. Maisie could not explain how it had happened, but a veil of reeking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face. Then she heard him sputter, and dropped on her knees beside him, crying, "Dick, you aren't hurt, are you? I didn't mean it."

"Of course you didn't," said Dick, emerging from the smoke and wiping his cheek. "But you nearly blinded me. That powder stuff stings awfully." A neat little splash of gray lead on a stone showed where the bullet had gone. Maisie began to whimper.

"Don't," said Dick, jumping to his feet and shaking himself. "I'm not a bit hurt."

"No, but I might have killed you," protested Maisie, the corners of her mouth drooping. "What should I have done then?"

"Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett." Dick grinned at the thought; then, softening, "Please don't worry about it. Besides, we are wasting time. We've got to get back to tea. I'll take the revolver a bit."

Maisie would have wept on the least encouragement, but Dick's indifference, albeit his hand was shaking as he picked up the pistol, restrained her. She lay panting on the beach while Dick methodically bombarded the breakwater. "Got it at last!" he exclaimed, as a lock of weed flew from the wood.

"Let me try," said Maisie, imperiously. "I'm all right now."

They fired in turns till the rickety little revolver nearly shook itself to pieces, and Amomma the outcast—because he might blow up at any moment—browsed in the background and wondered why stones were thrown at him. Then they found a balk of timber floating in a pool which was commanded by the seaward slope of Fort Keeling, and they sat down together before this new target.

"Next holidays," said Dick, as the now thoroughly fouled revolver kicked wildly in his hand, "we'll get another pistol,—central fire,—that will carry farther."

"There won't be any next holidays for me," said Maisie. "I'm going away."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. My lawyers have written to Mrs. Jennett, and I've got to be educated somewhere,—in France, perhaps,—I don't know where; but I shall be glad to go away."

"I shan't like it a bit. I suppose I shall be left. Look here, Maisie, is it really true you're going? Then these holidays will be the last I shall see anything of you; and I go back to school next week. I wish——"

The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass-tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea-poppy nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of the mud-flats and the milk-white sea beyond.

"I wish," she said, after a pause, "that I could see you again some time. You wish that too?"

"Yes, but it would have been better if—if—you had—shot straight over there—down by the breakwater."

Maisie looked with large eyes for a moment. And this was the boy who only ten days before had decorated Amomma's horns with cut-paper ham-frills and turned him out, a bearded derision, among the public ways! Then she dropped her eyes: this was not the boy.

"Don't be stupid," she said, reprovingly, and with swift instinct attacked the side-issue. "How selfish you are! Just think what I should have felt if that horrid thing had killed you! I'm quite miserable enough already."

"Why? Because you're going away from Mrs. Jennett?"

"No."

"From me, then?"

No answer for a long time. Dick dared not look at her. He felt, though he did not know, all that the past four years had been to him, and this the more acutely since he had no knowledge to put his feelings in words.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it is."

"Maisie, you must know. I'm not supposing."

"Let's go home," said Maisie, weakly.

But Dick was not minded to retreat.

"I can't say things," he pleaded, "and I'm awfully sorry for teasing you about Amomma the other day. It's all different now, Maisie, can't you see? And you might have told me that you were going, instead of leaving me to find out."

"You didn't. I did tell. Oh, Dick, what's the use of worrying?"

"There isn't any; but we've been together years and years, and I didn't know how much I cared."

"I don't believe you ever did care."

"No, I didn't; but I do,—I care awfully now. Maisie," he gulped,—"*Maisie*, darling, say you care too, please."

"I do; indeed I do; but it won't be any use."

"Why?"

"Because I am going away."

"Yes, but if you promise before you go. Only say—will you?"

A second "*darling*" came to his lips more easily than the first. There

were few endearments in Dick's home or school life: he had to find them by instinct. Dick took the little hand blackened with the escaped gas of the revolver.

"I promise," she said, solemnly; "but if I care there is no need for promising."

"And you do care?" For the first time in the past few minutes their eyes met and spoke for them who had no skill in speech. . . .

"Oh, Dick, don't! please don't! It was all right when we said good-morning; but now it's all different!" Amomma looked on from afar. He had seen his property quarrel frequently, but he had never seen kisses exchanged before. The yellow sea-poppy was wiser, and nodded its head approvingly. Considered as a kiss, that was a failure, but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word.

"You can't forget now," said Dick at last. There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I shouldn't have forgotten anyhow," said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set, and a night-wind thrashed along the bents of the foreshore.

"We shall be awfully late for tea," said Maisie. "Let's go home."

"Let's use the rest of the cartridges first," said Dick; and he helped Maisie down the slope of the fort to the sea,—a descent she was quite capable of accomplishing at full speed. Equally gravely Maisie took the grimy hand. Dick bent forward clumsily; Maisie drew her hand away, and Dick blushed.

"It's very pretty," he said.

"Pooh!" said Maisie, with a little laugh of gratified vanity. She stood close to Dick as he loaded the revolver for the last time and fired across the sea with a vague notion at the back of his head that he was protecting Maisie from all the evils in the world. A puddle far across the mud caught the last rays of the sun and turned into a wrathful red disk. The light held Dick's attention for a moment, and as he raised his revolver there fell upon him a renewed sense of the miraculous, in that he was standing by Maisie who had promised to care for him for an indefinite length of time till such date as—— A gust of the growing wind drove the girl's long black hair across his face as she stood with her hand on his shoulder calling Amomma "a little beast," and for a moment he was in the dark,—a darkness that stung. The bullet went singing out to the empty sea.

"Spoilt my aim," said he, shaking his head. "There aren't any more cartridges. We shall have to run home." But they did not run. They walked very slowly, arm in arm. And it was a matter of indifference to them whether the neglected Amomma with two pin-fire

cartridges in his inside blew up or trotted beside them; for they had come into a golden heritage and were disposing of it with all the wisdom of all their years.

"And I shall be——" quoth Dick, valiantly. Then he checked himself: "I don't know what I shall be. I don't seem to be able to pass any exams., but I can make awful caricatures of the masters. Ho! ho!"

"Be an artist, then," said Maisie. "You're always laughing at my trying to draw; and it will do you good."

"I'll never laugh at anything you do," he answered. "I'll be an artist, and I'll do things."

"Artists always want money, don't they?"

"I've got a hundred and twenty pounds a year of my own. My guardians tell me I'm to have it when I come of age. That will be enough to begin with."

"Ah, I'm rich," said Maisie. "I've got three hundred a year all my own when I'm twenty-one. That is why Mrs. Jennett is kinder to me than she is to you. I wish, though, that I had somebody that belonged to me,—just a father or a mother."

"You belong to me," said Dick, "for ever and ever."

"I know I do. It's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's cheek with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered himself of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours.

"And I—love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world,—the world that he would to-morrow or the next day set out and conquer.

There was a scene, not, for the sake of discipline, to be reported, when Mrs. Jennett would have fallen upon him, first for disgraceful unpunctuality, and secondly for nearly killing himself with a forbidden weapon.

"I was playing with it, and it went off by itself," said Dick, when the powder-pocked cheek could no longer be hidden, "but if you think you're going to lick me you're wrong. You are never going to touch me again. Sit down and give me my tea. You can't cheat us out of that, anyhow."

Mrs. Jennett gasped and became livid. Maisie said nothing, but encouraged Dick with her eyes, and he behaved abominably all that evening. Mrs. Jennett prophesied an immediate judgment of Providence and a descent into Tophet later, but Dick walked in Paradise and would not hear. Only when he was going to bed Mrs. Jennett recovered and asserted herself. He had bidden Maisie good-night with down-dropped eyes and from a distance.

"If you aren't a gentleman you might try to behave like one," said Mrs. Jennett, spitefully. "You've been quarrelling with Maisie again."

This meant that the regulation good-night kiss had been omitted. Maisie, white to the lips, thrust her cheek forward with a fine air of indifference, and was duly pecked by Dick, who tramped out of the

room red as fire. That night he dreamed a wild dream. He had won all the world and brought it to Maisie in a cartridge-box, but she turned it over with her foot, and, instead of saying, "Thank you," cried,—

"Where is the grass collar you promised for Amomma? Oh, how selfish you are!"

## CHAPTER II.

Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew,  
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two,  
Ridin', ridin', ridin' two an' two,  
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra,  
All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.

*Barrack-Room Ballad.*

"I'm not angry with the British public, but I do wish we had a few thousand of them scattered among these rocks. They wouldn't be in such a hurry to get at their morning papers, then. Can't you imagine the regulation householder—*Lover of Justice, Constant Reader. Paterfamilias*, and all that lot—frizzling on hot gravel?"

"With a blue veil over his head, and his clothes in strips. Has any man here a needle? I've got a piece of sugar-sack."

"I'll lend you a packing-needle for six square inches of it, then. Both my knees are worn through."

"Why not six square acres, while you're about it? But lend me the needle, and I'll see what I can do with the selvage. I don't think there's enough to protect my royal body from the cold blast as it is. What are you doing with that everlasting sketch-book of yours, Dick?"

"Study of our Special Correspondent repairing his wardrobe," said Dick, gravely, as the other man kicked off a pair of sorely-worn riding-breeches and began to fit a square of coarse canvas over the most obvious open space. He grunted disconsolately as the vastness of the void developed itself.

"Sugar-bags, indeed! Hi! you pilot-man there! lend me all the sails of that whale-boat."

A fez-crowned head bobbed up in the stern-sheets, divided itself into exact halves with one flashing grin, and bobbed down again. The man of the tattered breeches, clad only in a Norfolk jacket and a gray flannel shirt, went on with his clumsy sewing, while Dick chuckled over his sketch.

Some twenty whale-boats were nuzzling a sand-bank which was dotted with English soldiery of half a dozen corps, bathing or washing their clothes. A heap of boat-rollers, commissariat-boxes, sugar-bags, and flour- and small-arm-ammunition-cases showed where one of the whale-boats had been compelled to unload hastily; and a regimental carpenter was swearing aloud as he tried, on a wholly insufficient allowance of white lead, to plaster up the sun-parched gaping seams of the boat herself.

"First the bloomin' rudder snaps," said he to the world in general;



"then the mast goes; an' then, s' 'elp me, when she can't do nothin' else, she opens 'erself out like a cock-eyed Chinese lotus."

"Exactly the case with my breeches, whoever you are," said the tailor, without looking up. "Dick, I wonder when I shall see a decent shop again."

There was no answer, save the incessant angry murmur of the Nile as it raced round a basalt-walled bend and foamed across a rock-ridge half a mile up-stream. It was as though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own country. The indescribable scent of Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whale-boats to overpass. The desert ran down almost to the banks, where, among gray, red, and black hillocks, a camel-corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch of the slow-moving boats; there had been no fighting for weeks past, and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed rapid, rock rock, and island-group island-group, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what. Before them lay the Nile, and at the other end of it was one Gordon, fighting for the dear life, in a town called Khartoum. There were columns of British troops in the desert, or in one of the many deserts; there were columns on the river, there were yet more columns waiting to embark on the river; there were fresh drafts waiting at Assiout and Assuan; there were lies and rumors running over the face of the hopeless land from Suakin to the Sixth Cataract, and men supposed generally that there must be some one in authority to direct the general scheme of the many movements. The duty of that particular river-column was to keep the whale-boats afloat in the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gangs "tracked" the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as was possible, and, above all, to press on without delay in the teeth of the churning Nile.

With the soldiers sweated and toiled the correspondents of the newspapers, and they were almost as ignorant as their companions. But it was above all things necessary that England at breakfast should be amused and thrilled and interested, whether Gordon lived or died, or half the British army went to pieces in the sands. The Soudan campaign was a picturesque one and lent itself to vivid word-painting. Now and again a "Special" managed to get slain,—which was not altogether a disadvantage to the paper that employed him,—and more often the hand-to-hand nature of the fighting allowed of miraculous escapes which were worth telegraphing home at eighteenpence the word. There were many correspondents with many corps and columns,—from the veterans who had followed on the heels of the cavalry that occupied Cairo in '82, what time Arabi Pasha called himself king, who had seen the first miserable work round Suakin when the sentries were cut up nightly and the scrub swarmed with spears, to youngsters jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph-wire to take the place of their betters killed or invalidated.

Among the seniors—those who knew every shift and change in the perplexing postal arrangements, the value of the seediest, weediest Egyptian garron offered for sale in Cairo or Alexandria, who could talk a telegraph clerk into amiability and soothe the ruffled vanity of a newly-appointed staff-officer when press regulations became burdensome—was the man in the flannel shirt, the black-browed Torpenhow. He represented the Central Southern Syndicate in the campaign, as he had represented it in the Egyptian war, and elsewhere. The syndicate did not concern itself greatly with criticisms of attack and the like. It supplied the masses, and all it demanded was picturesqueness and abundance of detail. There is more joy in England over one soldier who insubordinately steps out of a square to rescue a comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness over the gross details of transport and commissariat.

He had met at Suakin a young man, sitting on the edge of a recently-abandoned redoubt about the size of a hat-box, sketching a clump of shell-torn bodies on the gravel plain.

"What are you for?" said Torpenhow. The formula of the correspondent is that of the commercial traveller on the road.

"My own hand," said the young man, without looking up. "Have you any tobacco?"

Torpenhow waited till the sketch was finished, and when he had looked at it said, "What's your business here?"

"Nothing. There was a row, so I came. I'm supposed to be doing something down at the painting-slips among the boats, or else I'm in charge of the condenser on one of the water-ships. I've forgotten which."

"You've cheek enough to build a redoubt with," said Torpenhow, and took stock of the new acquaintance. "Do you always draw like that?"

The young man produced more sketches. "Row on a Chinese pig-boat," said he, sententiously, showing them one after another.—"Chief mate dirked by a comprador.—Junk ashore off Hakodaté.—Somali muleteer being flogged.—Star-shell bursting over camp at Berbera.—Slave-dhow being chivied round Tajurrah Bay.—Soldier lying dead in the moonlight outside Suakin,—throat cut by Fuzzies."

"H'm!" said Torpenhow, "can't say I care for Verestchagin-and-water myself, but there's no accounting for tastes. Doing anything now, are you?"

"No. Amusing myself here."

Torpenhow looked at the aching desolation of the place. "'Faith, you've queer notions of amusement. Got any money?"

"Enough to go on with. Look here: you want me to do war-work?"

"I don't. My syndicate may, though. You can draw more than a little, and I don't suppose you care much what you get, do you?"

"Not this time. I want my chance first."

Torpenhow looked at the sketches again, and nodded. "Yes, you're right to take your first chance when you can get it."

He rode away swiftly through the Gate of the Two War-Ships,

rattled across the causeway into the town, and wired to his syndicate, "Got man here, picture-work. Good and cheap. Shall I arrange? Will do letter-press with sketches."

The man on the redoubt sat swinging his legs and murmuring, "I knew the chance would come, sooner or later. By God, they'll have to sweat for it if I come through this business alive!"

In the evening Torpenhow was able to announce to his friend that the Central Southern Agency was willing to take him on trial, paying expenses for three months. "And, by the way, what's your name?" said Torpenhow.

"Heldar. Do they give me a free hand?"

"They've taken you on chance. You must justify the choice. You'd better stick to me. I'm going up-country with a column, and I'll do what I can for you. Give me some of your sketches taken here, and I'll send 'em along." To himself he said, "That's the best bargain the Central Southern has ever made; and they got me cheaply enough."

So it came to pass that, after some purchase of horse-flesh and arrangements financial and political, Dick was made free of the New and Honorable Fraternity of war correspondents, who all possess the inalienable right of doing as much work as they can and getting as much for it as Providence and their owners shall please. To these things are added in time, if the brother be worthy, the power of glib speech that neither man nor woman can resist when a meal or a bed is in question, the eye of a horse-coper, the skill of a cook, the constitution of a bullock, the digestion of an ostrich, and an infinite adaptability to all circumstances. But many die before they attain to this degree, and the past-masters in the craft appear for the most part in dress-clothes when they are in England, and thus is their glory hidden from the multitude.

Dick followed Torpenhow wherever the latter's fancy chose to lead him, and between the two they managed to accomplish some work that almost satisfied themselves. It was not an easy life in any way, and under its influence the two were drawn very closely together, for they ate from the same dish, they shared the same water-bottle, and, most binding tie of all, their mails went off together. It was Dick who managed to make gloriously drunk a telegraph-clerk in a palm hut far beyond the Second Cataract, and, while the man lay in bliss on the floor, possessed himself of some laboriously acquired exclusive information, forwarded by a confiding correspondent of an opposition syndicate, made a careful duplicate of the matter, and brought the result to Torpenhow, who said that "all was fair in love or war-correspondence," and built an excellent descriptive article from his rival's riotous waste of words. It was Torpenhow who—but the tale of their adventures, together and apart, from Philæ to the waste wilderness of Herawi and Muella, would fill many books. They had been penned into a square side by side, in deadly fear of being shot by over-excited soldiers; they had fought with baggage-camels in the chill dawn; they had jogged along in silence under blinding sun on indefatigable little Egyptian horses; and they had floundered on the shallows of the Nile when the whale-

boat in which they had found a berth chose to smite a hidden rock and rip out half her bottom-planks.

Now they were sitting on the sand-bank, and the whale-boats were bringing up the remainder of the column.

"Yes," said Torpenhow, as he put the last rude stitches into his over-long-neglected gear, "it has been a beautiful business."

"The patch, or the campaign?" said Helder. "Don't think much of either, myself."

"You want the Euryalus brought up above the Third Cataract, don't you? and eighty-one-ton guns at Jakdul? Now, *I'm* quite satisfied with my breeches." He turned round gravely to exhibit himself, after the manner of a clown.

"It's very pretty. Specially the lettering on the sack. G. B. T. Government Bullock Train. That's a sack from India."

"It's my initials,—Gilbert Belling Torpenhow. I stole the cloth on purpose. What the mischief are the camel-corps doing yonder?" Torpenhow shaded his eyes and looked across the scrub-strewn gravel.

A bugle blew furiously, and the men on the bank hurried to their arms and accoutrements.

"Pisan soldiery surprised while bathing," remarked Dick, calmly. "D'you remember the picture? It's by Michael Angelo. All beginners copy it. That scrub's alive with enemy."

The camel-corps on the bank yelled to the infantry to come to them, and a hoarse shouting down the river showed that the remainder of the column had wind of the trouble and was hastening to take share in it. As swiftly as a reach of still water is crisped by the wind, the rock-strewn ridges and scrub-topped hills were troubled and alive with armed men. Mercifully, it occurred to these to stand far off for a time, to shout and gesticulate joyously. One man even delivered himself of a long story. The camel-corps did not fire. They were only too glad for a little breathing-space, until some sort of square could be formed. The men on the sand-bank ran to their side; and the whale-boats, as they toiled up within shouting-distance, were thrust into the nearest bank and emptied of all save the sick and a few men to guard them. The Arab orator ceased his outcries, and his friends howled.

"They look like Mahdi's men," said Torpenhow, elbowing himself into the crush of the square; "but what thousands of 'em there are! The tribes hereabout aren't against us, I know."

"Then the Mahdi's taken another town," said Dick, "and set all these yelping devils free to chaw us up. Lend us your glass."

"Our scouts should have told us of this. We've been trapped," said a subaltern. "Aren't the camel-guns ever going to begin? Hurry up, you men!"

There was no need for any order. The men flung themselves panting against the sides of the square, for they had good reason to know that whoso was left outside when the fighting began would very probably die, in an extremely unpleasant fashion. The little hundred-and-fifty-pound camel-guns posted at one corner of the square opened the ball as the square moved forward by its right to get possession of a knoll of rising ground. All had fought in this manner many times

before, and there was no novelty in the entertainment : always the same hot and stifling formation, the smell of dust and leather, the same bolt-like rush of the enemy, the same pressure on the weakest side of the square, the few minutes of desperate hand-to-hand scuffle, and then the silence of the desert, broken only by the yells of those whom the handful of cavalry attempted to pursue. They had grown careless. The camel-guns spoke at intervals, and the square slouched forward amid the protests of the camels. Then came the attack of three thousand men who had not learned from books that it is impossible for troops in close order to attack against breech-loading fire. A few dropping shots heralded their approach, and a few horsemen led, but the bulk of the force was naked humanity, mad with rage, and armed with the spear and the sword. The instinct of the desert, where there is always much war, told them that the right flank of the square was the weakest, for they swung clear of the front. The camel-guns shelled them as they passed, and opened for an instant lanes through their midst, most like those quick-closing vistas in a Kentish hop-garden seen when the train races by at full speed ; and the infantry fire, held till the opportune moment, dropped them in close-packed hundreds. No civilized troops in the world could have endured the hell through which they came, the living leaping high to avoid the dead clutching at their heels, the wounded cursing and staggering forward till they fell—a torrent black as the sliding water above a mill-dam—full on the right flank of the square. Then the line of the dusty troops and the faint-blue desert sky overhead went out in rolling smoke, and the little stones on the heated ground and the tinder-dry clumps of scrub became matters of surpassing interest, for men measured their agonized retreat and recovery by these things, counting mechanically and hewing their way back to chosen pebble and branch. There was no semblance of any concerted fighting. For aught the men knew, the enemy might be attempting all four sides of the square at once. Their business was to destroy what lay in front of them, to bayonet in the back those who passed over them, and, dying, to drag down the slayer till he could be knocked on the head by some avenging gun-butt. Dick waited quietly with Torpenhow and a young doctor till the stress became unendurable. There was no hope of attending to the wounded till the attack was repulsed, so the three moved forward gingerly towards the weakest side. There was a rush from without, the short *hough-hough* of the stabbing spears, and a man on a horse, followed by thirty or forty others, dashed through, yelling and hacking. The right flank of the square sucked in after them, and the other sides sent help. The wounded, who knew that they had but a few hours more to live, caught at the enemy's feet and brought them down, or, staggering to a discarded rifle, fired blindly into the scuffle that raged in the centre of the square. Dick was conscious that somebody had cut him violently across his helmet, that he had fired his revolver into a black, foam-flecked face which forthwith ceased to bear any resemblance to a face, and that Torpenhow had gone down under an Arab whom he had tried to "collar low," and was turning over and over with his captive, feeling for the man's eyes. The doctor was jabbing at a venture with a bayonet,



and a helmetless soldier was firing over Dick's shoulder: the flying grains of powder stung his cheek. It was to Torpenhow that Dick turned by instinct. The representative of the Central Southern Syndicate had shaken himself clear of his enemy, and rose, wiping his thumb on his trousers. The Arab, both hands to his forehead, screamed aloud, then snatched up his spear and rushed at Torpenhow, who was panting under shelter of Dick's revolver. Dick fired twice, and the man dropped limply. His upturned face lacked one eye. The musketry-fire redoubled, but cheers mingled with it. The rush had failed, and the enemy were flying. If the heart of the square were shambles, the ground beyond was a butcher's shop. Dick thrust his way forward between the maddened men. The remnant of the enemy were retiring, and the few—the very few—English cavalry were riding down the laggards.

Beyond the lines of the dead, a broad blood-stained Arab spear cast aside in the retreat lay across a stump of scrub, and beyond this again the illimitable dark levels of the desert. The sun caught the steel and turned it into a savage red disk. Some one behind him was saying, "Ah, get away, you brute!" Dick raised his revolver and pointed towards the desert. His eye was held by the red splash in the distance, and the clamor about him seemed to die down to a very far-away whisper, like the whisper of a level sea. There was the revolver and the red light, . . . and the voice of some one scaring something away, exactly as had fallen somewhere before,—probably in a past life. Dick waited for what should happen afterwards. Something seemed to crack inside his head, and for an instant he stood in the dark,—a darkness that stung. He fired at random, and the bullet went out across the desert as he muttered, "Spoilt my aim. There aren't any more cartridges. We shall have to run home." He put his hand to his head and brought it away covered with blood.

"Old man, you're cut rather badly," said Torpenhow. "I owe you something for this business. Thanks. Stand up! I say, you can't be ill here."

Dick had fallen stiffly on Torpenhow's shoulder, and was muttering something about aiming low and to the left. Then he sank to the ground and was silent. Torpenhow dragged him off to a doctor and sat down to work up his account of what he was pleased to call "a sanguinary battle, in which our arms had acquitted themselves," etc.

All that night, when the troops were encamped by the whale-boats, a black figure danced in the strong moonlight on the sand-bar and shouted that Khartoum the accursed one was dead,—was dead,—was dead,—that two steamers were rock-staked on the Nile outside the city, and that of all their crews there remained not one; and Khartoum was dead,—was dead,—was dead!

But Torpenhow took no heed. He was watching Dick, who was calling aloud to the restless Nile for Maisie,—and again Maisie!

"Behold a phenomenon," said Torpenhow, rearranging the blanket. "Here is a man, presumably human, who mentions the name of one woman only. And I've seen a good deal of delirium, too.—Dick, here's some fizzy drink."

"Thank you, Maisie," said Dick.



## CHAPTER III.

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
 For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
 To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
 And capture another dean of Jaen  
 And sell him in Algiers.

*A Dutch Picture.*

THE Soudan campaign and Dick's broken head had been some months ended and mended, and the Central Southern Syndicate had paid Dick a certain sum on account for work done, which work they were careful to assure him was not altogether up to their standard. Dick heaved the letter into the Nile at Cairo, cashed the draft in the same town, and bade a warm farewell to Torpenhow at the station.

"I am going to lie up for a while and rest," said Torpenhow. "I don't know where I shall live in London, but if God brings us to meet, we shall meet. Are you staying here on the off chance of another row? There will be none till the Southern Soudan is re-occupied by our troops. Mark that. Good-by; bless you; come back when your money's spent; and give me your address."

Dick loitered in Cairo, Alexandria, Ismaïlia, and Port Said,—especially Port Said. There is iniquity in many parts of the world, and vice in all, but the concentrated essence of all the iniquities and all the vices in all the continents finds itself at Port Said. And through the heart of that sand-bordered hell, where the mirage flickers all day long above the Bitter Lakes, move, if you will only wait, most of the men and women you have known in this life. Dick established himself in quarters more riotous than respectable. He spent his evenings on the quay, and boarded many ships, and saw very many friends,—gracious Englishwomen with whom he had talked not too wisely in the veranda of Shepherd's Hotel, hurrying war correspondents, skippers of the contract troop-ships employed in the campaign, army officers by the score, and others of less reputable trades. He had choice of all the races of the East and West for studies, and the advantage of seeing his subjects under the influence of strong excitement, at the gaming-tables, saloons, dancing-hells, and elsewhere. For recreation there was the straight vista of the canal, the blazing sands, the procession of shipping, and the white hospitals where the English soldiers lay. Dick strove to pen down in black and white and color all that Providence sent him, and when that supply was ended sought about for fresh material. It was a fascinating employment, but it ran away with his money, and he had drawn in advance the hundred and twenty pounds to which he was entitled yearly. "Now I shall have to work and starve!" thought he, and was addressing himself to this new fate, when a mysterious telegram arrived from Torpenhow in England, which said, "Come back, quick: you have caught on. Come." A large smile overspread his face. "So soon! that's good hearing," said he to himself. "There will be an orgy to-night. I'll stand or fall by my luck. 'Faith, it's time it came!" He deposited half of his funds

in the hands of his well-known friends Monsieur and Madame Binat, and ordered himself a Zanzibar dance of the finest. Monsieur Binat was shaking with drink, but Madame smiled sympathetically:

"Monsieur needs a chair, of course, and of course Monsieur will sketch: Monsieur amuses himself strangely."

Binat raised a blue-white face from a cot in the inner room. "I understand," he quavered. "We all know Monsieur. Monsieur is an artist, as I have been." Dick nodded. "In the end," said Binat, with gravity, "Monsieur will descend alive into hell, as I have descended." And he laughed.

"You must come to the dance, too," said Dick: "I shall want you."

"For my face? I knew it would be so. For my face? My God! and for my degradation so tremendous! I will not. Take him away. He is a devil. Or at least do thou, Céleste, demand of him more." The excellent Binat began to kick and scream.

"All things are for sale in Port Said," said Madame. "If my husband comes it will be so much more. Eh, 'ow you call—'alf a sovereign."

The money was paid, and the mad dance came off that night in a walled court-yard at the back of Madame Binat's house. The lady herself, in faded mauve silk always about to slide from her yellow shoulders, played the piano, and to the tin-pot music of a Western waltz the naked Zanzibari girls danced furiously by the light of kerosene lamps. Binat sat upon a chair and stared with eyes that saw nothing, till the whirl of the dance and the clang of the rattling piano stole into the drink that took the place of blood in his veins, and his face glistened. Dick took him by the chin brutally and turned that face to the light. Madame Binat looked over her shoulder and smiled with many teeth. Dick leaned against the wall and sketched for an hour, till the kerosene lamps began to smell, and the girls threw themselves panting on the hard-beaten ground. Then he shut his book with a snap and moved away, Binat plucking feebly at his elbow. "Show me," he whimpered. "I too was once an artist, even I!" Dick showed him the rough sketch. "Am I that?" he screamed. "Will you take that away with you and show all the world that it is I,—Binat?" He moaned and wept.

"Monsieur has paid for all," said Madame. "To the pleasure of seeing Monsieur again."

The court-yard gate shut, and Dick hurried up the sandy street to the nearest gambling-hell, where he was well known. "If the luck holds, it's an omen; if I lose, I must stay here." He placed his money picturesquely about the board, hardly daring to look at what he did. The luck held. Three turns of the wheel left him richer by twenty pounds, and he went down to the shipping to make friends with the captain of a decayed cargo-steamer, who landed him in London with fewer pounds in his pocket than he cared to think about.

A thin gray fog hung over the city, and the streets were very cold; for summer was in England.

"It's a cheerful wilderness, and it hasn't the knack of altering

much," Dick thought, as he tramped from the Docks westward. "Now, what must I do?"

The packed houses gave no answer. Dick looked down the long lightless streets and at the appalling rush of traffic. "Oh, you rabbit-hutches!" said he, addressing a row of highly-respectable semi-detached residences. "Do you know what you've got to do later on? You have to supply me with men-servants and maid-servants,"—here he smacked his lips,—“and the peculiar treasure of kings. Meantime I'll get clothes and boots, and presently I will return and trample on you." He stepped forward energetically; he saw that one of his shoes was burst at the side. As he stooped to make investigations, a man jostled him into the gutter. "All right," he said. "That's another nick in the score. I'll jostle you later on."

Good clothes and boots are not cheap, and Dick left his last shop with the certainty that he would be respectably arrayed for a time, but with only fifty shillings in his pocket. He returned to streets by the Docks, and lodged himself in one room, where the sheets on the bed were almost audibly marked in case of theft, and where nobody seemed to go to bed at all. When his clothes arrived he sought the Central Southern Syndicate for Torpenhow's address, and got it, with the intimation that there was still some money owing to him.

"How much?" said Dick, as one who habitually dealt in millions.

"Between thirty and forty pounds. If it would be any convenience to you, of course we could let you have it at once; but we usually settle accounts monthly."

"If I show that I want anything now, I'm lost," he said to himself. "All I need I'll take later on." Then, aloud, "It's hardly worth while; and I'm going into the country for a month, too. Wait till I come back, and I'll see about it."

"But we trust, Mr. Helder, that you do not intend to sever your connection with us?"

Dick's business in life was the study of faces, and he watched the speaker keenly. "That man means something," he said. "I'll do no business till I've seen Torpenhow. There's a big deal coming." So he departed, making no promises, to his one little room by the Docks. And that day was the seventh of the month, and that month, he reckoned with awful distinctness, had thirty-one days in it!

It is not easy for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the loneliness of London. Dick paid seven shillings a week for his lodging, which left him rather less than a shilling a day for food and drink. Naturally, his first purchase was of the materials of his craft: he had been without them too long. Half a day's investigation and comparison brought him to the conclusion that sausages and mashed potatoes, twopence a plate, were the best food. Now, sausages once or twice a week for breakfast are not unpleasant. As lunch, even, with mashed potatoes, they become monotonous. As dinner they are impertinent. At the end of three days Dick loathed sausages, and, going forth, pawned his watch to revel on sheep's head, which is not as cheap as it looks, owing to the bones and

the gravy. Then he returned to sausages and mashed potatoes. Then he confined himself entirely to mashed potatoes for a day, and was unhappy because of pain in his inside. Then he pawned his waistcoat and his tie, and thought regretfully of money thrown away in times past. There are few things more edifying unto Art than the actual belly-pinch of hunger, and Dick in his few walks abroad—he did not care for exercise: it raised desires that could not be satisfied—found himself dividing mankind into two classes,—those who looked as if they might give him something to eat, and those who looked otherwise. “I never knew what I had to learn about the human face before,” he thought; and, as a reward for his humility, Providence caused a cab-driver at a sausage-shop where Dick fed that night to leave half eaten a great chunk of bread. Dick took it,—would have fought all the world for its possession,—and it cheered him.

The month dragged through at last, and, fairly prancing with impatience, he went to draw his money. Then he hastened to Torpenhow’s address and smelt the smell of cooking meats all along the corridors of the chambers. Torpenhow was on the top floor, and Dick burst into his room, to be received with a hug which nearly cracked his ribs, as Torpenhow dragged him to the light and spoke of twenty different things in the same breath.

“But you’re looking tucked up,” he concluded.

“Got anything to eat?” said Dick, his eye roaming round the room.

“I shall be having breakfast in a minute. What do you say to sausages?”

“No, anything but sausages. Torp, I’ve been starving on that accursed horse-flesh for thirty days and thirty nights.”

“Now, what lunacy has been your latest?”

Dick spoke of the last few weeks with unbridled speech. Then he opened his coat: there was no waistcoat below. “I ran it fine, awfully fine, but I’ve just scraped through.”

“You haven’t much sense, but you’ve got a backbone, anyhow. Eat, and talk afterwards.” Dick fell upon eggs and bacon and gorged till he could gorge no more. Torpenhow handed him a filled pipe, and he smoked as men smoke who for three weeks have been deprived of good tobacco.

“Ouf!” said he. “That’s heavenly! Well?”

“Why in the world didn’t you come to me?”

“Couldn’t: I owe you too much already, old man. Besides, I had a sort of superstition that this temporary starvation—that’s what it was, and it hurt—would bring me more luck later. It’s over and done with now, and none of the syndicate know how hard-up I was. Fire away. What’s the exact state of affairs as regards myself?”

“You had my wire? You’ve caught on here. People like your work immensely. I don’t know why, but they do. They say you have a fresh touch and a new way of drawing things. And, because they’re chiefly home-bred English, they say you have insight. You’re wanted by half a dozen papers; you’re wanted to illustrate books.”

Dick grunted scornfully.

"You're wanted to work up your smaller sketches and sell them to the dealers. They seem to think the money sunk in you is a good investment. Good Lord! who can account for the fathomless folly of the public?"

"They're a remarkably sensible people."

"They are subject to fits, if that's what you mean; and you happen to be the object of the latest fit among those who are interested in what they call Art. Just now you're a fashion, a phenomenon, or whatever you please. I appeared to be the only person who knew anything about you here, and I have been showing the most useful men a few of the sketches you gave me from time to time. Those coming after your work on the Central Southern Syndicate appear to have done your business. You're in luck."

"Huh! call it luck! do call it luck! When a man has been kicking about the world like a dog, waiting for it to come! I'll luck 'em later on. I want a place to work in first."

"Come here," said Torpenhow, crossing the landing. "This place is a big box-room really, but it will do for you. There's your skylight, or your north light, or whatever window you call it, and plenty of room to slash about in, and a bedroom beyond. What more do you want?"

"Good enough," said Dick, looking round the large room that took up a third of a top story in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames. A pale-yellow sun shone through the skylight and showed the much dirt of the place. Three steps led from the door to the landing, and three more to Torpenhow's room. The well of the staircase disappeared into darkness, pricked by tiny gas-jets, and there were sounds of men talking and doors slamming seven flights below, in the warm gloom.

"Do they give you a free hand here?" said Dick, cautiously. He was Ishmael enough to know the value of liberty.

"Anything you like: latch-keys and license unlimited. We are permanent tenants for the most part here. 'Tisn't a place I would recommend for a Young Men's Christian Association, but it will serve. I took these rooms for you when I wired."

"You're a great deal too kind, old man."

"You didn't suppose you were going away from me, did you?" Torpenhow put his hand on Dick's shoulder, and the two walked up and down the room, henceforward to be called the studio, in sweet and silent communion. They heard rapping at Torpenhow's door. "That's some ruffian come up for a drink," said Torpenhow; and he raised his voice cheerily. There entered no one more ruffianly than a portly middle-aged gentleman in a satin-faced frock-coat. His lips were parted and pale, and there were deep pouches under the eyes.

"Weak heart," said Dick to himself, and, as he shook hands, "very weak heart. His pulse is shaking his fingers."

The man introduced himself as the head of the Central Southern Syndicate and "one of the most ardent admirers of your work, Mr. Heldar. I assure you, in the name of the syndicate, that we are immensely indebted to you; and I trust, Mr. Heldar, you won't forget



that we were largely instrumental in bringing you before the public." He panted because of the seven flights of stairs.

Dick glanced at Torpenhow, whose left eyelid lay for a moment dead on his cheek.

"I shan't forget," said Dick, every instinct of defence roused in him. "You've paid me so well that I couldn't, you know. By the way, when I am settled in this place I should like to send and get my sketches. There must be nearly a hundred and fifty of them with you."

"That is er—is what I came to speak about. I fear we can't allow it exactly, Mr. Helder. In the absence of any specified agreement, the sketches are our property, of course."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to keep them?"

"Yes; and we hope to have your help, on your own terms, Mr. Helder, to assist us in arranging a little exhibition, which, backed by our name and the influence we naturally command among the press, should be of material service to you. Sketches such as yours——"

"Belong to me. You engaged me by wire, you paid me the lowest rates you dared. You can't mean to keep them! Good God alive, man, they're all I've got in the world!"

Torpenhow watched Dick's face and whistled.

Dick walked up and down, thinking. He saw the whole of his little stock in trade, the first weapon of his equipment, annexed at the outset of his campaign by an elderly gentleman whose name Dick had not caught aright, who said that he represented a syndicate, which was a thing for which Dick had not the least reverence. The injustice of the proceedings did not much move him; he had seen the strong-hand prevail too often in other places to be squeamish over the moral aspects of right and wrong. But he ardently desired the blood of the gentleman in the frock-coat, and when he spoke again it was with a strained sweetness that Torpenhow knew well for the beginning of strife.

"Forgive me, sir, but you have no—no younger man who can arrange this business with me?"

"I speak for the syndicate. I see no reason for a third party to——"

"You will in a minute. Be good enough to give back my sketches."

The man stared blankly at Dick, and then at Torpenhow, who was leaning against the wall. He was not used to ex-employees who ordered him to be good enough to do things.

"Yes, it is rather a cold-blooded steal," said Torpenhow, critically, "but I'm afraid, I am very much afraid, you've struck the wrong man. Be careful, Dick. Remember, this isn't the Soudan."

"Considering what services the syndicate have done you in putting your name before the world——"

This was not a fortunate remark: it reminded Dick of certain vagrant years lived out in loneliness and strife and unsatisfied desires. The memory did not contrast well with the prosperous gentleman who proposed to enjoy the fruit of those years.

"I don't know quite what to do with you," began Dick, medita-



tively. "Of course you're a thief, and you ought to be half killed, but in your case you'd probably die. I don't want you dead on this floor, and, besides, it's unlucky just as one's moving in. Don't hit, sir: you'll only excite yourself." He put one hand on the man's forearm and ran the other down the plump body beneath the coat. "My goodness!" said he to Torpenhow, "and this gray oaf dares to be a thief! I have seen an Esneh camel-driver have the black hide taken off his body in strips for stealing half a pound of wet dates, and he was as tough as whip-cord. This thing's soft all over—like a woman."

There are few things more poignantly humiliating than being handled by a man who does not intend to strike. The head of the syndicate began to breathe heavily. Dick walked round him, pawing him, as a cat paws a soft hearth-rug. Then he traced with his forefinger the leaden pouches underneath the eyes, and shook his head. "You were going to steal my things,—mine, mine, mine!—you, who don't know when you may die. Write a note to your office,—you say you're the head of it,—and order them to give Torpenhow my sketches,—every one of them. Wait a minute: your hand's shaking. Now!" He thrust a pocket-book before him. The note was written. Torpenhow took it and departed without a word, while Dick walked round and round the spell-bound captive, giving him such advice as he conceived best for the welfare of his soul. When Torpenhow returned with a gigantic portfolio, he heard Dick say, almost soothingly, "Now, I hope this will be a lesson to you; and if you worry me when I have settled down to work with any nonsense about actions for assault, believe me, I'll catch you and manhandle you, and you'll die. You haven't very long to live, anyhow. Go! *Imshi, Vootsak*,—get out!" The man departed, staggering and dazed. Dick drew a long breath; "Phew! what a lawless lot these people are! The first thing a poor orphan meets is gang robbery, organized burglary! Think of the hideous blackness of that man's mind! Are my sketches all right, Torp?"

"Yes; one hundred and forty-seven of them. Well, I *must* say, Dick, you've begun well."

"He was interfering with me. It only meant a few pounds to him, but it was everything to me. I don't think he'll bring an action. I gave him some medical advice gratis about the state of his body. It was cheap at the little flurry it cost him. Now let's look at my things."

Two minutes later Dick had thrown himself down on the floor and was deep in the portfolio, chuckling lovingly as he turned the drawings over and thought of the price at which they had been bought.

The afternoon was well advanced when Torpenhow came to the door and saw Dick dancing a wild saraband under the skylight.

"I builded better than I knew, Torp," he said, without stopping the dance. "They're good! They're damned good! They'll go like flame! I shall have an exhibition of them on my own brazen hook. And that man would have cheated me out of it! Do you know that I'm sorry now that I didn't actually hit him?"

"Go out," said Torpenhow,—"go out and pray to be delivered

from the sin of arrogance, which you never will be. Bring your things up from whatever place you're staying in, and we'll try to make this barn a little more ship-shape."

"And then—oh, then," said Dick, still capering, "we will spoil the Egyptians!"

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#### CHAPTER IV.

The wolf-cub at even lay hid in the corn,  
When the smoke of the cooking hung gray :  
He knew where the doe made a couch for her fawn,  
And he looked to his strength for his prey.  
But the moon swept the smoke-wreaths away.  
And he turned from his meal in the villager's close,  
And he bayed to the moon as she rose.

*In Seonee.*

"WELL, and how does success taste?" said Torpenhow, some three months later. He had just returned to chambers after a holiday in the country.

"Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his lips before the easel in the studio. "I want more,—heaps more. The lean years have passed, and I approve of these fat ones."

"Be careful, old man. That way lies bad work."

Torpenhow was sprawling in a long chair with a small fox-terrier asleep on his chest, while Dick was preparing a canvas. A dais, a background, and a lay-figure were the only fixed objects in the place. They rose from a wreck of oddments that began with felt-covered water-bottles, belts, and regimental badges and ended with a small bale of second-hand uniforms and a stand of mixed arms. The mark of muddy feet on the dais showed that a military model had just gone away. The watery autumn sunlight was failing, and shadows sat in the corners of the studio.

"Yes," said Dick, deliberately, "I like the power; I like the fun; I like the fuss; and above all I like the money. I almost like the people who make the fuss and pay the money. Almost. But they're a queer gang,—an amazingly queer gang!"

"They have been good enough to you, at any rate. That tin-pot exhibition of your sketches must have paid. Did you see that the papers called it the 'Wild Work Show'?"

"Never mind. I sold every shred of canvas I wanted to; and, on my word, I believe it was because they believed I was a self-taught flag-stone artist. I should have got better prices if I had worked my things on wool or scratched them on camel-bone instead of using mere black and white and color. Verily, they are a queer gang, these people. Limited isn't the word to describe 'em. I met a fellow the other day who told me that it was impossible that shadows on white sand should be blue,—ultramarine,—as they are. I found out, later, that that man had been as far as Brighton beach; but he knew all about Art, confound him. He gave me a lecture on it, and recommended me to go

to school to learn technique. I wonder what old Kami would have said to that."

"When were you under Kami, man of extraordinary beginnings?"

"I studied with him for two years in Paris. He taught by personal magnetism. All he ever said was, '*Continuez, mes enfants*,' and you had to make the best you could of that. He had a divine touch, and he knew something about color. Kami used to dream color. I swear he could never have seen the genuine article; but he evolved it; and it was good."

"Recollect some of those views in the Soudan?" said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't! It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was! Opal and umber and amber and claret and brick-red and sulphur—cockatoo-crest sulphur—against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale-turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it keyed down to their comprehension and according to the powers He has given you——"

"Modest man! Go on."

"Half a dozen epicene young pagans who haven't even been to Algiers will tell you, first, that your notion is borrowed, and, secondly, that it isn't Art."

"This comes of my leaving town for a month. Dickie, you've been promenading among the toy-shops and hearing people talk."

"I couldn't help it," said Dick, penitently. "You weren't here, and it was lonely these long evenings. A man can't work forever."

"A man might have gone to a pub. and got decently drunk."

"I wish I had; but I fogathered with some men of sorts. They said they were artists, and I knew some of them could draw,—but they wouldn't draw. They gave me tea,—tea at five in the afternoon!—and talked about Art and the state of their souls. As if their souls mattered. I've heard more about Art and seen less of her in the last six months than in the whole of my life. Do you remember Cassavetti, who worked for some Continental syndicate, out with the desert column? He was a regular Christmas-tree of contraptions when he took the field in full fig, with his water-bottle, lanyard, revolver, writing-case, housewife, gig-lamps, and the Lord knows what all. He used to fiddle about with 'em and show us how they worked; but he never seemed to do much except fudge his reports from the Nilghai. See?"

"Dear old Nilghai! He's in town, fatter than ever. He ought to be up here this evening. I see the comparison perfectly. You should have kept clear of all that man-millinery. Serves you right; and I hope it will unsettle your mind."

"It won't. It has taught me what Art—holy, sacred Art—means."

"You've learnt something while I've been away. What is Art?"

"Give 'em what they know, and when you've done it once do it

again." Dick dragged forward a canvas laid face to the wall. "Here's a sample of real Art. It's going to be a fac-simile reproduction for a weekly. I called it 'His Last Shot.' It's worked up from the little water-color I made outside El Maghrib. Well, I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up here with drink; I drored him, and I redrored him, and I tredrored him, and I made him a flushed dishevelled be-devilled scallawag, with his helmet at the back of his head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man."

"Once more, modest child!"

Dick laughed. "Well, it's only to you I'm talking. I did him just as well as I knew how, making allowance for the slickness of oils. Then the art-manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent,—man being naturally gentle when he's fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an art-manager. I took my 'Last Shot' back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots,—observe the high light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle,—rifles are always clean on service,—because that is Art. I pipe-clayed his helmet,—pipe-clay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern-plate. Price, thank Heaven, twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent."

"And do you suppose you're going to give that thing out as your work?"

"Why not? I did it. Alone I did it, in the interests of sacred, home-bred Art and *Dickenson's Weekly*."

Torpenhow smoked in silence for a while. Then came the verdict, delivered from rolling clouds: "If you were only a mass of blathering vanity, Dick, I wouldn't mind,—I'd let you go to the deuce on your own mahl-stick; but when I consider what you are to me, and when I find that to vanity you add the twopenny-halfpenny pique of a twelve-year-old girl, then I bestir myself in your behalf. Thus!"

The canvas ripped as Torpenhow's booted foot shot through it, and the terrier jumped down, thinking rats were about.

"If you have any bad language to use, use it. You have not. I continue. You are an idiot, because no man born of woman is strong enough to take liberties with his public, even though they be—which they ain't—all you say they are."

"But they don't know any better. What can you expect from creatures born and bred in this light?" Dick pointed to the yellow fog. "If they want furniture-polish, let them have furniture-polish, so long as they pay for it. They are only men and women. You talk as though they were gods."

"That sounds very fine, but it has nothing to do with the case. They are the people you have to work for, whether you like it or not.

They are your masters. Don't be deceived, Dickie. You aren't strong enough to trifle with them,—or with yourself, which is more important. Moreover,—Come back, Binkie: that red daub isn't going anywhere,—unless you take precious good care, you will fall under the damnation of the check-book, and that's worse than death. You will get drunk—you're half drunk already—on easily-acquired money. For that money and your own infernal vanity you are willing to deliberately turn out bad work. You'll do quite enough bad work without knowing it. And, Dickie, as I love you and as I know you love me, I am not going to let you cut off your nose to spite your face for all the gold in England. That's settled. Now swear."

"Don't know," said Dick. "I've been trying to make myself angry, but I can't, you're so abominably reasonable. There will be a row on *Dickenson's Weekly*, I fancy."

"Why the Dickenson do you want to work on a weekly paper? It's slow bleeding of power."

"It brings in the very desirable dollars," said Dick, his hands in his pockets.

Torpenhow watched him with large contempt. "Why, I thought it was a man!" said he. "It's a child."

"No, it isn't," said Dick, wheeling quickly. "You've no notion what the certainty of cash means to a man who has always wanted it badly. Nothing will pay me for some of my life's joys; on that Chinese pig-boat, for instance, when we ate bread and jam for every meal, because Ho-Wang wouldn't allow us anything better, and it all tasted of pig,—Chinese pig. I've worked for this, I've sweated and I've starved for this, line on line and month after month. And now I've got it I am going to make the most of it while it lasts. Let them pay. They've no knowledge."

"What does Your Majesty please to want? You can't smoke more than you do; you won't drink; you're a gross feeder; and you dress in the dark, by the look of you. You wouldn't keep a horse the other day when I suggested, because, you said, it might fall lame, and whenever you cross the street you take a hansom. Even you are not foolish enough to suppose that theatres and all the live things you can buy thereabouts mean Life. What earthly need have you for money?"

"It's there, bless its golden heart," said Dick. "It's there all the time. Providence has sent me nuts while I have teeth to crack 'em with. I haven't yet found the nut I wish to crack, but I'm keeping my teeth filed. Perhaps some day you and I will go for a walk round the wide earth."

"With no work to do, nobody to worry us, and nobody to compete with? You would be unfit to speak to in a week. Besides, I shouldn't go. I don't care to profit by the price of a man's soul,—for that's what it would mean. Dick, it's no use arguing. You're a fool."

"Don't see it. When I was on that Chinese pig-boat, our captain got enormous credit for saving about twenty-five thousand very sea-sick little pigs, when our old tramp of a steamer fell foul of a timber-junk. Now, taking those pigs as a parallel——"

"Oh, confound your parallels! Whenever I try to improve your



soul, you always drag in some irrelevant anecdote from your very shady past. Pigs aren't the British public; credit on the high seas isn't credit here; and self-respect is self-respect all the world over. Go out for a walk and try to catch some self-respect. And, I say, if the Nilghai comes up this evening can I show him your diggings?"

"Surely. You'll be asking whether you must knock at my door, next." And Dick departed, to take counsel with himself in the rapidly-gathering London fog.

Half an hour after he had left, the Nilghai labored up the staircase. He was the chiefest, as he was the hugest, of the war correspondents, and his experiences dated from the birth of the needle-gun. Saving only his ally, Keneu the Great War Eagle, there was no man mightier in the craft than he, and he always opened his conversation with the news that there would be trouble in the Balkans in the spring. Torpenhow laughed as he entered.

"Never mind the trouble in the Balkans. Those little states are always screeching. You've heard about Dick's luck?"

"Yes; he has been called up to notoriety, hasn't he? I hope you keep him properly humble. He wants suppressing from time to time."

"He does. He's beginning to take liberties with what he thinks is his reputation."

"Already! By Jove, he has cheek! I don't know about his reputation, but he'll come a cropper if he tries that sort of thing."

"So I told him. I don't think he believes it."

"They never do when they first start off. What's that wreck on the ground there?"

"Specimen of his latest impertinence." Torpenhow thrust the torn edges of the canvas together and showed the well-groomed picture to the Nilghai, who looked at it for a moment and whistled.

"It's a chromo," said he,—"a chromo-litholeomargarine fake! What possessed him to do it? And yet how thoroughly he has caught the note that catches a public who think with their boots and read with their elbows! The cold-blooded insolence of the work almost saves it; but he mustn't go on with this. Hasn't he been praised and cockered up too much? You know these people here have no sense of proportion. They'll call him a second Detaille and a third-hand Meissonier while his fashion lasts. It's windy diet for a colt."

"I don't think it affects Dick much. You might as well call a young wolf a lion and expect him to take the compliment in exchange for a shin-bone. Dick's soul is in the bank. He's working for cash."

"Now he has thrown up war-work, I suppose he doesn't see that the obligations of the service are just the same, only the proprietors are changed."

"How should he know? He thinks he is his own master."

"Does he? I could undeceive him for his good, if there's any virtue in print. He wants the whip-lash."

"Lay it on with science, then. I'd flay him myself, but I like him too much."



"I've no scruples. He had the audacity to try to cut me out with a woman at Cairo once. I forgot that, but I remember now."

"Did he cut you out?"

"You'll see when I have dealt with him. But, after all, what's the good? Leave him alone and he'll come home, if he has any stuff in him, dragging or wagging his tail behind him. There's more in a week of life than in a lively weekly. None the less I'll slate him. I'll slate him ponderously in the *Cataclysm*."

"Good luck to you! but I fancy nothing short of a crow-bar would make Dick wince. His soul seems to have been fired before we came across him. He's intensely suspicious and utterly lawless."

"Matter of temper," said the Nilghai. "It's the same with horses. Some you wallop and they work, some you wallop and they jib, and some you wallop and they go out for a walk with their hands in their pockets."

"That's exactly what Dick has done," said Torpenhow. "Wait till he comes back. In the mean time, you can begin your slating here. I'll show you some of his last and worst work in his studio."

Dick had instinctively sought running water for a comfort to his mood of mind. He was leaning over the Embankment wall, watching the rush of the Thames through the arches of Westminster Bridge. He began by thinking of Torpenhow's advice, but, as of custom, lost himself in the study of the faces flocking by. Some had death written on their features, and Dick marvelled that they could laugh. Others, clumsy and coarse-built for the most part, were alight with love; others were merely drawn and lined with work; but there was something, Dick knew, to be made out of them all. The poor at least should suffer that he might learn, and the rich should pay for the output of his learning. Thus his credit in the world and his cash balance at the bank would be increased. So much the better for him. He had suffered. Now he would take toll of the ills of others.

The fog was driven apart for a moment, and the sun shone, a blood-red wafer, on the water. Dick watched the spot till he heard the voice of the tide between the piers die down like the wash of the sea at low tide. A girl hard pressed by her lover shouted shamelessly, "Ah, get away, you beast!" and a shift of the same wind that had opened the fog drove across Dick's face the black smoke of a river-steamer at her berth below the wall. He was blinded for the moment, then spun round and found himself face to face with—Maisie.

There was no mistaking. The years had turned the child to a woman, but they had not altered the dark-gray eyes, the thin scarlet lips, or the firmly-modelled mouth and chin; and, that all should be as it was of old, she wore a closely-fitting gray dress.

Since the human soul is finite and not in the least under its own command, Dick, advancing, said, "Halloo!" after the manner of school-boys, and Maisie answered, "Oh, Dick, is that you?" Then, against his will, and before the brain newly released from considerations of the cash balance had time to dictate to the nerves, every pulse of Dick's body throbbed furiously and his palate dried in his mouth. The fog shut down again, and Maisie's face was pearl-white through it. No

word was spoken, but Dick fell into step at her side, and the two paced the Embankment together, keeping the step as perfectly as in their afternoon excursions to the mud-flats. Then Dick, a little hoarsely:

"What has happened to Amomma?"

"He died, Dick. Not cartridges; over-eating. He was always greedy. Isn't it funny?"

"Yes. No. Do you mean Amomma?"

"Ye—es. No. This. Where have you come from?"

"Over there." Dick pointed eastward through the fog. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm in the north,—the black north, across all the Park. I am very busy."

"What do you do?"

"I paint a great deal. That's all I have to do."

"Why, what's happened? You had three hundred a year."

"I have that still. I am painting; that's all."

"Are you alone, then?"

"There's a girl living with me. Don't walk so fast, Dick: you're out of step."

"Then you noticed it too?"

"Of course I did. You're always out of step."

"So I am. I'm sorry. You went on with the painting?"

"Of course. I said I should. I was at the Slade, then at Merton's in St. John's Wood, the big studio, then I pepper-potted,—I mean I went to the National,—and now I'm working under Kami."

"But Kami is in Paris, surely?"

"No: he has his teaching-studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. I work with him in the summer, and I live in London in the winter. I'm a householder."

"Do you sell much?"

"Now and again, but not often. There is my 'bus. I must take it or lose half an hour. Good-by, Dick."

"Good-by, Maisie. Won't you tell me where you live? I must see you again; and perhaps I could help you. I paint a little myself."

"I may be in the Park to-morrow, if there is no working light. I walk from the Marble Arch down and back again: that is my little excursion. But of course I shall see you again." She stepped into the omnibus and was swallowed up by the fog.

"Well—I—am—damned!" exclaimed Dick, and returned to the chambers.

Torpenhow and the Nilghai found him sitting on the steps to the studio door, repeating the phrase with awful gravity.

"You'll be more damned when I've done with you," said the Nilghai, upheaving his bulk from behind Torpenhow's shoulder and waving a sheaf of half-dry manuscript. "Dick, it is of common report that you are suffering from swelled head."

"Halloo, Nilghai. Back again? How are the Balkans and all the little Balkans? One side of your face is out of drawing, as usual."

"Never mind that. I am commissioned to smite you in print. Torpenhow refuses from false delicacy. I've been overhauling the pot-boilers in your studio. They are simply disgraceful."

"Oho! that's it, is it? If you think you can slate me, you're wrong. You can only describe, and you need as much room to turn in, on paper, as a P. & O. cargo-boat. But continue, and be swift. I'm going to bed."

"H'm! h'm! h'm! The first part only deals with your pictures. Here's the peroration: 'For work done without conviction, for power wasted on trivialities, for labor expended with levity for the deliberate purpose of winning the easy applause of a fashion-driven public'——"

"That's 'His Last Shot,' second edition. Go on."

"——'public, there remains but one end,—the oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenotaphed with contempt. From that fate Mr. Helder has yet to prove himself out of danger.'"

"*Wow—wow—wow—wow—wow!*" said Dick, profanely. "It's a clumsy ending and vile journalese, but it's quite true. And yet,"—he sprang to his feet and snatched at the manuscript,—"*you scarred, deboshed, battered old gladiator! you're sent out when a war begins, to minister to the blind brutal British public's bestial thirst for blood. They have no arenas now, but they must have special correspondents. You're a fat gladiator who comes up through a trap-door and talks of what he's seen. You stand on precisely the same level as an energetic bishop, an affable actress, a devastating cyclone, or—mine own sweet self. And you presume to lecture me about my work! Nilghai, if it were worth while I'd caricature you in four papers!*"

The Nilghai winced. He had not thought of this.

"As it is, I shall take this stuff and tear it small—so!" The manuscript fluttered in slips down the dark well of the staircase. "Go home, Nilghai," said Dick, "go home to your lonely little bed, and leave me in peace. I am about to turn in till to-morrow."

"Why, it isn't seven yet!" said Torpenhow, with amazement.

"It shall be two in the morning, if I choose," said Dick, backing to the studio door. "I go to grapple with a serious crisis, and I shan't want any dinner."

The door shut and was locked.

"What can you do with a man like that?" said the Nilghai.

"Leave him alone. He's as mad as a hatter."

At eleven there was kicking on the studio door. "Is the Nilghai with you still?" said a voice from within. "Then tell him he might have condensed the whole of his lumbering nonsense into an epigram: 'Only the free are bond, and only the bond are free.' Tell him he's an idiot, Torp, and tell him I'm another."

"All right. Come out and have supper. You're smoking on an empty stomach."

There was no answer.

## CHAPTER V.

"I have a thousand men," said he,  
 "To wait upon my will,  
 And towers nine upon the Tyne,  
 And three upon the Till."

"And what care I for your men," said she,  
 "Or towers from Tyne to Till,  
 Sith you must go with me," she said,  
 "To wait upon my will?"

*Sir Hoggie and the Fairies.*

NEXT morning Torpenhow found Dick sunk in deepest repose of tobacco.

"Well, madman, how d'you feel?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to find out."

"You had much better do some work."

"Maybe; but I'm in no hurry. I've made a discovery. Torp, there's too much Ego in my Cosmos."

"Not really! Is this revelation due to my lectures, or the Nilghai's?"

"It came to me suddenly, all on my own account. Much too much Ego; and now I'm going to work."

He turned over a few half-finished sketches, drummed on a new canvas, cleaned three brushes, set Binkie to bite the toes of the lay-figure, rattled through his collection of arms and accoutrements, and then went out abruptly, declaring that he had done enough for the day.

"This is positively indecent," said Torpenhow, "and the first time that Dick has ever broken up a light morning. Perhaps he has found out that he has a soul, or an artistic temperament, or something equally valuable. That comes of leaving him alone for a month. Perhaps he has been going out of evenings. I must look to this." He rang for the bald-headed old housekeeper, whom nothing could astonish or annoy.

"Beeton, did Mr. Helder dine out at all while I was out of town?"

"Never laid 'is dress-clothes out once, sir, all the time. Mostly 'e dined in; but 'e brought some most remarkable fancy young gentlemen up 'ere after theatres once or twice. Remarkable fancy they was. You gentlemen on the top floor does very much as you likes, but it do seem to me, sir, droppin' a walkin'-stick down five flights o' stairs an' then goin' down four abreast to pick it up again at half-past two in the mornin', singin', 'Bring back the whiskey, Willie darlin',—not once or twice, but scores o' times,—isn't charity to the other tenants. What I say is, 'Do as you would be done by.' That's my motto."

"Of course! of course! I'm afraid the top floor isn't the quietest in the house."

"I make no complaints, sir. I have spoke to Mr. Helder, friendly, an' he laughed, an' did me a picture of the Missis that is as good as a colored print. It 'asn't the 'igh shine of a photograph, but what I say

is, 'Never look a gift-horse in the mouth.' Mr. Helder's dress-clothes 'aven't been on him for weeks."

"Then it's all right," said Torpenhow to himself. "Orgies are healthy, and Dick has a head of his own, but when it comes to women making eyes I'm not so certain.—Binkie, never you be a man, little dorglums. They're contrary brutes, and they do things without any reason."

Dick had turned northward across the Park, but he was walking in the spirit on the mud-flats with Maisie. He laughed aloud as he remembered the day when he had decked Amomma's horns with the ham-frills, and Maisie, white with rage, had cuffed him. How long those four years had been, and how intimately Maisie was connected with every hour of them! Storm across the sea, and Maisie in a gray dress on the beach, sweeping her drenched hair out of her eyes and laughing at the homeward race of the fishing-smacks; hot sunshine on the mud-flats, and Maisie sniffing scornfully, with her chin in the air; Maisie flying before the wind that threshed the foreshore and drove the sand like small shot about her ears; Maisie, very composed and independent, telling lies to Mrs. Jennett while Dick supported her with coarser perjuries; Maisie picking her way delicately from stone to stone, a pistol in her hand and her teeth firm-set; and Maisie in a gray dress sitting on the grass between the mouth of a cannon and a nodding yellow sea-poppy. The pictures passed before him one by one, and the last stayed the longest. Dick was perfectly happy with a quiet peace that was as new to his mind as it was foreign to his experience. It never occurred to him that there might be other calls upon his time than loafing across the Park in the forenoon.

"There's a good working light now," he said, watching his shadow placidly. "Some poor devil ought to be grateful for this. And there's Maisie."

She was walking towards him from the Marble Arch, and he saw that no mannerism of her gait had been changed. It was good to find her still Maisie, and, so to speak, his next-door neighbor. No greeting passed between them, because there had been none in the old days.

"What are you doing out of your studio at this hour?" said Dick, as one who was entitled to ask.

"Idling. Just idling. I got angry with a chin and scraped it out. Then I left it in a little heap of paint-chips and came away."

"I know what palette-knifing means. What was the piccy?"

"A fancy head that wouldn't come right,—horrid thing?"

"I don't like working over scraped paint when I'm doing flesh. The grain comes up woolly as the paint dries."

"Not if you scrape properly." Maisie waved her hand to illustrate her methods. There was a dab of paint on the white cuff. Dick laughed.

"You're as untidy as ever."

"That comes well from you. Look at your own cuff."

"By Jove, yes! It's worse than yours. I don't think we've much altered in anything. Let's see, though." He looked at Maisie critically. The pale-blue haze of an autumn day crept between the trees.

trunks of the Park and made a background for the gray dress, the black velvet toque above the black hair, and the resolute profile.

"No, there's nothing changed. How good it is! D'you remember when I fastened your hair into the snap of a hand-bag?"

Maisie nodded, with a twinkle in her eyes, and turned her full face to Dick.

"Wait a minute," said he. "That mouth is down at the corners a little. Who's been worrying you, Maisie?"

"No one but myself. I never seem to get on with my work, and yet I try hard enough, and Kami says——"

"*'Continuez, mesdemoiselles. Continuez toujours, mes enfants.'* Kami is depressing. I beg your pardon."

"Yes, that's what he says. He told me last summer that I was doing better and he'd let me exhibit this year."

"Not in this place, surely?"

"Of course not. The Salon."

"You fly high."

"I've been beating my wings long enough. Where do you exhibit, Dick?"

"I don't exhibit. I sell."

"What is your line, then?"

"Haven't you heard?" Dick's eyes opened. Was this thing possible? He cast about for some means of conviction. They were not far from the Marble Arch. "Come up Oxford Street a little and I'll show you."

A small knot of people stood round a print-shop that Dick knew well. "Some reproduction of my work inside," he said, with suppressed triumph. Never before had success tasted so sweet upon the tongue. "You see the sort of things I paint. D'you like it?"

Maisie looked at the wild whirling rush of a field-battery going into action under fire. Two artillerymen stood behind her in the crowd.

"They've chucked the off lead-'orse," said one to the other. "'E's tore up awful, but they're makin' good time with the others. That lead-driver drives better nor you, Tom. See 'ow cunnin' 'e's nursin' 'is 'orse."

"Number Threc 'll be off the limber, next jolt," was the answer.

"No, 'e won't. See 'ow 'is foot's braced against the iron? 'E's all right."

Dick watched Maisie's face and swelled with joy,—fine, rank, vulgar triumph. She was more interested in the little crowd than in the picture. That was something that she could understand.

"And I wanted it so! Oh, I did want it so!" she said, at last, under her breath.

"Me,—all me?" said Dick, placidly. "Look at their faces. It hits 'em. They don't know what makes their eyes and mouths open; but I know. And I know my work's right."

"Yes. I see. Oh, what a thing to have come to one!"

"Come to one, indeed! I had to go out and look for it. What do you think?"



"I call it success. Tell me how you got it."

They returned to the Park, and Dick delivered himself of the saga of his own doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman. From the beginning he told the tale, the I—I—I's flashing through the records as telegraph-poles fly past the traveller. Maisie listened and nodded her head. The histories of strife and privation did not move her a hair's-breadth. At the end of each canto he would conclude, "And *that* gave me some notion of handling color," or light, or whatever it might be that he had set out to pursue and understand. He led her breathless across half the world, speaking as he had never spoken in his life before. And in the flood-tide of his exaltation there came upon him a great desire to pick up this maiden who nodded her head and said, "I understand. Go on,"—to pick her up and to carry her away with him, because she was Maisie, and because she understood, and because she was his right, and a woman to be desired above all women.

Then he checked himself abruptly. "And so I took all I wanted," he said, "and I had to fight for it. Now you tell."

Maisie's tale was almost as gray as her dress. It covered years of patient toil backed by savage pride that would not be broken though dealers laughed, and fogs delayed work, and Kami was unkind and even sarcastic, and girls in other studios were painfully polite. It had a few bright spots,—pictures accepted at provincial exhibitions,—but it wound up with the oft-repeated wail, "And so you see, Dick, I had no success, though I worked so hard."

Then pity filled Dick. Even thus had Maisie spoken when she could not hit the breakwater, half an hour before she had kissed him. And that had happened yesterday.

"Never mind," said he. "I'll tell you something, if you'll believe it." The words were shaping themselves of their own accord. "The whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel, isn't worth one big yellow sea-puppy below Fort Keeling."

Maisie flushed a little. "It's all very well for you to talk, but you've had the success and I haven't."

"Let me talk, then. I know you'll understand. Maisie dear, it sounds a bit absurd, but those ten years never existed, and I've come back again. It really is just the same. Can't you see? You're alone now and I'm alone. What's the use of worrying? Come to me instead, darling."

Maisie poked the gravel with her parasol. They were sitting on a bench. "I understand," she said, slowly. "But I've got my work to do, and I must do it."

"Do it with me, then, dear. I won't interrupt."

"No, I couldn't. It's my work,—mine,—mine,—mine! I've been alone all my life in myself, and I'm not going to belong to anybody except myself. I remember things as well as you do, but that doesn't count. We were babies then, and we didn't know what was before us. Dick, don't be selfish. I think I see my way to a little success next year. Don't take it away from me."

"I beg your pardon, darling. It's my fault for speaking idiotically.

I can't expect you to throw up all your life just because I'm back. I'll go to my own place and wait a little."

"But, Dick, I don't want you to—go—out of—my life, now that you've just come back."

"I'm at your orders. Forgive me." Dick devoured the troubled little face with his eyes. There was triumph in them, because he could not conceive how Maisie could refuse sooner or later to love him, since he loved her.

"It's wrong of me," said Maisie, more slowly than before, "it's wrong and selfish; but, oh, I've been so lonely! No, you misunderstand. Now I've seen you again,—it's absurd, but I want to keep you in my life."

"Naturally. We belong."

"We don't; but you always understood me, and there is so much in my work that you could help me in. You know things and the ways of doing things. You must."

"I do, I fancy, or else I don't know myself. Then I suppose you won't care to lose sight of me altogether, and you want me to help you in your work?"

"Yes; but remember, Dick, nothing will ever come of it. That's why I feel so selfish. Let things stay as they are. I do want your help."

"You shall have it. But let's consider. I must see your pics first, and overhaul your sketches, and find out about your tendencies. You should see what the papers say about my tendencies. Then I'll give you good advice, and you shall paint according. Isn't that it, Maisie?"

Again there was unholy triumph in Dick's eye.

"It's too good of you,—much too good. Because you are consoling yourself with what will never happen, and I know that, and yet I wish to keep you. Don't blame me later, please."

"I'm going into the matter with my eyes open. Moreover, the queen can do no wrong. It isn't your selfishness that impresses me. It's your audacity in proposing to make use of me."

"Pooh! You're only Dick,—and a print-shop."

"Very good. That's all I am. But, Maisie, you believe, don't you, that I love you? I don't want you to have any false notions about brothers and sisters."

Maisie looked up for a moment and dropped her eyes.

"It's absurd, but—I believe. I wish I could send you away before you get angry with me. But—but the girl that lives with me is red-haired, and an impressionist, and all our notions clash."

"So do ours, I think. Never mind. Three months from to-day we shall be laughing at this together."

Maisie shook her head mournfully. "I knew you wouldn't understand, and it will only hurt you more when you find out. Look at my face, Dick, and tell me what you see."

They stood up and faced each other for a moment. The fog was gathering, and it stifled the roar of the traffic of London beyond the railings. Dick brought all his painfully-acquired knowledge of faces

to bear on the eyes, mouth, and chin underneath the black velvet toque.

"It's the same Maisie, and it's the same me," he said. "We've both nice little wills of our own, and one or other of us has to be broken. Now about the future. I must come and see your pictures some day,—I suppose when the red-haired girl is on the premises."

"Sundays are my best times. You must come on Sundays. There are such heaps of things I want to talk about and ask your advice about. Now I must get back to work."

"Try to find out before next Sunday what I am," said Dick. "Don't take my word for anything I've told you. Good-by, darling, and bless you."

Maisie stole away like a little gray mouse. Dick watched her till she was out of sight, but he did not hear her say to herself, very soberly,—"I'm a wretch,—a horrid selfish wretch. But it's Dick, and Dick will understand."

No one has yet explained what actually happens when an irresistible force meets the immovable post, though many have thought deeply, even as Dick thought. He tried to assure himself that Maisie would be led in a few weeks by his mere presence and discourse to a better way of thinking. Then he remembered much too distinctly her face and all that was written on it.

"If I know anything of heads," he said, "there's everything in that face but love. I shall have to put that in myself; and that chin and mouth won't be won for nothing. But she's right. She knows what she wants, and she's going to get it. What insolence! Me! Of all the people in the wide world, to use me! But then she's Maisie. There's no getting over that fact; and it's good to see her again. This business must have been simmering at the back of my head for years. . . . She'll use me as I used Binat at Port Said. She's quite right. It will hurt a little. I shall have to see her every Sunday,—like a young man courting a housemaid. She's sure to come round; and yet—that mouth isn't a yielding mouth. I shall be wanting to kiss her all the time, and I shall have to look at her pictures,—I don't even know what sort of work she does yet,—and I shall have to talk about Art,—Woman's Art! Therefore, particularly and perpetually, damn all varieties of Art. It did me a good turn once, and now it's in my way. I'll go home and do some Art."

Half-way to the studio, Dick was smitten with a terrible thought. The figure of a solitary woman in the fog suggested it.

"She's all alone in London, with a red-haired impressionist girl, who probably has the digestion of an ostrich. Most red-haired people have. Maisie's a bilious little body. They'll eat like lone women,—meals at all hours, and tea with all meals. I remember how the students in Paris used to pig along. She may fall ill at any minute, and I shan't be able to help. Whew! this is ten times worse than owning a wife."

Torpenhow came into the studio at dusk, and looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and

the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and, since it allows, and even encourages, strife, recrimination, and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct.

Dick was silent after he handed Torpenhow the filled pipe of council. He thought of Maisie and her possible needs. It was a new thing to think of anybody but Torpenhow, who could think for himself. Here at last was an outlet for that cash balance. He could adorn Maisie barbarically with jewelry,—a thick gold necklace round that little neck, bracelets upon the rounded arms, and rings of price upon her hands,—the cool, temperate, ringless hands that he had taken between his own. It was an absurd thought, for Maisie would not even allow him to put one ring on one finger, and she would laugh at golden trappings. It would be better to sit with her quietly in the dusk, his arm round her neck and her face on his shoulder, as befitted husband and wife. Torpenhow's boots creaked that night, and his strong voice jarred. Dick's brows contracted and he murmured an evil word because he had taken all his success as a right and part payment for past discomfort, and now he was checked in his stride by a woman who admitted all the success and did not instantly care for him.

"I say, old man," said Torpenhow, who had made one or two vain attempts at conversation, "I haven't put your back up by anything I've said lately, have I?"

"You! No. How could you?"

"Liver out of order?"

"The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a liver. I'm only a bit worried about things in general. I suppose it's my soul."

"The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a soul. What business have you with luxuries of that kind?"

"It came of itself. Who's the man that says that we're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding?"

"He's right, whoever he is,—except about the misunderstanding. I don't think we could misunderstand each other."

The blue smoke curled back from the ceiling in clouds. Then Torpenhow, insinuatingly,—

"Dick, is it a woman?"

"Be hanged if it's anything remotely resembling a woman; and if you begin to talk like that, I'll hire a red-brick studio with white paint trimmings, and begonias and petunias and blue Hungarias to play among three-and-sixpenny pot-palms, and I'll mount all my pics in aniline-dye plush plasters, and I'll invite every woman who yelps and maunders and moans over what her guide-books tell her is Art, and you shall receive 'em, Torp,—in a snuff-brown velvet coat with yellow trousers and an orange tie. You'll like that."

"Too thin, Dick. A better man than you denied with cursing and swearing on a memorable occasion. You've overdone it, just as he did. It's no business of mine, of course, but it's comforting to think that somewhere under the stars there's saving up for you a tremendous thrashing. Whether it'll come from heaven or earth, I don't know, but it's bound to come and break you up a little. You want hammering."

Dick shivered. "All right," said he. "When this island is disintegrated it will call for you."

"I shall come round the corner and help to disintegrate it some more. We're talking nonsense. Come along to a theatre."

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#### CHAPTER VI.

"And you may lead a thousand men,  
Nor ever draw the rein,  
But ere ye lead the Faery Queen  
'Twill burst your heart in twain."

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup-bar,  
The bridle from his hand,  
And he is bound by hand and foot  
To the Queen o' Faery-land.

*Sir Hoggie and the Fairies.*

SOME weeks later, on a very foggy Sunday, Dick was returning across the Park to his studio. "This," he said, "is evidently the thrashing that Torp meant. It hurts more than I expected; but the queen can do no wrong; and she certainly has some notion of drawing."

He had just finished a Sunday visit to Maisie,—always under the green eyes of the red-haired impressionist girl, whom he learned to hate at sight,—and was tingling with a keen sense of shame. Sunday after Sunday, putting on his best clothes, he had walked over to the untidy house north of the Park, first to see Maisie's pictures, and then to criticise and advise upon them as he realized that they were productions on which advice would not be wasted. Sunday after Sunday, and his love grew with each visit, he had been compelled to cram his heart back from between his lips when it prompted him to kiss Maisie several times and very much indeed. Sunday after Sunday, the head above the heart had warned him that Maisie was not yet attainable, and that it would be better to talk as connectedly as possible upon the mysteries of the craft that was all in all to her. Therefore it was his fate to endure weekly torture in the studio built out over the clammy back garden of a frail stuffy little villa where nothing was ever in its right place and nobody ever called,—to endure and to watch Maisie moving to and fro with the teacups. He abhorred tea, but, since it gave him a little longer time in her presence, he drank it devoutly, and the red-haired girl sat in an untidy heap and eyed him without speaking. She was always watching him. Once, and only once, when she had left the studio, Maisie showed him an album that held a few poor cuttings from provincial papers,—the briefest of hurried notes on some of her pictures sent to outlying exhibitions. Dick stooped and kissed the paint-smudged thumb on the open page. "Oh, my love, my love," he muttered, "do you value these things? Chuck 'em into the waste-paper-basket!"

"Not till I get something better," said Maisie, shutting the book.

Then Dick, moved by no respect for his public and a very deep regard for the maiden, did deliberately propose, in order to secure more

of these coveted cuttings, that he should paint a picture which Maisie should sign.

"That's childish," said Maisie, "and I didn't think it of you. It must be my work. Mine,—mine,—mine!"

"Go and design decorative medallions for rich brewers' houses. You are thoroughly good at that." Dick was sick and savage.

"Better things than medallions, Dick," was the answer, in tones that recalled a gray-eyed atom's fearless speech to Mrs. Jennett. Dick would have abased himself utterly, but that the other girl trailed in.

Next Sunday he laid at Maisie's feet small gifts of pencils that could almost draw of themselves and colors in whose permanence he believed, and he was ostentatiously attentive to the work in hand. It demanded, among other things, an exposition of the faith that was in him. Torpenhow's hair would have stood on end had he heard the fluency with which Dick preached his own gospel of Art.

A month before, Dick would have been equally astonished; but it was Maisie's will and pleasure, and he dragged his words together to make plain to her comprehension all that had been hidden to himself of the whys and wherefores of work. There is not the least difficulty in doing a thing if you only know how to do it: the trouble is to explain your method.

"I could put this right if I had a brush in my hand," said Dick, despairingly, over the modelling of a chin that Maisie complained would not "look flesh,"—it was the same chin that she had scraped out with the palette-knife,—“but I find it almost impossible to teach you. There's a queer grim Dutch touch about your painting that I like; but I've a notion that you're weak in drawing. You foreshorten as though you never used the model, and you've caught Kami's pasty way of dealing with flesh in shadow. Then, again, though you don't know it yourself, you shirk hard work. Suppose you spend some of your time on line alone. Line doesn't allow of shirking. Oils do, and three square inches of flashy tricky stuff in the corner of a pic sometimes carry a bad thing off,—as I know. That's immoral. Do line-work for a little while, and then I can tell more about your powers, as old Kami used to say."

Maisie protested: she did not care for the pure line.

"I know," said Dick. "You want to do your fancy heads with a bunch of flowers at the base of the neck to hide bad modelling." The red-haired girl laughed a little. "You want to do landscapes with cattle knee-deep in grass to hide bad drawing. You want to do a great deal more than you can do. You have sense of color, but you want form. Color's a gift,—put it aside and think no more about it,—but form you can be drilled into. Now, all your fancy heads—and some of them are very good—will keep you exactly where you are. With line you must go forward or backward, and it will show up all your weaknesses."

"But other people——" began Maisie.

"You mustn't mind what other people do. If their souls were your soul, it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work, remember, and it's waste of time to think of any one else in this battle."



Dick paused, and the longing that had been so resolutely put away came back into his eyes. He looked at Maisie, and the look asked as plainly as words, was it not time to leave all this barren wilderness of canvas and counsel and join hands with Life and Love?

Maisie assented to the new programme of schooling so adorably that Dick could hardly restrain himself from picking her up then and there and carrying her off to the nearest registrar's office. It was the implicit obedience to the spoken word and the blank indifference to the unspoken desire that baffled and buffeted his soul. He held authority in that house,—authority limited, indeed, to one-half of one afternoon in seven, but very real while it lasted. Maisie had learned to appeal to him on many subjects, from the proper packing of pictures to the condition of a smoky chimney. The red-haired girl never consulted him about anything. On the other hand, she accepted his appearances without protest, and watched him always. He discovered that the meals of the establishment were irregular and fragmentary. They depended chiefly on tea, pickles, and biscuit, as he had suspected from the beginning. The girls were supposed to market week and week about, but they lived, with the help of a charwoman, as casually as the young ravens. Maisie spent most of her income on models, and the other girl revelled in apparatus as refined as her work was rough. Armed with knowledge dear-bought from the Docks, Dick warned Maisie that the end of semi-starvation meant the crippling of power to work, which was considerably worse than death. Maisie took the warning, and gave more thought to what she ate and drank. When his trouble returned upon him, as it generally did in the long winter twilights, the remembrance of that little act of domestic authority and his coercion with a hearth-brush of the smoky drawing-room chimney stung Dick like a whip-lash.

He conceived that this memory would be the extreme of his sufferings, till, one Sunday, the red-haired girl announced that she would make a study of Dick's head, and that he would be good enough to sit still, and—quite as an after-thought—look at Maisie. He sat, because he could not well refuse, and for the space of half an hour he reflected on all the people in the past whom he had laid open for the purposes of his own craft. He remembered Binat most distinctly,—that Binat who had once been an artist and talked about degradation.

It was the merest monochrome roughing in of a head, but it presented the dumb waiting, the longing, and, above all, the hopeless enslavement of the man, in a spirit of bitter mockery.

"I'll buy it," said Dick, promptly, "at your own price."

"My price is too high, but I dare say you'll be as grateful if——" The wet sketch fluttered from the girl's hand and fell into the ashes of the studio stove. When she picked it up it was hopelessly smudged.

"Oh, it's all spoiled!" said Maisie. "And I never saw it. Was it like?"

"Thank you," said Dick under his breath to the red-haired girl. And he removed himself swiftly.

"How that man hates me!" said the girl. "And how he loves you, Maisie!"

"What nonsense! I know Dick's very fond of me, but he has his work to do, and I have mine."

"Yes, he is fond of you, and I think he knows there is something in impressionism, after all. Maisie, can't you see?"

"See? See what?"

"Nothing; only, I know that if I could get any man to look at me as that man looks at you, I'd—I don't know what I'd do. But he hates me. Oh, how he hates me!"

She was not altogether correct. Dick's hatred was tempered with gratitude for a few moments, and then he forgot the girl entirely. Only the sense of shame remained, and he was nursing it across the Park in the fog. "There'll be an explosion one of these days," he said, wrathfully. "But it isn't Maisie's fault: she's right, quite right, as far as she knows, and I can't blame her. This business has been going on for three months, nearly. Three months!—and it cost me ten years knocking about to get at the notion, the merest raw notion, of my work. That's true; but then I didn't have pins, drawing-pins and palette-knives, stuck into me every Sunday. Oh, my little darling, if ever I break you, somebody will have a very bad time of it. No, she won't. I'd be as big a fool about her as I am now. I'll poison that red-haired girl on my wedding-day,—she's unwholesome,—and now I'll pass on these present bad times to Torp."

Torpenhow had been moved to lecture Dick more than once lately on the sin of levity, and Dick had listened and replied not a word. In the weeks between the first few Sundays of his discipline he had flung himself savagely into his work, resolved that Maisie should at least know the full stretch of his powers. Then he had taught Maisie that she must not pay the least attention to any work outside her own, and Maisie had obeyed him all too well. She took his counsels, but was not interested in his pictures.

"Your things smell of tobacco and blood," she said, once. "Can't you do anything except soldiers?"

"I could do a head of you that would startle you," thought Dick,—this was before the red-haired girl had brought him under the guillotine,—but he only said, "I am very sorry," and harrowed Torpenhow's soul that evening with blasphemies against Art. Later, insensibly and to a large extent against his own will, he ceased to interest himself in his own work. For Maisie's sake, and to soothe the self-respect that it seemed to him he lost each Sunday, he would not consciously turn out bad stuff, but, since Maisie did not care even for his best, it were better not to do anything at all save wait and mark time between Sunday and Sunday. Torpenhow was disgusted as the weeks went by fruitless, and then attacked him one Sunday evening when Dick felt utterly exhausted after three hours' biting self-restraint in Maisie's presence. There was Language, and Torpenhow withdrew to consult the Nilghai, who had come in to talk Continental politics.

"Bone-idle, is he? Careless, and touched in the temper?" said the Nilghai. "It isn't worth worrying over. Dick is probably playing the fool with a woman."

"Isn't that bad enough?"

"No. She may throw him out of gear and knock his work to pieces for a while. She may even turn up here some day and make a scene on the staircase. One never knows. But until Dick speaks of his own accord you had better not touch him. He is no easy-tempered man to handle."

"No; I wish he were. He is such an aggressive, cocksure, you-be-damned fellow."

"He'll get that knocked out of him in time. He must learn that he can't storm up and down the world with a box of moist tubes and a slick brush. You're fond of him?"

"I'd take any punishment that's in store for him if I could; but the worst of it is, no man can save his brother."

"No, and the worser of it is, there is no discharge in this war. Dick must learn his lesson like the rest of us. Talking of war, there'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring."

"That trouble is long coming. I wonder if we could drag Dick out there when it comes off?"

Dick entered the room soon afterwards, and the question was put to him. "Not good enough," he said, shortly. "I'm too comfy where I am."

"Surely you aren't taking all the stuff in the papers seriously?" said the Nilghai. "Your vogue will be ended in less than six months,—the public will know your touch and go on to something new,—and where will you be then?"

"Here, in England."

"When you might be doing decent work among us out there! Nonsense! I shall go, the Keneu will be there, Torp will be there, Cassavetti will be there, and the whole lot of us will be there, and we shall have as much as ever we can do, with unlimited fighting, and the chance for you of seeing things that would make the reputation of three Verestchagins."

"Um!" said Dick, pulling at his pipe.

"You prefer to stay here and imagine that all the world is gaping at your pictures? Just think how full an average man's life is of his own pursuits and pleasures. When twenty thousand of him find time to look up between mouthfuls and grunt something about something they aren't the least interested in, the net result is called fame, reputation, or notoriety, according to the taste and fancy of the speller my lord."

"I know that as well as you do. Give me credit for a little gumption."

"Be hanged if I do!"

"Be hanged, then: you probably will be,—for a spy, by excited Turks. Heigh-ho! I'm weary, dead weary, and virtue has gone out of me." Dick dropped into a chair, and was fast asleep in a minute.

"That's a bad sign," said the Nilghai, in an undertone.

Torpenhow picked the pipe from the waistcoat where it was beginning to burn, and put a pillow behind the head. "We can't help; we can't help," he said. "It's a good ugly sort of old cocoanut, and I'm fond of it. There's the scar of the wipe he got when he was cut over in the square."

"Shouldn't wonder if that has made him a trifle mad."

"I should. He's a most business-like madman."

Then Dick began to snore furiously.

"Oh, here, no affection can stand this sort of thing. Wake up, Dick, and go and sleep somewhere else, if you intend to make a noise about it."

"When a cat has been out on the tiles all night," said the Nilghai in his beard, "I notice that she usually sleeps all day. This is natural history."

Dick staggered away rubbing his eyes and yawning. In the night-watches he was overtaken with an idea, so simple and so luminous that he wondered he had never conceived it before. It was full of craft. He would seek Maisie on a week-day,—would suggest an excursion, and would take her by train to Fort Keeling, over the very ground that they two had trodden together ten years ago.

"As a general rule," he explained to his chin-lathered reflection in the morning, "it isn't safe to cross an old trail twice. Things remind one of things, and a cold wind gets up, and you feel sad; but this is an exception to every rule that ever was. I'll go to Maisie at once."

Fortunately, the red-haired girl was out shopping when he arrived, and Maisie in a paint-spattered blouse was warring with her canvas. She was not pleased to see him; for week-day visits were a stretch of the bond; and it needed all his courage to explain his errand.

"I know you've been working too hard," he concluded, with an air of authority. "If you do that, you'll break down. You had much better come."

"Where to?" said Maisie, wearily. She had been standing before her easel too long, and was very wearied.

"Anywhere you please. We'll take a train to-morrow and see where it stops. We'll have lunch somewhere, and I'll bring you back in the evening."

"If there's a good working light to-morrow I lose a day." Maisie balanced the heavy white chestnut palette irresolutely.

Dick bit back an oath that was hurrying to his lips. He had not yet learned patience with the maiden to whom her work was all in all.

"You'll lose ever so many more, dear, if you use every hour of working light. Overwork's only murderous idleness. Don't be unreasonable. I'll call for you to-morrow after breakfast early."

"But surely you are going to ask——?"

"No, I am not. I want you and nobody else. Besides, she hates me as much as I hate her. She won't care to come. To-morrow, then; and pray that we get sunshine."

Dick went away delighted, and by consequence did no work whatever. He strangled a wild desire to order a special train, but bought a great gray kangaroo cloak lined with glossy black marten, and then retired into himself to consider things.

"I'm going out for the day to-morrow with Dick," said Maisie to the red-haired girl when the latter returned, tired, from marketing in the Edgware Road.

"He deserves it. I shall have the studio floor thoroughly scrubbed while you're away. It's very dirty."

Maisie had enjoyed no sort of holiday for months, and looked forward to the little excitements, but not without misgivings.

"There's nobody nicer than Dick when he talks sensibly," she thought, "but I'm sure he'll be silly and worry me, and I'm sure I can't tell him anything he'd like to hear. If he'd only be sensible I should like him so much better."

Dick's eyes were full of joy when he made his appearance next morning and saw Maisie, gray-ulstered and black-velvet-hatted, standing in the hall-way. Palaces of marble, and not sordid imitations of grained wood, were, surely, the fittest background for such a divinity. The red-haired girl drew her into the studio for a moment and kissed her hurriedly. Maisie's eyebrows climbed to the top of her forehead: she was altogether unused to these demonstrations. "Mind my liat," she said, hurrying away, and ran down the steps to Dick waiting by the hansom.

"Are you quite warm enough? Are you sure you wouldn't like some more breakfast? Put this cloak over your knees."

"I'm quite comf'y, thanks. Where are we going, Dick? Oh, do stop singing like that. People will think we're mad."

"Let 'em think,—if the exertion doesn't kill them. They don't know who we are, and I'm sure I don't care who they are. My faith, Maisie, you're looking lovely!"

Maisie stared directly in front of her and did not reply. The wind of a keen clear winter morning had put color into her cheeks. Overhead, the creamy-yellow smoke-clouds were thinning away one by one against a pale-blue sky, and the improvident sparrows broke off from water-spout committees and cab-rank cabals to clamor of the coming of spring.

"It will be lovely weather in the country," said Dick.

"But where are we going?"

"Wait and see."

They stopped at Victoria, and Dick sought tickets. For less than half the fraction of an instant it occurred to Maisie, comfortably settled by the waiting-room fire, that it was much more pleasant to send a man to the booking-office than to elbow one's own way through the crowd. Dick put her into a Pullman,—solely on account of the warmth there; and she regarded the extravagance with grave scandalized eyes as the train moved out into the country.

"I wish I knew where we are going," she repeated for the twentieth time. The name of a well-remembered station flashed by, towards the end of the run, and Maisie was enlightened.

"Oh, Dick, you villain!"

"Well, I thought you might like to see the place again. You haven't been here since old times, have you?"

"No. I never cared to see Mrs. Jennett again; and she was all that was ever there."

"Not quite. Look out a minute. There's the windmill above the potato-fields. They haven't built villas there yet. D'you remember when I shut you up in it?"

"Yes. How she beat you for it! I never told it was you."

"She guessed. I jammed a stick under the door and told you that I was burying Amomma alive in the potatoes. You believed me. You had a trusting nature in those days."

They laughed and leaned to look out, identifying ancient landmarks with many reminiscences. Dick fixed his weather eye on the curve of Maisie's cheek, very near his own, and watched the blood rise under the clear skin. He congratulated himself upon his cunning, and looked that the evening would bring him a great reward.

When the train stopped they went out to look at an old town with new eyes. First, but from a distance, they regarded the house of Mrs. Jennett.

"Suppose she should come out now, what would you do?" said Dick, with mock terror.

"I should make a face."

"Show, then," said Dick, dropping into the speech of childhood.

Maisie made that face in the direction of the mean little villa, and Dick laughed aloud.

"This is disgraceful," said Maisie, mimicking Mrs. Jennett's tone. "'Maisie, you run in at once, and learn the collect, gospel, and epistle for the next three Sundays. After all I've taught you, too, and three helps every Sunday at dinner! Dick's always leading you into mischief. If you aren't a gentleman, Dick, you might at least——'"

The sentence ended abruptly. Maisie remembered when it had last been used.

"Try to behave like one," said Dick, promptly. "Quite right. Now we'll get some lunch and go on to Fort Keeling,—unless you'd rather drive there?"

"We must walk, out of respect to the place. How little changed it all is!"

They turned in the direction of the sea through unaltered streets, and the influence of old things lay upon them. Presently they passed a confectioner's shop much considered in the days when their joint pocket-money amounted to a shilling a week.

"Dick, have you any pennies?" said Maisie, half to herself.

"Only three; and if you think you're going to have two of 'em to buy peppermints with, you're wrong. She says peppermints aren't ladylike."

Again they laughed, and again the color came into Maisie's cheeks as the blood boiled through Dick's heart. After a large lunch they went down to the beach and to Fort Keeling across the waste, wind-bitten land that no builder had thought it worth his while to defile. The winter breeze came in from the sea and sang about their ears.

"Maisie," said Dick, "your nose is getting a crude Prussian blue at the tip. I'll race you as far as you please for as much as you please."

She looked round cautiously, and with a laugh set off, swiftly as the ulster allowed, till she was out of breath.

"We used to run miles," she panted. "It's absurd that we can't run now."

"Old age, dear. This it is to get fat and sleek in town. When I



wished to pull your hair you generally ran for three miles, shrieking at the top of your voice. I ought to know, because those shrieks were meant to call up Mrs. Jennett with a cane and——”

“Dick, I never got you a beating on purpose in my life.”

“No, of course you never did. Good heavens! look at the sea.”

“Why, it’s the same as ever!” said Maisie.

Torpenhow had gathered from Mr. Beeton that Dick, properly dressed and shaved, had left the house at half-past eight in the morning with a travelling-rug over his arm. The Nilghai rolled in at mid-day for chess and polite conversation.

“It’s worse than anything I imagined,” said Torpenhow.

“Oh, the everlasting Dick, I suppose! You fuss over him like a hen with one chick. Let him run riot if he thinks it’ll amuse him. You can whip a young pup off feather, but you can’t whip a young man.”

“It isn’t a woman. It’s one woman. And it’s a girl.”

“Where’s your proof?”

“He got up and went out at eight this morning,—got up in the middle of the night, by Jove! a thing he never does except when he’s on service. Even then, remember, we had to kick him out of his blankets before the fight began at El-Maghrib. It’s disgusting.”

“It looks odd; but maybe he’s decided to buy a horse at last. He might get up for that, mightn’t he?”

“Buy a blazing wheelbarrow! He’d have told us if there was a horse in the wind. It’s a girl.”

“Don’t be certain. Perhaps it’s only a married woman.”

“Dick has some sense of humor, if you haven’t. Who gets up in the gray dawn to call on another man’s wife? It’s a girl.”

“Let it be a girl, then. She may teach him that there’s somebody else in the world besides himself.”

“She’ll spoil his hand. She’ll waste his time, and she’ll marry him, and ruin his work forever. He’ll be a respectable married man before we can stop him, and—he’ll never go on the long trail again.”

“All quite possible, but the earth won’t spin the other way when it happens. . . . Ho! ho! I’d give something to see Dick ‘go wooing with the boys.’ Don’t worry about it. These things be with Allah, and we can only look on. Get the chessmen.”

The red-haired girl was lying down in her own room, staring at the ceiling. The footsteps of people on the pavement sounded, as they grew indistinct in the distance, like a many-times-repeated kiss that was all one long kiss. Her hands were by her side, and they opened and shut savagely from time to time.

The charwoman in charge of the scrubbing of the studio knocked at her door: “Beg y’ pardon, miss, but in cleanin’ of a floor there’s two, not to say three, kind of soap, which is yaller, an’ mottled, an’ disinfectink. Now, jist before I took my pail into the passage I thought it would be pre’aps jest as well if I was to come up ’ere an’ ask you

what sort of soap you was wishful that I should use on them boards. The yaller soap, miss——"

There was nothing in the speech to have caused the paroxysm of fury that drove the red-haired girl into the middle of the room almost shouting,—

"Do you suppose *I* care what you use? Any kind will do!—*any* kind!"

The woman fled, and the red-haired girl looked at her own reflection in the glass for an instant and covered her face with her hands. It was as though she had shouted some shameless secret aloud.

## CHAPTER VII.

Roses red and roses white  
Plucked I for my love's delight.  
She would none of all my posies,—  
Bade me gather her blue roses.

Half the world I wandered through,  
Seeking where such flowers grew;  
Half the world unto my quest  
Answered but with laugh and jest.

It may be beyond the grave  
She shall find what she would have.  
Oh, 'twas but an idle quest,—  
Roses white and red are best!

*Blue Roses.*

INDEED the sea had not changed. Its waters were low on the mud-banks, and the Marazion bell-buoy clanked and swung in the tide-way. On the white beach-sand dried stumps of sea-poppies shivered and chattered together.

"I don't see the old breakwater," said Maisie, under her breath.

"Let's be thankful that we have as much as we have. I don't believe they've mounted a single new gun on the fort since we were here. Come and look."

They came to the glacis of Fort Keeling, and sat down in a nook sheltered from the wind under the tarred throat of a forty-pounder cannon.

"Now, if Amomma were only here!" said Maisie.

For a long time both were silent. Then Dick took Maisie's hand and called her by her name.

She shook her head and looked out to sea.

"Maisie darling, doesn't it make any difference?"

"No!" between clinched teeth. "I'd—I'd tell you if it did; but it doesn't. Oh, Dick, please be sensible."

"Don't you think it ever will?"

"No, I'm not sure of that."

"Why?"

Maisie rested her chin on her hand, and, still regarding the sea, spoke hurriedly:

"I know what you want perfectly well, but I can't give it you, Dick. It isn't my fault; indeed it isn't. If I felt that I could care for any one—— But I don't feel that I care. I simply don't understand what the feeling means."

"Is that true, dear?"

"You've been very good to me, Dickie; and the only way I can pay you back is by speaking the truth. I daren't tell a fib. I despise myself quite enough as it is."

"What in the world for?"

"Because—because I take everything that you give me and I give you nothing in return. It's mean and selfish of me, and whenever I think of it it worries me."

"Understand once for all, then, that I can manage my own affairs, and if I choose to do anything you aren't to blame. You haven't a single thing to reproach yourself with, darling."

"Yes, I have, and talking only makes it worse."

"Then don't talk about it."

"How can I help myself? If you find me alone for a minute you are always talking about it; and when you aren't you look it. You don't know how I despise myself sometimes."

"Great goodness!" said Dick, nearly jumping to his feet. "Speak the truth now, Maisie, if you never speak it again! Do I—does this worrying bore you?"

"No. It does not."

"You'd tell me if it did?"

"I should let you know, I think."

"Thank you. The other thing is fatal. But you must learn to forgive a man when he's in love. He's always a nuisance. You must have known that?"

Maisie did not consider the last question worth answering, and Dick was forced to repeat it.

"There were other men, of course. They always worried just when I was in the middle of my work, and wanted me to listen to them."

"Did you listen?"

"At first; and they couldn't understand why I didn't care. And they used to praise my pictures; and I thought they meant it. I used to be proud of the praise, and tell Kami, and—I shall never forget—once Kami laughed at me."

"You don't like being laughed at, Maisie, do you?"

"I hate it. I never laugh at other people unless—unless they do bad work. Dick, tell me honestly what you think of my pictures generally,—of everything of mine that you've seen."

"Honest, honest, and honest ever?" quoted Dick from a catch-word of long ago. "Tell me what Kami always says."

Maisie hesitated. "He—he says that there is feeling in them."

"How dare you tell me a fib like that? Remember, I was under Kami for two years. I know exactly what he says."

"It isn't a fib."

"It's worse. It's a half-truth. Kami says, when he puts his head

on one side,—so,—‘*Il y a du sentiment, mais il n’y a pas de parti pris.*’” He rolled the *r* threateningly, as Kami used to do.

“Yes, that is what he says; and I’m beginning to think that he is right.”

“Certainly he is.” Dick admitted that two people in the world could do and say no wrong. Kami was the man.

“And now you say the same thing. It’s so disheartening.”

“I’m sorry. You asked me to speak the truth. Besides, I love you too much to pretend about your work. It’s strong, it’s patient sometimes,—not always,—and sometimes there’s power in it, but there’s no special reason why it should be done at all. At least, that’s how it strikes me.”

“There’s no special reason why anything in the world should ever be done. You know that as well as I do. I only want success.”

“You’re going the wrong way to get it, then. Hasn’t Kami ever told you that?”

“Don’t quote Kami to me. I want to know what you think. My work’s bad, to begin with.”

“I didn’t say that, and I don’t think it.”

“It’s amateurish, then.”

“That it most certainly is not. You’re a workwoman, darling, to your boot-heels, and I respect you for that.”

“You don’t laugh at me behind my back?”

“No, dear. You see, you are more to me than any one else. Put this cloak thing round you, or you’ll get chilled.”

Maisie wrapped herself in the soft marten skins, turning the gray kangaroo fur to the outside.

“This is delicious,” she said, rubbing her chin thoughtfully along the fur. “Well? Why am I wrong in trying to get a little success?”

“Just because you try. Don’t you understand, darling? Good work has nothing to do with—doesn’t belong to—the person who does it. It’s put into him or her from outside.”

“But how does that affect—?”

“Wait a minute. All we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our materials instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything.”

“I understand that.”

“Everything else comes from outside ourselves. Very good. If we sit down quietly to work out notions that are sent to us, we may or we may not do something that isn’t bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work—to play with one eye on the gallery—we lose power and touch and everything else. At least that’s how I have found it. Instead of being quiet and giving every power you possess to your work, you’re fretting over something which you can neither help nor hinder by a minute. See?”

“It’s so easy for you to talk in that way. People like what you do. Don’t you ever think about the gallery?”

“Much too often; but I’m always punished for it by loss of power. It’s as simple as the Rule of Three. If we make light of our work by

using it for our own ends, our work will make light of us, and, as we're the weaker, we'll suffer."

"I don't treat my work lightly. You know that it's everything to me."

"Of course; but, whether you realize it or not, you give two strokes for yourself to one for your work. It isn't your fault, darling. I do exactly the same thing, and know that I'm doing it. Most of the French schools, and all the schools here, drive the students to work to their own credit, and for the sake of their pride. I was told that all the world was interested in my work, and everybody at Kami's talked turpentine, and I honestly believed that the world needed elevating and influencing, and all manner of impertinences, by my brushes. By Jove, I actually believed that! When my little head was bursting with a notion that I couldn't handle because I hadn't sufficient knowledge of my craft, I used to go about wondering at my own magnificence and getting ready to astonish the world."

"But surely one can do that sometimes?"

"Very seldom with malice aforethought, darling. And when it's done it's such a tiny thing, and the world's so big, and all but a millionth part of it doesn't care. Maisie, come with me and I'll show you something of the size of the world. One can no more avoid working than eating,—that goes on by itself,—but try to see what you are working for. I know such little heavens that I could take you to,—islands tucked away under the Line. You sight them after weeks of crashing through water as black as black marble because it's so deep, and you sit in the fore-chains day after day and see the sun rise almost afraid because the sea is so lonely."

"Who is afraid?—you, or the sun?"

"The sun, of course. And there are noises under the sea, and sounds overhead in a clear sky. Then you find your island alive with hot moist orchids that make mouths at you and can do everything except talk. There's a water-fall in it three hundred feet high, just like a sliver of green jade laced with silver; and millions of wild bees live up in the rocks; and you can hear the fat cocoanuts falling from the palms; and you order an ivory-white servant to sling you a great yellow hammock with tassels on it like ripe maize, and you put up your feet and hear the bees hum and the water fall till you go to sleep."

"Can one work there?"

"Certainly. One must do something always. You hang your canvas up in a palm-free and let the parrots criticise. When they scuffle you heave a ripe custard-apple at them, and it bursts in a lather of cream. There are hundreds of places. Come and see them."

"I don't quite like that place. It sounds lazy. Tell me another."

"What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-colored sands? There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces and streets and shops and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee gray squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the

market-place, and a jewelled peacock struts out of a carved door-way and spreads its tail against a marble screen as fine-pierced as point-lace. Then a monkey—a little black monkey—walks through the main square to get a drink from a tank forty feet deep. He slides down the creepers to the water's edge, and a friend holds him by the tail, in case he should fall in."

"Is all that true?"

"I have been there and seen. Then evening comes, and the lights change till it's just as though you stood in the heart of a king-opal. A little before sundown, as punctually as clock-work, a big bristly wild boar, with all his family following, trots through the city gate, churning the foam on his tusks. You climb on the shoulder of a blind black stone god and watch that pig choose himself a palace for the night and stump in wagging his tail. Then the night-wind gets up, and the sands move, and you hear the desert outside the city singing, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and everything is dark till the moon rises. Maisie darling, come with me and see what the world is really like. It's very lovely, and it's very horrible,—but I won't let you see anything horrid,—and it doesn't care your life or mine for pictures or anything else except doing its own work and making love. Come, and I'll show you how to brew sangaree, and sling a hammock, and—oh, thousands of things, and you'll see for yourself what color means, and we'll find out together what love means, and then maybe we shall be allowed to do some good work. Come away!"

"Why?" said Maisie.

"How can you do anything until you have seen everything, or as much as you can? And besides, darling, I love you. Come along with me. You have no business here; you don't belong to this place; you're half a gypsy,—your face tells that; and I—even the smell of open water makes me restless. Come across the sea and be happy!"

He had risen to his feet, and stood in the shadow of the gun, looking down at the girl. The very short winter afternoon had worn away, and, before they knew, the winter moon was walking the untroubled sea. Long ruled lines of silver showed where a ripple of the rising tide was turning over the mud-banks. The wind had dropped, and in the intense stillness they could hear a donkey cropping the frosty grass many yards away. A faint beating, like that of a muffled drum, came out of the moon-haze.

"What's that?" said Maisie, quickly. "It sounds like a heart beating. Where is it?"

Dick was so angry at this sudden wrench to his pleadings that he could not trust himself to speak, and in this silence caught the sound. Maisie from her seat under the gun watched him with a certain amount of fear. She wished so much that he would be sensible and cease to worry her with over-sea emotion that she both could and could not understand. She was not prepared, however, for the change in his face as he listened.

"It's a steamer," he said,—“a twin-screw steamer, by the beat. I can't make her out, but she must be standing very close in-shore. Ah!” as the red of a rocket streaked the haze, “she's standing in to signal before she clears the Channel.”



"Is it a wreck?" said Maisie, to whom these words were as Greek.

Dick's eyes were turned to the sea. "Wreck! What nonsense! She's only reporting herself. Red rocket forward—there's a green light aft now, and two red rockets from the bridge."

"What does that mean?"

"It's the signal of the Cross-Keys Line running to Australia. I wonder which steamer it is." The note of his voice had changed: he seemed to be talking to himself, and Maisie did not approve of it. The moonlight broke the haze for a moment, touching the black sides of a long steamer working down Channel. "Four masts and three funnels—she's in deep draught, too. That must be the Barralong, or the Bhutia. No, the Bhutia has a clipper bow. It's the Barralong, to Australia. She'll lift the Southern Cross in a week,—lucky old tub!—oh, lucky old tub!"

He stared intently, and moved up the slope of the fort to get a better view, but the mist on the sea thickened again, and the beating of the screws grew fainter. Maisie called to him a little angrily, and he returned, still keeping his eyes to seaward. "Have you ever seen the Southern Cross blazing right over your head?" he asked. "It's superb!"

"No," she said, shortly, "and I don't want to. If you think it's so lovely, why don't you go and see it yourself?"

She raised her face from the soft blackness of the marten skins about her throat, and her eyes shone like diamonds. The moonlight on the gray kangaroo fur turned it to frosted silver of the coldest.

"By Jove, Maisie, you look like a little heathen idol tucked up there." The eyes showed that they did not appreciate the compliment. "I'm sorry," he continued. "The Southern Cross isn't worth looking at unless some one helps you to see. That steamer's out of hearing."

"Dick," she said, quietly, "suppose I were to come to you now,—be quiet a minute,—just as I am, and caring for you just as much as I do."

"Not as a brother, though? You said you didn't—in the Park."

"I never had a brother. Suppose I said, 'Take me to those places, and in time, perhaps, I might really care for you.' What would you do?"

"Send you straight back to where you came from, in a cab. No, I wouldn't. I'd let you walk. But you couldn't do it, dear. And I wouldn't run the risk. You're worth waiting for till you can come without reservation."

"Do you honestly believe that?"

"I have a hazy sort of idea that I do. Has it never struck you in that light?"

"Ye—es. I feel so wicked about it."

"Wickeder than usual?"

"You don't know all I think. It's almost too awful to tell."

"Never mind. You promised to tell me the truth—at least."

"It's so ungrateful of me, but—but, though I know you care for me, and I like to have you with me, I'd—I'd even sacrifice you, if that would bring me what I want."

"My poor little darling! I know that state of mind. It doesn't lead to good work."

"You aren't angry? Remember, I do despise myself."

"I'm not exactly flattered,—I had guessed as much before,—but I'm not angry. I'm sorry for you. Surely you ought to have left a little-ness like that behind you, years ago."

"You've no right to patronize me! I only want what I have worked for so long. It came to *you* without any trouble, and—and I don't think it's fair."

"What can I do? I'd give ten years of my life to get you what you want. But I can't help you; even I can't help you."

A murmur of dissent from Maisie.

"And I know by what you have just said that you're on the wrong road to success. It isn't got at by sacrificing other people,—I've had that much knocked into me: you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think for yourself, and never have real satisfaction in your work except just at the beginning, when you're reaching out after a notion."

"How can you believe all that?"

"There's no question of belief or disbelief. That's the law, and you take it or refuse it as you please. I try to obey, but I can't, and then my work turns bad on my hands. Under any circumstances, remember, four-fifths of everybody's work must be bad. But the remnant is worth the trouble for its own sake."

"Isn't it nice to get credit even for bad work?"

"It's much too nice. But—— May I tell you something? It isn't a pretty tale, but you're so like a man that I forget when I'm talking to you."

"Tell me."

"Once when I was out in the Soudan I went over some ground that we had been fighting on for three days. There were twelve hundred dead; and we hadn't time to bury them."

"How ghastly!"

"I had been at work on a big double-sheet sketch, and I was wondering what people would think of it at home. The sight of that field taught me a good deal. It looked just like a bed of horrible toadstools in all colors, and—I'd never seen men in bulk go back to their beginnings before. So I began to understand that men and women were only material to work with, and that what they said or did was of no consequence. See? Strictly speaking, you might just as well put your ear down to the palette to catch what your colors are saying."

"Dick, that's disgraceful!"

"Wait a minute. I said, strictly speaking. Unfortunately, everybody must be either a man or a woman."

"I'm glad you allow that much."

"In your case I don't. You aren't a woman. But ordinary people, Maisie, must behave and work as such. That's what makes me so savage." He hurled a pebble towards the sea as he spoke. "I know that it is outside my business to care what people say; I can see that it spoils my output if I listen to 'em; and yet, confound it all,"—

another pebble flew seaward,—“I can’t help purring when I’m rubbed the right way. Even when I can see on a man’s forehead that he is lying his way through a clump of pretty speeches, those lies make me happy and play the mischief with my hand.”

“And when he doesn’t say pretty things?”

“Then, belovedest,”—Dick grinned,—“I forget that I am the steward of these gifts, and I want to make that man love and appreciate my work with a thick stick. It’s too humiliating altogether; but I suppose even if one were an angel and painted humans altogether from outside, one would lose in touch what one gained in grip.”

Maisie laughed at the idea of Dick as an angel.

“But you seem to think,” she said, “that everything nice spoils your hand.”

“I don’t think. It’s the law,—just the same as it was at Mrs. Jennett’s. Everything that is nice does spoil your hand. I’m glad you see so clearly.”

“I don’t like the view.”

“Nor I. But have got orders: what can do? Are you strong enough to face it alone?”

“I suppose I must.”

“Let me help, darling. We can hold each other very tight and try to walk straight. We shall blunder horribly, but it will be better than stumbling apart. Maisie, can’t you see reason?”

“I don’t think we should get on together. We should be two of a trade, and we should never agree.”

“How I should like to meet the man who made that proverb! He lived in a cave and ate raw bear, I fancy. I’d make him eat his own arrow-heads. Well?”

“I should be only half married to you. I should worry and fuss about my work, as I do now. Four days out of the seven I’m not fit to speak to.”

“You talk as if no one else in the world had ever used a brush. D’you suppose that I don’t know the feeling of worry and bother and can’t-get-at-ness? You’re lucky if you only have it four days out of the seven. What difference would that make?”

“A great deal, if you have it too.”

“Yes, but I could respect it. Another man might not. He might laugh at you. There’s no use talking about it. If you can think in that way you can’t care for me—yet.”

The tide had nearly covered the mud-banks, and twenty little ripples broke on the beach before Maisie chose to speak.

“Dick,” she said, slowly, “I believe very much that you are better than I am.”

“This doesn’t seem to bear on the argument—but in what way?”

“I don’t quite know, but in what you said about work and things; and then you’re so patient. Yes, you’re better than I am.”

Dick considered rapidly the murkiness of an average man’s life. There was nothing in the review to fill him with a sense of virtue. He lifted the hem of the cloak to his lips.

"Why," said Maisie, making as though she had not noticed, "can you see things that I can't? I don't believe what you believe; but you're right, I believe."

"If I've seen anything, God knows I couldn't have seen it but for you, and I know that I couldn't have said it except to you. You seemed to make everything clear for a minute; but I don't practise what I preach. You would help me. . . . There are only us two in the world for all purposes, and—and you like to have me with you."

"Of course I do. I wonder if you can realize how utterly lonely I am?"

"My darling, I think I can."

"Two years ago, when I first took the little house, I used to walk up and down the back garden trying to cry. I never can cry. Can you?"

"It's some time since I cried. What was the trouble? Over-work?"

"I don't know. I used to dream that I had broken down, and had no money, and was starving in London. I thought about it all day, and it frightened me. Oh, how it frightened me!"

"I know that fear. It's the most terrible of all. It wakes me up in the night sometimes. You oughtn't to know anything about it."

"How do *you* know?"

"Never mind. Is your three hundred a year safe?"

"It's in Consols."

"Very well. If any one comes to you and recommends a better investment,—even if I should come to you,—don't you listen. Never shift the money for a minute, and never lend a penny of it,—even to the red-haired girl."

"Don't scold me so! I am not likely to be foolish."

"The earth is full of men who'd sell their souls for three hundred a year. And women come and talk, and borrow a five-pound note here and a ten-pound note there; and a woman has no conscience in a money debt. Stick to your money, Maisie; for there's nothing more ghastly in the world than poverty in London. It's scared me. By Jove, it put the fear into me! And one oughtn't to be afraid of anything."

To each man is appointed his particular dread,—the terror that, if he does not fight against it, will cow him even to the loss of his manhood. Dick's experience of the sordid misery of want had entered into the depths of him, and, that he might not find virtue too easy, the memory stood behind him, tempting to shame, when dealers came to buy his wares. As the Nilghai quaked against his will at the still green water of a lake or a mill-dam, as Torpenhow flinched before any white arm that could cut or stab and loathed himself for flinching, Dick feared the poverty he had once tasted half in jest. His burden was heavier than the burdens of his companions.

Maisie watched the face working in the moonlight.

"You've plenty of pennies now," she said, soothingly.

"I shall never get enough," he began, with vicious emphasis.

Then, laughing, "I shall always be threepence short in my accounts."

"Why threepence?"

"I carried a man's bag once from Liverpool Street Station to Blackfriars Bridge. It was a sixpenny job,—you needn't laugh; indeed it was,—and I wanted the money desperately. He only gave me threepence; and he hadn't even the decency to pay in silver. Whatever money I make, I shall never get that odd threepence out of the world."

This was not language befitting the man who had preached of the sanctity of work. It jarred on Maisie, who preferred her payment in applause, which, since all men desire it, must be of the right. She gravely hunted for her little purse and took out a threepenny bit.

"There it is," she said. "I'll pay you, Dickie; and don't worry any more. It isn't worth while. Are you paid?"

"I am," said the very human apostle of fair craft, taking the coin. "I'm paid a thousand times, and we'll close that account. It shall live on my watch-chain. You're an angel, Maisie."

"I'm very cramped, and I'm feeling a little cold. Good gracious! the cloak is all white, and so is your moustache! I never knew it was so chilly."

A light frost lay white on the shoulder of Dick's ulster. He, too, had forgotten the state of the weather. They laughed together, and with that laugh ended all serious discourse.

They ran inland across the waste to warm themselves, then turned to look at the glory of the full tide under the moonlight and the intense black shadows of the furze-bushes. It was an additional joy to Dick that Maisie could see color even as he saw it,—could see the blue in the white of the mist, the violet that is in gray palings, and all things else as they are,—not of one hue, but a thousand. And the moonlight came into Maisie's soul, so that she, usually reserved, chattered of herself and of the things she took interest in,—of Kami, wisest of teachers, and of the girls in the studio,—of the Poles, who will kill themselves with overwork if they are not checked; of the French, who talk at great length of much more than they will ever accomplish; of the slovenly English, who toil hopelessly and cannot understand that inclination does not imply power; of the Americans, whose rasping voices in the hush of a hot afternoon strain tense-drawn nerves to breaking-point, and whose suppers lead to indigestion; of tempestuous Russians, neither to hold nor to bind, who tell the girls ghost-stories till the girls shriek; of stolid Germans, who come to learn one thing, and, having mastered that much, stolidly go away and copy pictures for evermore. Dick listened enraptured because it was Maisie who spoke. He knew the old life.

"It hasn't changed much," he said. "Do they still steal colors at lunch-time?"

"Not steal. Attract is the word. Of course they do. I am good. I only attract ultramarine; but there are students who'd attract flake-white."

"I've done it myself. You can't help it when the palettes are

hung up. Every color is common property once it runs down,—even if you do start it with a drop of oil. It teaches people not to waste their tubes."

"I should like to attract some of your colors, Dick. Perhaps I should catch your success with them."

"I mustn't say a bad word, but I should like to. What in the world, which you've missed a lovely chance of seeing, does success or want of success, or a three-storied success, matter compared to—— No, I will not open that question again. It's time to go back to town."

"I'm sorry, Dick, but——"

"You're much more interested in that than you are in me."

"I don't know. I don't think I am."

"What will you give me if I tell you a sure short-cut to everything you want,—the trouble and the fuss and the tangle and all the rest? Will you promise to obey me?"

"Of course."

"In the first place, you must never forget a meal because you happen to be at work. You forgot your lunch twice last week," said Dick, at a venture, for he knew with whom he was dealing.

"No, no,—only once, really."

"That's bad enough. And you mustn't take a cup of tea and a biscuit in place of a regular dinner, because dinner happens to be a trouble."

"You're making fun of me!"

"I never was more in earnest in my life. Oh, my love, my love, hasn't it dawned on you yet what you are to me? Here's the whole earth in a conspiracy to give you a chill, or run over you, or drench you to the skin, or cheat you out of your money, or let you die of overwork and underfeeding, and I haven't the mere right to look after you. Why, I don't even know if you have sense enough to put on warm things when the weather's cold."

"Dick, you're the most awful boy to talk to—really! How do you suppose I managed when you were away?"

"I wasn't here, and I didn't know. But now I'm back I'd give everything I have for the right of telling you to come in out of the rain."

"Your success too?"

This time it cost Dick a severe struggle to refrain from bad words:

"As Mrs. Jennett used to say, you're a trial, Maisie! You've been cooped up in the schools too long, and you think every one is looking at you. There aren't twelve hundred people in the world who understand pictures. The others pretend and don't care. Remember, I've seen twelve hundred men dead in toadstool-beds. It's only the voice of the tiniest little fraction of people that makes success. The real world doesn't care a tinker's—doesn't care a bit. For aught you or I know, every man in the world may be arguing with a Maisie of his own."

"Poor Maisie!"

"Poor Dick, I think. Do you believe while he's fighting for what's dearer than his life he wants to look at a picture? And even if he did, and if all the world did, and a thousand million people rose up and



shouted hymns to my honor and glory, would that make up to me for the knowledge that you were out shopping in the Edgware Road on a rainy day without an umbrella? Now we'll go to the station."

"But you said on the beach——" persisted Maisie, with a certain fear.

Dick groaned aloud: "Yes, I know what I said. My work is everything I have, or am, or hope to be, to me, and I believe I've learnt the law that governs it; but I've some lingering sense of fun left,—though you've nearly knocked it out of me. I can just see that it isn't everything to all the world. Do what I say, and not what I do."

Maisie was careful not to reopen debatable matters, and they returned to London joyously. The terminus stopped Dick in the midst of an eloquent harangue on the beauties of exercise. He would buy Maisie a horse,—such a horse as never yet bowed head to bit,—would stable it, with a companion, some twenty miles from London, and Maisie, solely for her health's sake, should ride with him twice or thrice a week.

"That's absurd," said she. "It wouldn't be proper."

"Now, who in all London to-night would have sufficient interest or audacity to call us two to account for anything we chose to do?"

Maisie looked at the lamps, the fog, and the hideous turmoil. Dick was right; but horseflesh did not make for Art as she understood it.

"You're very nice sometimes, but you're very foolish more times. I'm not going to let you give me horses, or take you out of your way to-night. I'll go home by myself. Only I want you to promise me something. You won't think any more about that extra threepence, will you? Remember, you've been paid; and I won't allow you to be spiteful and do bad work for a little thing like that. You can be so big that you mustn't be tiny."

This was turning the tables with a vengeance. There remained only to put Maisie into her hansom.

"Good-by," she said, simply. "You'll come on Sunday. It has been a beautiful day, Dick. Why can't it be like this always?"

"Because love's like line-work: you must go forward or backward; you can't stand still. By the way, go on with your line-work. Good-night, and, for my—for any sake, take care of yourself."

He turned to walk home, meditating. The day had brought him nothing that he hoped for, but—surely this was worth many days—it had brought him nearer to Maisie. The end was only a question of time now, and the prize well worth the waiting. By instinct, once more, he turned to the river.

"And she understood at once," he said, looking at the water. "She found out my pet besetting sin on the spot, and paid it off. My God, how she understood! And she said I was better than she was! Better than she was!" He laughed at the absurdity of the notion. "I wonder if girls guess at one-half a man's life. They can't, or—they wouldn't marry us." He took her gift out of his pocket, and considered it in the light of a miracle and a pledge of the comprehension

that, one day, would lead to perfect happiness. Meantime, Maisie was alone in London, with none to save her from danger. And the packed wilderness was very full of danger. Dick made his prayer to Fate disjointedly after the manner of the heathen as he threw the piece of silver into the river. If any evil were to befall, let him bear the burden and let Maisie go unscathed, since the threepenny piece was dearest to him of all his possessions. It was a small coin in itself, but Maisie had given it, and the Thames held it, and surely the Fates would be bribed for this once. That was his last thought as he went to bed.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"If I have taken the common clay  
And wrought it cunningly  
In the shape of a god that was digged a clod,  
The greater honor to me."

"If thou hast taken the common clay,  
And thy hands be not free  
From the taint of the soil, thou hast made thy spoil  
The greater shame to thee."

*The Two Potters.*

HE did no work of any kind for a week. Then came another Sunday. He dreaded and longed for the day always, but since the red-haired girl had sketched him there was rather more dread than desire in his mind.

He found that Maisie had entirely neglected his suggestions about line-work. She had gone off at score filled with some absurd notion for a "fancy head." It cost Dick something to command his temper.

"What's the good of suggesting anything?" he said, pointedly.

"Ah, but this will be a picture,—a real picture; and I know that Kami will let me send it to the Salon. You don't mind, do you?"

"I suppose not. But you won't have time for the Salon."

Maisie hesitated a little. She even felt uncomfortable.

"We're going over to France a month sooner because of it. I shall get the idea sketched out here and work it up at Kami's."

Dick's heart stood still, and he came very near to being disgusted with his queen who could do no wrong. "Just when I thought I had made some headway, she goes off chasing butterflies. It's too maddening!"

There was no possibility of arguing, for the red-haired girl was in the studio. Dick could only look unutterable reproach.

"I'm sorry," he said, "and I think you make a mistake. But what's the idea of your new picture?"

"I took it from a book."

"That's bad, to begin with. Books aren't the places for pictures. And——?"

"It's this," said the red-haired girl behind him. "I was reading it to Maisie the other day from 'The City of Dreadful Night.' D'you know the book?"

"A little. I am sorry I spoke. There are pictures in it. What has taken her fancy?"

"The description of the Melancolia :

'Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle,  
But all too impotent to lift the regal  
Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride.'

And here again. (Maisie, get the tea, dear.)

'The forehead charged with baleful thoughts and dreams,  
The household bunch of keys, the housewife's gown,  
Voluminous indented, and yet rigid  
As though a shell of burnished metal frigid,  
Her feet thick-shod to tread all weakness down.'

There was no attempt to conceal the scorn of the lazy voice. Dick winced.

"But that has been done already by an obscure artist of the name of Dürer," said he. "How does the poem run?—

'Three centuries and threescore years ago,  
With phantasies of his peculiar thought.'

You might as well try to rewrite 'Hamlet.' It will be waste of time."

"No, it won't," said Maisie, putting down the teacups with clatter to reassure herself. "And I mean to do it. Can't you see what a beautiful thing it would make?"

"How in perdition can one do work when one hasn't had the proper training? Any fool can get a notion. It needs training to drive the thing through,—training and conviction; not rushing after the first fancy." Dick spoke between his teeth.

"You don't understand," said Maisie. "I think I can do it."

Again the voice of the girl behind him :

"'Baffled and beaten back, she works on still;  
Weary and sick of soul, she works the more.  
Sustained by her indomitable will,  
The hands shall fashion, and the brain shall pore,  
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor—'

I fancy Maisie means to embody herself in the picture."

"Sitting on a throne of rejected pictures? No, I shan't, dear. The notion in itself has fascinated me.—Of course you don't care for fancy heads, Dick. I don't think you could do them. You like blood and bones."

"That's a direct challenge. If you can do a Melancolia that isn't merely a sorrowful female head, I can do a better one; and I will, too. What d'you know about Melancolias?" Dick firmly believed that he was even then tasting three-quarters of all the sorrow in the world.

"She was a woman," said Maisie, "and she suffered a great deal,—till she could suffer no more. Then she began to laugh at it all, and then I painted her and sent her to the Salon."

The red-haired girl rose up and left the room, laughing.

Dick looked at Maisie humbly and hopelessly.

"Never mind about the picture," he said. "Are you really going back to Kami's a month before your time?"

"I must go, if I want to get the picture done."

"And that's all you want?"

"Of course. Don't be stupid, Dick."

"You haven't the power. You have only the ideas,—the ideas and the little cheap impulses. How you could have kept at your work for ten years steadily is a mystery to me. So you are really going,—a month before you need?"

"I must do my work."

"Your work—bah! . . . No, I didn't mean that. It's all right, dear. Of course you must do your work, and—I think I'll say good-by for this week."

"Won't you even stay for tea?"

"No, thank you. Have I your leave to go, dear? There's nothing more you particularly want me to do, and the line-work doesn't matter."

"I wish you could stay, and then we could talk over my picture. If only one single picture's a success it draws attention to all the others. I know some of my work is good, if only people could see. And you needn't have been so rude about it."

"I'm sorry. We'll talk the Melancolia over some one of the other Sundays. There are four more—yes, one, two, three, four—before you go. Good-by, Maisie."

Maisie stood by the studio window, thinking, till the red-haired girl returned, a little white at the corners of her lips.

"Dick's gone off," said Maisie. "Just when I wanted to talk about the picture. Isn't it selfish of him?"

Her companion opened her lips as if to speak, shut them again, and went on reading "The City of Dreadful Night."

Dick was in the Park, walking round and round a tree that he had chosen as his confidante for many Sundays past. He was swearing audibly, and when he found that the infirmities of the English tongue hemmed in his rage he sought consolation in Arabic, which is expressly designed for the use of the afflicted. He was not pleased with the reward of his patient service; nor was he pleased with himself; and it was long before he arrived at the proposition that the queen could do no wrong.

"It's a losing game," he said. "I'm worth nothing when a whim of hers is in question. But in a losing game at Port Said we used to double the stakes and go on. She do a Melancolia! She hasn't the power, or the insight, or the training. Only the desire. She's cursed with the curse of Reuben. She won't do line-work, because it means real work; and yet she's stronger than I am. I'll make her understand that I can beat her on her own Melancolia. Even then she wouldn't care. She says I can only do blood and bones. I don't believe she has blood in her veins. All the same I love her; and I must go on loving her; and if I can humble her inordinate vanity I will. I'll do a Melancolia that shall be something like a Melancolia,—the Melancolia that transcends all wit. I'll do it at once, con—bless her."

He discovered that the notion would not come to order, and that he could not free his mind for an hour from the thought of Maisie's departure. He took very small interest in her rough studies for the

Melancolia when she showed them next week. The Sundays were racing past, and the time was at hand when all the church bells in London could not ring Maisie back to him. Once or twice he said something to Binkie about "hermaphroditic futilities," but the little dog received so many confidences both from Torpenhow and Dick that he did not trouble his tulip-ears to listen.

Dick was permitted to see the girls off. They were going by the Dover night-boat; and they hoped to return in August. It was then February, and Dick felt that he was being hardly used. Maisie was so busy stripping the small house across the Park, and packing her canvases, that she had no time for thought. Dick went down to Dover and wasted a day there fretting over a wonderful possibility. Would Maisie at the very last allow him one small kiss? He reflected that he might capture her by the strong arm, as he had seen women captured in the Southern Soudan, and lead her away; but Maisie would never be led. She would turn her gray eyes upon him and say, "Dick, how selfish you are!" Then his courage would fail him. It would be better, after all, to beg for that kiss.

Maisie looked more than usually kissable as she stepped from the night-mail on to the windy pier, in a gray water-proof and a little gray cloth travelling-cap. The red-haired girl was not so lovely. Her green eyes were hollow and her lips were dry. Dick saw the trunks aboard, and went to Maisie's side in the darkness under the bridge. The mail-bags were thundering into the forehold, and the red-haired girl was watching them.

"You'll have a rough passage to-night," said Dick. "It's blowing outside. I suppose I may come over and see you if I'm good?"

"You mustn't. I shall be busy. At least, if I want you I'll send for you. But I shall write from Vitry-sur-Marne. I shall have heaps of things to consult you about. Oh, Dick, you have been so good to me!—so good to me!"

"Thank you for that, dear. It hasn't made any difference, has it?"

"I can't tell a fib. It hasn't—in that way. But don't think I'm not grateful."

"Damn the gratitude!" said Dick, huskily, to the paddle-box.

"What's the use of worrying? You know I should ruin your life, and you'd ruin mine, as things are now. You remember what you said when you were so angry that day in the Park? One of us has to be broken. Can't you wait till that day comes?"

"No, love. I want you unbroken—all to myself."

Maisie shook her head. "My poor Dick, what can I say?"

"Don't say anything. Give me a kiss? Only one kiss, Maisie. I'll swear I won't take any more. You might as well, and then I can be sure you're grateful."

Maisie put her cheek forward, and Dick took his reward in the darkness. It was only one kiss, but, since there was no time-limit specified, it was a long one. Maisie wrenched herself free angrily, and Dick stood abashed and tingling from head to heel.

"Good-by, darling. I didn't mean to scare you. I'm sorry. Only—keep well and do good work,—specially the Melancolia. I'm

going to do one, too. Remember me to Kami, and be careful what you drink. Country drinking-water is bad everywhere, but it's worse in France. Write to me if you want anything, and good-by. Say good-by to the what-you-call-um girl, and—can't I have another kiss? No. You're quite right. Good-by."

A shout told him that it was not seemly to charge up the mail-bag incline. He reached the pier as the steamer began to move off, and he followed her with his heart.

"And there's nothing—nothing in the wide world—to keep us apart except her obstinacy. These Calais night-boats are much too small. I'll get Torp to write to the papers about it. She's beginning to pitch already."

Maisie stood where Dick had left her till she heard a little gasping cough at her elbow. The red-haired girl's eyes were alight with cold flame.

"He kissed you!" she said. "How could you let him, when he wasn't anything to you? How dared you take a kiss from him? Oh, Maisie, let's go to the ladies' cabin. I'm sick,—deadly sick."

"We aren't into open water yet. Go down, dear, and I'll stay here. I don't like the smell of the engines. . . . Poor Dick! He deserved one,—only one. But I didn't think he'd frighten me so."

Dick returned to town next day just in time for lunch, for which he had telegraphed. To his disgust, there were only empty plates in the studio. He lifted up his voice like the bears in the fairy-tale, and Torpenhow entered, looking very guilty.

"H'sh!" said he. "Don't make such a noise. I took it. Come into my rooms, and I'll show you why."

Dick paused amazed at the threshold, for on Torpenhow's sofa lay a girl asleep and breathing heavily. The little cheap sailor-hat, the blue-and-white dress, fitter for June than for February, dabbled with mud at the skirts, the jacket trimmed with imitation Astrakhan and ripped at the shoulder-seams, the one-and-elevenpenny umbrella, and, above all, the disgraceful condition of the kid-topped boots, declared all things.

"Oh, I say, old man, this is too bad! You mustn't bring this sort up here. They steal things from the rooms."

"It looks bad, I admit, but I was coming in after lunch, and she staggered into the hall. I thought she was drunk at first, but it was collapse. I couldn't leave her as she was, so I brought her up here and gave her your lunch. She was fainting from want of food. She went fast asleep the minute she had finished."

"I know something of that complaint. She's being living on sausages, I suppose. Torp, you should have handed her over to a policeman for presuming to faint in a respectable house. Poor little wretch! Look at that face! There isn't an ounce of immorality in it. Only folly,—slack, fatuous, feeble, futile folly. It's a typical head. D'you notice how the skull begins to show through the flesh padding on the face and cheek-bone?"

"What a cold-blooded barbarian it is! Don't hit a woman when she's down. Can't we do anything? She was simply dropping with



starvation. She almost fell into my arms, and when she got to the food she ate like a wild beast. It was horrible."

"I can give her money, which she would probably spend in drinks. Is she going to sleep forever?"

The girl opened her eyes and glared at the men between terror and effrontery.

"Feeling better?" said Torpenhow.

"Yes. Thank you. There aren't many gentlemen that are as kind as you are. Thank you."

"When did you leave service?" said Dick, who had been watching the scarred and chapped hands.

"How did you know I was in service? I was. General servant. I didn't like it."

"And how do you like being your own mistress?"

"Do I look as if I liked it?"

"I suppose not. One moment. Would you be good enough to turn your face to the window?"

The girl obeyed, and Dick watched her face keenly,—so keenly that she made as if to hide behind Torpenhow.

"The eyes have it," said Dick, walking up and down. "They are superb eyes for my business. And, after all, every head depends on the eyes. This has been sent from heaven to make up for—what was taken away. Now the weekly strain's off my shoulders, I can get to work in earnest. Evidently sent from heaven. Yes.—Raise your chin a little, please."

"Gently, old man, gently. You're scaring somebody out of her wits," said Torpenhow, who could see the girl trembling.

"Don't let him hit me! Oh, please don't let him hit me! I've been hit cruel to-day because I spoke to a man. Don't let him look at me like that! He's reg'lar wicked, that one. Don't let him look at me like that, neither! Oh, I feel as if I hadn't nothing on when he looks at me like that!"

The overstrained nerves in the frail body gave way, and the girl wept like a little child and began to scream. Dick threw open the window, and Torpenhow flung the door back.

"There you are," said Dick, soothingly. "My friend, here, can call for a policeman, and you can run through that door. Nobody is going to hurt you."

The girl sobbed convulsively for a few minutes, and then tried to laugh.

"Nothing in the world to hurt you. Now listen to me for a minute. I'm what they call an artist by profession. You know what artists do?"

"They draw the things in red and black ink on the pop-shop labels."

"I dare say. I haven't risen to pop-shop labels yet. Those are done by the Academicians. I want to draw your head."

"What for?"

"Because it's pretty. That is why you will come to the room across the landing three times a week at eleven in the morning, and I'll

give you three quid a week just for sitting still and being drawn. And there's a quid on account."

"For nothing? Oh, my!" The girl turned the sovereign in her hand, and with more foolish tears: "Ain't neither o' you two gentlemen afraid of my bilking you?"

"No. Only ugly girls do that. Try and remember this place. And, by the way, what's your name?"

"I'm Bessie,—Bessie—— It's no use giving the rest. Bessie Broke,—Stone-broke if you like. What's your names? But there,—no one ever gives the real ones."

Dick consulted Torpenhow with his eyes:

"My name's Helder, and my friend's called Torpenhow; and you must be sure to come here. Where do you live?"

"South-the-water,—one room,—five and sixpence a week. Aren't you making fun of me about that three quid?"

"You'll see later on. And, Bessie, next time you come, remember, you needn't wear that paint. It's bad for the skin. I have all the colors you'll be likely to need."

Bessie withdrew, scrubbing her cheek with a ragged pocket-handkerchief. The two men looked at each other.

"You're a man," said Torpenhow.

"I'm afraid I've been a fool. It isn't our business to run about the earth reforming Bessie Brokes. And a woman of any kind has no right on this landing."

"Perhaps she won't come back."

"She will if she thinks she can get food and warmth here. I know she will, worse luck. But remember, old man, she isn't a woman: she's my model; and be careful."

"The idea! She's a dissolute little scarecrow,—a gutter-snippet and nothing more."

"So you think. Wait till she has been fed a little and freed from fear. That fair type recovers itself very quickly. You won't know her in a week or two, when that abject fear has died out of her eyes. She'll be too happy and smiling for my purposes."

"But surely you're taking her out of charity?—to please me?"

"I am not in the habit of playing with hot coals to please anybody. She has been sent from heaven, as I may have remarked before, to help me with my Melancolia."

"Never heard a word about the lady before."

"What's the use of having a friend, if you must sling your notions at him in words? You ought to know what I'm thinking about. You've heard me grunt lately?"

"Even so; but grunts mean anything in your language, from bad 'bacey to wicked dealers. And I don't think I've been much in your confidence for some time."

"It was a high and soulful grunt. You ought to have understood that it meant the Melancolia." Dick walked Torpenhow up and down the room, keeping silence. Then he smote him in the ribs. "Now don't you see it? Bessie's abject futility, and the terror in her eyes, welded on to one or two details in the way of sorrow that have come

under my experience lately. Likewise some orange and black,—two keys of each. But I can't explain on an empty stomach."

"It sounds mad enough. You'd better stick to your soldiers, Dick, instead of maundering about heads and eyes and experiences."

"Think so?" Dick began to dance on his heels, singing,—

"They're as proud as a turkey when they hold the ready cash,

You ought to 'ear the way they laugh an' joke;

They are tricky an' they're funny when they've got the ready money,—

Ow! but see 'em when they're all stone-broke."

Then he sat down to pour out his heart to Maisie in a four-sheet letter of counsel and encouragement, and registered an oath that he would get to work with an undivided heart as soon as Bessie should reappear.

The girl kept her appointment unpainted and unadorned, afraid and overbold by turns. When she found that she was merely expected to sit still, she grew calmer, and criticised the appointments of the studio with freedom and some point. She liked the warmth and the comfort and the release from fear of physical pain. Dick made two or three studies of her head in monochrome, but the actual notion of the *Melancolia* would not arrive.

"What a mess you keep your things in!" said Bessie, some days later, when she felt herself thoroughly at home. "I s'pose your clothes are just as bad. Gentlemen never think what buttons and tape are made for."

"I buy things to wear, and wear 'em till they go to pieces. I don't know what Torpenhow does."

Bessie made diligent inquiry in the latter's room, and unearthed a bale of disreputable socks. "Some of these I'll mend now," she said, "and some I'll take home. D'you know, I sit all day long at home doing nothing, just like a lady, and no more noticing them other girls in the house than if they was so many flies? I don't have any unnecessary words, but I put 'em down quick, I can tell you, when they talk to me. No; it's quite nice these days. I lock my door, and they can only call me names through the keyhole, and I sit inside, just like a lady, mending socks. Mr. Torpenhow wears his socks out both ends at once."

"Three quid a week from me, and the delights of my society. No socks mended. Nothing from Torp except a nod on the landing now and again, and all his socks mended. Bessie is very much a woman," thought Dick; and he looked at her between half-shut eyes. Food and rest had transformed the girl, as Dick knew they would.

"What are you looking at me like that for?" she said, quickly. "Don't. You look reg'lar bad when you look that way. You don't think much o' me, do you?"

"That depends on how you behave."

Bessie behaved beautifully. Only it was difficult at the end of a sitting to bid her go forth into the gray streets. She very much preferred the studio and a big chair by the stove, with some socks in her lap as an excuse for delay. Then Torpenhow would come in, and Bessie would be moved to tell strange and wonderful stories of her past,

and still stranger ones of her present improved circumstances. She would make them tea as though she had a right to make it; and once or twice on these occasions Dick caught Torpenhow's eyes fixed on the trim little figure, and because Bessie's fittings about the room made Dick ardently long for Maisie, he realized whither Torpenhow's thoughts were tending. And Bessie was exceedingly careful of the condition of Torpenhow's linen. She spoke very little to him, but sometimes they talked together on the landing.

"I was a great fool," Dick said to himself. "I know what red fire-light looks like when a man's tramping through a strange town; and ours is a lonely, selfish sort of life at the best. I wonder Maisie doesn't feel that sometimes. But I can't order Bessie away. That's the worst of beginning things. One never knows where they stop."

One evening, after a sitting prolonged to the last limit of the light, Dick was roused from a nap by a broken voice in Torpenhow's room. He jumped to his feet. "Now what ought I to do? It looks foolish to go in.—Oh, bless you, Binkie!" The little terrier thrust Torpenhow's door open with his nose and came out to take possession of Dick's chair. The door swung wide unheeded, and Dick across the landing could see Bessie in the half-light making her little supplication to Torpenhow. She was kneeling by his side, and her hands were clasped across his knee.

"I know,—I know," she said, thickly. "'Tisn't right o' me to do this, but I can't help it; and you were so kind,—so kind; and you never took any notice o' me. And I've mended all your things so carefully,—I did. Oh, please, 'tisn't as if I was asking you to marry me. I wouldn't think of it. But cou—couldn't you take and live with me till Miss Right comes along? I'm only Miss Wrong, I know, but I'd work my hands to the bare bone for you. And I'm not ugly to look at. Say you will?"

Dick hardly recognized Torpenhow's voice in reply:

"But look here. It's no use. I'm liable to be ordered off anywhere at a minute's notice if a war breaks out. At a minute's notice—dear."

"What does that matter? Until you go, then. Until you go. 'Tisn't much I'm asking, and—you don't know how good I can cook." She had put an arm round his neck and was drawing his head down.

"Until—I—go, then."

"Torp," said Dick across the landing. He could hardly steady his voice. "Come here a minute, old man. I'm in trouble."—"Heaven send he'll listen to me!" There was something very like an oath from Bessie's lips. She was afraid of Dick, and disappeared down the staircase in panic, but it seemed an age before Torpenhow entered the studio. He went to the mantel-piece, buried his head on his arms, and groaned like a wounded bull.

"What the devil right have you to interfere?" he said, at last.

"Who's interfering with which? Your own sense told you long ago you couldn't be such a fool. It was a tough rack, St. Anthony, but you're all right now."

"I oughtn't to have seen her moving about these rooms as if they belonged to her. That's what upset me. It gives a lonely man a sort of hankering, doesn't it?" said Torpenhow, piteously.

"Now you talk sense. It does. But, since you aren't in a condition to discuss the disadvantages of double housekeeping, do you know what you're going to do?"

"I don't. I wish I did."

"You're going away for a season on a brilliant tour to regain tone. You're going to Brighton, or Scarborough, or Prawle Point, to see the ships go by. And you're going at once. Isn't it odd? I'll take care of Binkie, but out you go immediately. Never resist the devil. He holds the bank. Fly from him. Pack your things and go."

"I believe you're right. Where shall I go?"

"And you call yourself a special correspondent! Pack first and inquire afterwards."

An hour later Torpenhow was despatched into the night in a hansom. "You'll probably think of some place to go to while you're moving," said Dick. "Go to Euston, to begin with, and—oh, yes—get drunk to-night."

He returned to the studio, and lighted more candles, for he found the room very dark.

"Oh, you Jezebel! you futile little Jezebel! Won't you hate me to-morrow?—Binkie, come here."

Binkie turned over on his back on the hearth-rug, and Dick stirred him with a meditative foot.

"I said she was not immoral. I was wrong. She said she could cook. That showed premeditated sin. Oh, Binkie, if you are a man you will go to perdition; but if you are a woman, and say that you can cook, you will go to a much worse place."

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## CHAPTER IX.

What's yon that follows at my side?—

The foe that ye must fight, my lord.—

That hirples swift as I can ride?—

The shadow of the night, my lord.—

Then wheel my horse against the foe!—

He's down and overpast, my lord.

Ye war against the sunset glow:

The darkness gathers fast, my lord.

*The Fight of Heriot's Ford.*

"THIS is a cheerful life," said Dick, some days later. "Torp's away; Bessie hates me; I can't get at the notion of the Melancolia; Maisie's letters are scrappy; and I believe I have indigestion. What gives a man pains across his head and spots before his eyes, Binkie? Shall us take some liver pills?"

Dick had just gone through a lively scene with Bessie. She had for the fiftieth time reproached him for sending Torpenhow away. She explained her enduring hatred for Dick, and made it clear to him that

she only sat for the sake of his money. "And Mr. Torpenhow's ten times a better man than you," she concluded.

"He is. That's why he went away. I should have stayed and made love to you."

The girl sat with her chin on her hand, scowling. "To me! I'd like to catch you! If I wasn't afraid o' being hung I'd kill you. That's what I'd do. D'you believe me?"

Dick smiled wearily. It is not pleasant to live in the company of a notion that will not work out, a fox-terrier that cannot talk, and a woman who talks too much. He would have answered, but at that moment there unrolled itself from one corner of the studio a veil, as it were, of the filmiest gauze. Dick rubbed his eyes, but the gray haze would not go.

"This is disgraceful indigestion. Binkie, we will go to a medicine-man. We can't have our eyes interfered with, for by these we get our bread; also mutton-chop bones for little dogs."

He was an affable local practitioner with white hair, and he said nothing till Dick began to describe the gray film in the studio.

"We all want a little patching and repairing from time to time," he chirped. "Like a ship, my dear sir,—exactly like a ship. Sometimes the hull is out of order, and we consult the surgeon; sometimes the rigging, and then I advise; sometimes the engines, and we go to the brain-specialist; sometimes the lookout on the bridge is tired, and then we see an oculist. I should recommend you to see an oculist. A little patching and repairing from time to time is all we want. An oculist, by all means."

Dick sought an oculist,—the best in London. He was certain that the local practitioner did not know anything about his trade, and more certain that Maisie would laugh at him if he had to take to spectacles.

"I've neglected the warnings of my lord the stomach too long. Hence these spots before the eyes, Binkie. I can see as well as I ever could."

As he entered the dark hall that led to the consulting-room a man cannoned against him. Dick saw the face as it hurried out into the street.

"That's the writer-type. He has the same modelling of the forehead as Torp. He looks very sick. Probably heard something he didn't like."

Even as he thought, a great fear came upon Dick, a fear that made him hold his breath as he walked into the oculist's waiting-room, with the heavy carved furniture, the dark-green paper, and the sober-hued prints on the wall. He recognized a reproduction of one of his own sketches.

Many people were waiting their turn before him. His eye was caught by a flaming red-and-gold Christmas-carol-book. Little children came to that eye-doctor, and they needed large-type amusement.

"That's idolatrous bad Art," he said, drawing the book towards himself. "From the anatomy of the angels, it has been made in Ger-



many." He opened it mechanically, and there leaped to his eyes a verse printed in red ink:

The next good joy that Mary had,  
It was the joy of three,  
To see her good Son Jesus Christ  
Making the blind to see;  
Making the blind to see, good Lord,  
And happy may we be.  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
To all eternity!

Dick read and re-read the verse till his turn came, and the doctor was bending above him seated in an arm-chair. The blaze of a gas-microscope in his eyes made him wince. The doctor's hand touched the scar of the sword-cut on Dick's head, and Dick explained briefly how he had come by it. When the flame was removed, Dick saw the doctor's face, and the fear came upon him again. The doctor wrapped himself in a mist of words. Dick caught allusions to "scar," "frontal bone," "optic nerve," "extreme caution," and the "avoidance of mental anxiety."

"Verdict?" he said, faintly. "My business is painting, and I daren't waste time. What do you make of it?"

Again the whirl of words, but this time they conveyed a meaning.

"Can you give me anything to drink?"

Many sentences were pronounced in that darkened room, and the prisoners often needed cheering. Dick found a glass of liqueur brandy in his hand.

"As far as I can gather," he said, coughing, above the spirit, "you call it decay of the optic nerve, or something, and therefore hopeless. What is my time-limit, avoiding all strain and worry?"

"Perhaps one year."

"My God! And if I don't take care of myself?"

"I really could not say. One cannot ascertain the exact amount of injury inflicted by the sword-cut. The scar is an old one, and—exposure to the strong light of the desert, did you say?—with excessive application to fine work? I really could not say."

"I beg your pardon, but it has come without any warning. If you will let me, I'll sit here for a minute, and then I'll go. You have been very good in telling me the truth. Without any warning; without any warning. Thanks."

Dick went into the street, and was rapturously received by Binkie. "We've got it very badly, little dog! Just as badly as we can get it. We'll go to the Park to think it out."

They headed for a certain tree that Dick knew well, and they sat down to think, because his legs were trembling under him and there was cold fear at the pit of his stomach.

"How could it have come without any warning? It's as sudden as being shot. It's the living death, Binkie. We're to be shut up in the dark in one year if we're careful, and we shan't see anybody, and we shall never have anything we want, not though we live to be a hundred." Binkie wagged his tail joyously. "Binkie, we must think. Let's see

how it feels to be blind." Dick shut his eyes, and flaming commas and Catherine-wheels floated inside the lids. Yet when he looked across the Park the scope of his vision was not contracted. He could see perfectly, until a procession of slow-wheeling fireworks defiled across his eyeballs.

"Little dorglums, we aren't at all well. Let's go home. If only Torp were back, now!"

But Torpenhow was in the south of England, inspecting dock-yards in the company of the Nilghai. His letters were brief and full of mystery.

Dick had never asked anybody to help him in his joys or his sorrows. He argued, in the loneliness of the studio, henceforward to be decorated with a film of gray gauze in one corner, that, if his fate were blindness, all the Torpenhows in the world could not save him. "I can't call him off his trip to sit down and sympathize with me. I must pull through the business alone," he said. He was lying on the sofa, eating his moustache and wondering what the darkness of the night would be like. Then came to his mind the memory of a quaint scene in the Soudan. A soldier had been nearly hacked in two by a broad-bladed Arab spear. For one instant the man felt no pain. Looking down, he saw that his life-blood was going from him. The stupid bewilderment on his face was so intensely comic that both Dick and Torpenhow, still panting and unstrung from a fight for life, had roared with laughter, in which the man seemed as if he would join, but, as his lips parted in a sheepish grin, the agony of death came upon him, and he pitched grunting at their feet. Dick laughed again, remembering the horror. It seemed so exactly like his own case. "But I have a little more time allowed me," he said. He paced up and down the room, quietly at first, but afterwards with the hurried feet of fear. It was as though a black shadow stood at his elbow and urged him to go forward; and there were only weaving circles and floating pin-dots before his eyes.

"We must be calm, Binkie; we must be calm." He talked aloud for the sake of distraction. "This isn't nice at all. What shall we do? We must do something. Our time is short. I shouldn't have believed that this morning; but now things are different. Binkie, where was Moses when the light went out?"

Binkie smiled from ear to ear, as a well-bred terrier should, but made no suggestion.

"Were there but world enough and time, This coyness, Binkie, were no crime. But at my back I always hear——" He wiped his forehead, which was unpleasantly damp. "What can I do? What can I do? I haven't any notions left, and I can't think connectedly, but I must do something, or I shall go off my head."

The hurried walk recommenced, Dick stopping every now and again to drag forth long-neglected canvases and old note-books; for he turned to his work by instinct, as a thing that could not fail. "You won't do, and you won't do," he said, at each inspection. "No more soldiers. I couldn't paint 'em. Sudden death comes home too nearly, and this is battle and murder both for me."

The day was failing, and Dick thought for a moment that the twilight of the blind had come upon him unawares. "Allah Almighty!" he cried, despairingly, "help me through the time of waiting, and I won't whine when my punishment comes. What can I do now, before the light goes?"

There was no answer. Dick waited till he could regain some sort of control over himself. His hands were shaking, and he prided himself on their steadiness; he could feel that his lips were quivering, and the sweat was running down his face. He was lashed by fear, driven forward by the desire to get to work at once and accomplish something, and maddened by the refusal of his brain to do more than repeat the news that he was about to go blind. "It's a humiliating exhibition," he thought, "and I'm glad Torp isn't here to see. The doctor said I was to avoid mental worry. Come here and let me pet you, Binkie."

The little dog yelped because Dick nearly squeezed the bark out of him. Then he heard the man speaking in the twilight, and, dog-like, understood that his trouble stood off from him:

"Allah is good, Binkie. Not quite so gentle as we could wish, but we'll discuss that later. I think I see my way to it now. All those studies of Bessie's head were nonsense, and they nearly brought your master into a scrape. I hold the notion now as clear as crystal,—'the Melancholia that transcends all wit.' There shall be Maisie in that head, because I shall never get Maisie; and Bess, of course, because she knows all about Melancholia, though she doesn't know she knows; and there shall be some drawing in it, and it shall all end up with a laugh. That's for myself. Shall she giggle or grin? No, she shall laugh right out of the canvas, and every man and woman that ever had a sorrow of their own shall—what is it the poem says?—

Understand the speech and feel a stir  
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.

'In all disastrous fight'? That's better than painting the thing merely to pique Maisie. I can do it now because I have it inside me. Binkie, I'm going to hold you up by your tail. You're an omen. Come here."

Binkie swung head downward for a moment without speaking.

"Rather like holding a guinea-pig; but you're a brave little dog, and you don't yelp when you're maltreated. It is an omen."

Binkie went to his own chair, and as often as he looked saw Dick walking up and down, rubbing his hands and chuckling. That night Dick wrote a letter to Maisie full of the tenderest regard for her health, but saying very little about his own, and dreamed of the Melancholia to be born. Not till morning did he remember that something might happen to him in the future.

He fell to work, whistling softly, and was swallowed up in the clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often, lest he should consider himself the equal of his God and so refuse to die at the appointed time. He forgot Maisie, Torpenhow, and Binkie at his

feet, but remembered to stir Bessie, who needed very little stirring, into a tremendous rage, that he might watch the smouldering lights in her eyes. He threw himself without reservation into his work, and did not think of the doom that was to overtake him, for he was possessed with his notion, and the things of this world had no power upon him.

"You're pleased to-day," said Bessie.

Dick waved his mahl-stick in mystic circles and went to the sideboard for a drink. In the evening, when the exultation of the day had died down, he went to the sideboard again, and after some visits became convinced that the eye-doctor was a liar, since he still could see everything very clearly. He was of opinion that he would even make a home for Maisie, and that whether she liked it or not she should be his wife. The mood passed next morning, but the sideboard and all upon it remained for his comfort. Again he set to work, and his eyes troubled him with spots and dashes and blurs till he had taken counsel with the sideboard, and the Melancolia both on the canvas and in his own mind appeared lovelier than ever. There was a delightful sense of irresponsibility upon him, such as they feel who walking among their fellow-men know that the death-sentence of disease is upon them, and, since fear is but waste of the little time left, are riotously happy. The days passed without event. Bessie arrived punctually always, and, though her voice seemed to Dick to come from a distance, her face was always very near, and the Melancolia began to flame on the canvas, in the likeness of a woman who had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it. It was true that the corners of the studio draped themselves in gray film and retired into the darkness, that the spots in his eyes and the pains across his head were very troublesome, and that Maisie's letters were hard to read and harder still to answer. He could not tell her of his trouble, and he could not laugh at her accounts of her own Melancolia which was always going to be finished. But the furious days of toil and the nights of wild dreams made amends for all, and the sideboard was his best friend on earth. Bessie was singularly dull. She used to shriek with rage when Dick stared at her between half-closed eyes. Now she sulked, or watched him with disgust, saying very little.

Torpenhow had been absent for six weeks. An incoherent note heralded his return. "News! great news!" he said. "The Nilghai knows, and so does the Keneu. We're all back on Thursday. Get lunch and clean your accoutrements."

Dick showed Bessie the letter, and she abused him for that he had ever sent Torpenhow away and ruined her life.

"Well," said Dick, brutally, "you're better as you are, instead of making love to some drunken beast in the street." He felt that he had rescued Torpenhow from great temptation.

"I don't know if that's any worse than sitting to a drunken beast in a studio. You haven't been sober for three weeks. You've been soaking the whole time; and yet you pretend you're better than me!"

"What d'you mean?" said Dick.

"Mean! You'll see when Mr. Torpenhow comes back."

It was not long to wait. Torpenhow met Bessie on the staircase without a sign of feeling. He had news that was more to him than many Bessies, and the Keneu and the Nilghai were trampling behind him, calling for Dick.

"Drinking like a fish," Bessie whispered. "He's been at it for nearly a month." She followed the men stealthily to hear judgment done.

They came into the studio, rejoicing, to be welcomed over-effusively by a drawn, lined, shrunken, haggard wreck,—unshaven, blue-white about the nostrils, stooping in the shoulders, and peering under his eyebrows nervously. The drink had been at work as steadily as Dick.

"Is this you?" said Torpenhow.

"All that's left of me. Sit down. Binkie's quite well, and I've been doing some good work." He reeled where he stood.

"You've done some of the worst work you've ever done in your life. Man alive, you're——"

Torpenhow turned to his companions appealingly, and they left the room to find lunch elsewhere. Then he spoke; but, since the reproof of a friend is much too sacred and intimate a thing to be printed, and since Torpenhow used figures and metaphors which were unseemly, and contempt untranslatable, it will never be known what was actually said to Dick, who blinked and winked and picked at his hands. After a time the culprit began to feel the need of a little self-respect. He was quite sure that he had not in any way departed from virtue, and there were reasons, too, of which Torpenhow knew nothing. He would explain.

He rose, tried to straighten his shoulders, and spoke to the face he could hardly see.

"You are right," he said. "But I am right, too. After you went away I had some trouble with my eyes. So I went to an oculist, and he turned a gasogene—I mean a gas-engine—into my eye. That was very long ago. He said, 'Scar on the head,—sword-cut and optic nerve.' Make a note of that. So I am going blind. I have some work to do before I go blind, and I suppose that I must do it. I cannot see much now, but I can see best when I am drunk. I did not know I was drunk till I was told, but I must go on with my work. If you want to see it, there it is." He pointed to the all but completed *Melancolia* and looked for applause.

Torpenhow said nothing, and Dick began to whimper feebly, for joy at seeing Torpenhow again, for grief at misdeeds—if indeed they were misdeeds—that made Torpenhow remote and unsympathetic, and for childish vanity hurt, since Torpenhow had not given a word of praise to his wonderful picture.

Bessie looked through the keyhole after a long pause, and saw the two walking up and down as usual, Torpenhow's hand on Dick's shoulder. Hereat she said something so improper that it shocked even Binkie, who was dribbling patiently on the landing with the hope of seeing his master again.

## CHAPTER X.

✓ The lark will make her hymn to God,  
The partridge call her brood,  
While I forget the heath I trod,  
The fields wherein I stood.  
'Tis dule to know not night from morn,  
But deeper dule to know  
I can but hear the hunter's horn  
That once I used to blow.

*The Only Son.*

IT was the third day after Torpenhow's return, and his heart was heavy.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't see without whiskey? It's generally the other way about."

"Can a drunkard swear on his honor?" said Dick.

"Yes, if he has been as good a man as you."

"Then I give you my word of honor," said Dick, speaking hurriedly through parched lips. "Old man, I can hardly see your face now. You've kept me sober for two days,—if I ever was drunk,—and I've done no work. Don't keep me back any more. I don't know when my eyes may give out. The spots and dots and the pains and things are crowding worse than ever. I swear I can see all right when I'm—when I'm moderately screwed, as you say. Give me three more sittings from Bessie and all the—stuff I want, and the picture will be done. I can't kill myself in three days. It only means a touch of D. T. at the worst."

"If I give you three days more will you promise me to stop work and—the other thing, whether the picture's finished or not?"

"I can't. You don't know what that picture means to me. But surely you could get the Nilghai to help you, and knock me down and tie me up. I shouldn't fight for the whiskey, but I should for the work."

"Go on, then. I give you three days; but you're nearly breaking my heart."

Dick returned to his work, toiling as one possessed; and the yellow devil of whiskey stood by him and chased away the spots in his eyes. The Melancholia was nearly finished, and was all or nearly all that he had hoped she would be. Dick jested with Bessie, who reminded him that he was "a drunken beast;" but the reproof did not move him.

"You can't understand, Bess. We are in sight of land now, and soon we shall lie back and think about what we've done. I'll give you three months' pay when the picture's finished, and next time I have any more work in hand—but that doesn't matter. Won't three months' pay make you hate me less?"

"No, it won't! I hate you, and I'll go on hating you. Mr. Torpenhow won't speak to me any more. He's always looking at map-things and red-backed books."

Bessie did not say that she had again laid siege to Torpenhow, or



that he had at the end of her passionate pleading picked her up, given her a kiss, and put her outside the door with a recommendation not to be a little fool. He spent most of his time in the company of the Nilghai, and their talk was of war in the near future, the hiring of transports, and secret preparations among the dock-yards. He did not care to see Dick till the picture was finished.

"He's doing first-class work," he said to the Nilghai, "and it's quite out of his regular line. But, for the matter of that, so's his infernal drinking."

"Never mind. Leave him alone. When he has come to his senses again we'll carry him off from this place and let him breathe clean air. Poor Dick! I don't envy you, Torp, when his eyes fail."

"Yes, it will be a case of 'God help the man who's chained to our Davie.' The worst is that we don't know when it will happen; and I believe the uncertainty and the waiting have sent Dick to the whiskey more than anything else."

"How the Arab who cut his head open would grin if he knew!"

"He's at perfect liberty to grin if he can. He's dead. That's poor consolation now."

In the afternoon of the third day Torpenhow heard Dick calling for him. "All finished!" he shouted. "I've done it! Come in! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she a darling? I've been down to hell to get her; but isn't she worth it?"

Torpenhow looked at the head of a woman who laughed,—a full-lipped, hollow-eyed woman who laughed from out of the canvas as Dick had intended she should.

"Who taught you how to do it?" said Torpenhow. "The touch and notion have nothing to do with your regular work. What a face it is! What eyes, and what insolence!" Unconsciously he threw back his head and laughed with her. "She's seen the game played out,—I don't think she had a good time of it,—and now she doesn't care. Isn't that the idea?"

"Exactly."

"Where did you get the mouth and chin from? They don't belong to Bess."

"They're—some one else's. But isn't it good? Isn't it thundering good? Wasn't it worth the whiskey? I did it. Alone I did it, and it's the best I can do." He drew his breath sharply, and whispered, "Just God! what could I not do ten years hence, if I can do this now!—By the way, what do you think of it, Bess?"

The girl was biting her lips. She loathed Torpenhow because he had taken no notice of her.

"I think it's just the horriddest beastliest thing I ever saw," she answered, and turned away.

"More than you will be of that way of thinking, young woman.—Dick, there's a sort of murderous, viperine suggestion in the poise of the head that I don't understand," said Torpenhow.

"That's trick-work," said Dick, chuckling with delight of being completely understood. "I couldn't resist one little bit of sheer swagger. It's a French trick, and you wouldn't understand; but it's got at

by slewing round the head a trifle, and a tiny, tiny foreshortening of one side of the face from the angle of the chin to the top of the left ear. That, and deepening the shadow under the lobe of the ear. It was flagrant trick-work; but, having the notion fixed, I felt entitled to play with it.—Oh, you beauty?"

"Amen! She is a beauty. I can feel it."

"So will every man who has any sorrow of his own," said Dick, slapping his thigh. "He shall see his trouble there, and, by the Lord Harry, just when he's feeling properly sorry for himself he shall throw back his head and laugh,—as she is laughing. I've put the life of my heart and the light of my eyes into her, and I don't care what comes. . . . I'm tired,—awfully tired. I think I'll get to sleep. Take away the whiskey. It has served its turn. Oh, and give Bessie thirty-six quid, and three over for luck. Cover the picture."

He was asleep in the long chair, his face white and haggard, almost before he had finished the sentence. Bessie tried to take Torpenhow's hand. "Aren't you never going to speak to me any more?" she said; but Torpenhow was looking at Dick.

"What a stock of vanity the man has! I'll take him in hand to-morrow and make much of him. He deserves it.—Eh! what was that, Bess?"

"Nothing. I'll put things tidy here a little, and then I'll go. You couldn't give me that three months' pay now, could you? He said you were to."

Torpenhow gave her a check and went to his own rooms. Bessie faithfully tidied up the studio, set the door ajar for flight, emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster, and began to scrub the face of the *Melancolia* viciously. The paint did not smudge quickly enough. She took a palette-knife and scraped, following each stroke with the wet duster. In five minutes the picture was a formless, scarred muddle of colors. She threw the paint-stained duster into the studio stove, stuck out her tongue at the sleeper, and whispered, "Bilked!" as she turned to run down the staircase. She would never see Torpenhow any more, but she had at least done harm to the man who had come between her and her desire and who used to make fun of her. Cashing the check was the very cream of the jest to Bessie. Then the little privateer sailed across the Thames, to be swallowed up in the gray wilderness of South-the-water.

Dick slept till late into the evening, when Torpenhow dragged him off to bed. His eyes were as bright as his voice was hoarse. "Let's have another look at the picture," he said, as insistently as a child.

"You—go—to—bed," said Torpenhow. "You aren't at all well, though you mayn't know it. You're as jumpy as a cat."

"I reform to-morrow. Good-night."

As he repassed through the studio, Torpenhow lifted the cloth above the picture, and almost betrayed himself by outcries: "Wiped out!—scraped out and turped out! If Dick knows this to-night he'll go perfectly mad. He's on the verge of jumps as it is. That's Bess,—the little fiend! Only a woman could have done that!—with the ink not dry on the check, too! Dick will be raving mad to-morrow. It was

all my fault for trying to help gutter-devils. Oh, my poor Dick, the Lord is hitting you very hard!"

Dick could not sleep that night, partly for pure joy, and partly because the well-known Catherine-wheels inside his eyes had given place to crackling volcanoes of many-colored fire. "Spout away," he said, aloud. "I've done my work, and now you can do what you please." He lay still, staring at the ceiling, the long-pent-up delirium of drink in his veins, his brain on fire with racing thoughts that would not stay to be considered, and his hands crisped and dry. He had just discovered that he was painting the face of the Melancholia on a revolving dome ribbed with millions of lights, and that all his wondrous thoughts stood embodied hundreds of feet below his tiny swinging plank, shouting together in his honor, when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bow-string, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night.

"I'll go to sleep. The room's very dark. Let's light a lamp and see how the Melancholia looks. There ought to have been a moon."

It was then that Torpenhow heard his name called by a voice that he did not know,—in the rattling accents of deadly fear.

"He's looked at the picture," was his first thought, as he hurried into the bedroom and found Dick sitting up and beating the air with his hands.

"Torp! Torp! Where are you? For pity's sake, come to me!"

"What's the matter?"

Dick clutched at his shoulder. "Matter! I've been lying here for hours in the dark, and you never heard me. Torp, old man, don't go away. I'm all in the dark. In the dark, I tell you!"

Torpenhow held the candle within a foot of Dick's eyes, but there was no light in those eyes. He lit the gas, and Dick heard the flame catch. The grip of his fingers on Torpenhow's shoulder made Torpenhow wince.

"Don't leave me. You wouldn't leave me alone now, would you? I can't see. D'you understand? It's black,—quite black,—and I feel as if I was falling through it all."

"Steady, does it?" Torpenhow put his arm round Dick and instinctively began to rock him gently to and fro.

"That's good. Now don't talk. If I keep very quiet for a while, this darkness will lift. It seems just on the point of breaking. H'sh!" Dick knit his brows and stared desperately in front of him. The night air was chilling Torpenhow's toes.

"Can you stay like that a minute?" he said. "I'll get my dressing-gown and some slippers."

Dick clutched the bed-head with both hands and waited for the darkness to clear away. "What a time you've been!" he cried, when Torpenhow returned. "It's as black as ever. And what are you banging about in the door-way?"

"Long chair,—horse-blanket,—pillow. Going to sleep by you. Lie down now; you'll be better in the morning."

"I shan't!" The voice rose to a wail. "My God! I'm blind! I'm blind, and the darkness will never go away." He made as if to

leap from the bed, but Torpenhow's arms were round him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his shoulder, and his breath was squeezed out of him. He could only gasp, "Blind!" and wriggle feebly.

"Steady, Dickie, steady!" said the deep voice in his ear, and the grip tightened. "Bite on the bullet, old man, and don't let them think you're afraid." The grip could draw no closer. Both men were breathing heavily. Dick threw his head from side to side and groaned.

"Let me go," he panted. "You're cracking my ribs. We—we mustn't let them think we're afraid, must we,—all the powers of darkness and that lot?"

"Lie down. It's all over now."

"Yes," said Dick, obediently. "But would you mind letting me hold your hand? I feel as if I wanted something to hold on to. One drops through the dark so."

Torpenhow thrust out a large and hairy paw from the long chair. Dick clutched it tightly, and in half an hour had fallen asleep. Torpenhow withdrew his hand, and, stooping over Dick, kissed him lightly on the forehead, as men do sometimes kiss a wounded comrade in the hour of death, to ease his departure.

In the gray dawn Torpenhow heard Dick talking to himself. He was adrift on the shoreless tides of delirium, speaking very quickly:

"It's a pity,—a great pity. But it's helped, and it must be eaten, Master George. Sufficient unto the day is the blindness thereof, and, further, putting aside all Melancolias and false humors, it is of obvious notoriety—such as mine was—that the queen can do no wrong. Torp doesn't know that. I'll tell him when we're a little farther into the desert. What a bungle those boatmen are making of the steamer-ropes! They'll have that four-inch hawser chafed through in a minute. I told you so! There she goes! White foam on green water, and the steamer slewing round. How good that looks! I'll sketch it. No, I can't. I'm afflicted with ophthalmia. That was one of the ten plagues of Egypt, and it extends up the Nile in the shape of cataract. Ha! that's a joke, Torp. Laugh, you graven image, and stand clear of the hawser. . . . It'll knock you into the water and make your dress all dirty, Maisie dear."

"Oh!" said Torpenhow. "This happened before. That night on the river."

"She'll be sure to say it's my fault if you get muddy, and you're quite near enough to the breakwater. Maisie, that's not fair. Ah! I knew you'd miss. Low and to the left, dear. But you've no conviction. Everything in the world except conviction. Don't be angry, darling. I'd cut my hand off if it would give you anything more than obstinacy. My right hand, if it would serve."

"Now we mustn't listen. Here's an island shouting across seas of misunderstanding with a vengeance. But it's shouting truth, I fancy," said Torpenhow.

The babble continued. It all bore upon Maisie. Sometimes Dick lectured at length on his craft, then he cursed himself for his folly in being enslaved. He pleaded to Maisie for a kiss—only one kiss—

before she went away. He called to her to come back from Vitry-sur-Marne, if she would; but through all his ravings he bade heaven and earth witness that the queen could do no wrong.

Torpenhow listened attentively, and learned every detail of Dick's life that had been hidden from him. For three days Dick raved through his past, and then slept a natural sleep. "What a strain he has been running under, poor chap!" said Torpenhow. "Dick, of all men, handing himself over like a dog! And I was lecturing him on arrogance! I ought to have known that it was no use to judge a man. But I did it. What a demon that girl must be! Dick's given her his life,—confound him!—and she's given him one kiss, apparently."

"Torp," said Dick from the bed, "go out for a walk. You've been here too long. I'll get up. Hi! This is annoying. I can't dress myself. Oh, it's too absurd!"

Torpenhow helped him into his clothes and led him to the big chair in the studio. He sat quietly waiting under strained nerves for the darkness to lift. It did not lift that day, or the next. Dick adventured on a voyage round the walls. He hit his shins against the stove, and this suggested to him that it would be better to crawl on all-fours, one hand in front of him. Torpenhow found him on the floor.

"I'm trying to get the geography of my new possessions," said he. "D'you remember that nigger you gouged in the square? Pity you didn't keep the odd eye. It would have been useful. Any letters for me? Give me all the ones in fat gray envelopes with a sort of crown thing outside. They're of no importance."

Torpenhow gave him a letter with a black M. on the envelope-flap. Dick put it into his pocket. There was nothing in it that Torpenhow might not have read, but it belonged to himself and to Maisie, who would never belong to him.

"When she finds that I don't write, she'll stop writing. It's better so. I couldn't be any use to her now," Dick argued, and the tempter suggested that he should make known his condition. Every nerve in him revolted. "I have fallen low enough already. I'm not going to beg for pity. Besides, it would be cruel to her." He strove to put Maisie out of his thoughts; but the blind have many opportunities for thinking, and as the tides of his strength came back to him in the long employerless days of dead darkness, Dick's soul was troubled to the core. Another letter, and another, came from Maisie. Then there was silence, and Dick sat by the window with the pulse of summer in the air, and pictured her being won by another man, stronger than himself. His imagination, the keener for the dark background it worked against, spared him no single detail that might send him raging up and down the studio, to stumble over the stove, that seemed to be in four places at once. Worst of all, tobacco would not taste in the dark. The arrogance of the man had disappeared, and in its place were settled despair that Torpenhow knew, and blind passion that Dick confided to his pillow at night. The intervals between the paroxysms were filled with intolerable wailing and the weight of intolerable darkness.

"Come out into the Park," said Torpenhow. "You haven't stirred out since the beginning of things."

"What's the use? There's no movement in the dark; and, besides,"—he paused irresolutely at the head of the stairs,—“something will run over me.”

"Not if I'm with you. Proceed gingerly."

The roar of the streets filled Dick with nervous terror, and he clung to Torpenhow's arm. "Fancy having to feel for a gutter with your foot!" he said, petulantly, as he turned into the Park. "Let's curse God and die."

"Sentries are forbidden to pay unauthorized compliments. By Jove, there are the Guards!"

Dick's figure straightened. "Let's get near 'em. Let's go in and look. Let's get on the grass and run. I can smell the trees."

"Mind the low railing. That's all right!" Torpenhow kicked out a tuft of grass with his heel. "Smell that," he said. "Isn't it good?" Dick snuffed luxuriously. "Now pick up your feet and run." They approached as near to the regiment as was possible. The clank of bayonets being unfixed made Dick's nostrils quiver.

"Let's get nearer. They're in column, aren't they?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Felt it. Oh, my men!—my beautiful men!" He edged forward as though he could see. "I could draw those chaps once. Who'll draw 'em now?"

"They'll move off in a minute. Don't jump when the band begins."

"Huh! I'm not a new charger. It's the silences that hurt. Nearer, Torp!—nearer! Oh, my God, what wouldn't I give to see 'em for a minute!—one half minute!"

He could hear the armed life almost within reach of him, could hear the slings tighten across the bandsman's chest as he heaved the big drum from the ground.

"Sticks crossed above his head," whispered Torpenhow.

"I know. I know! Who should know if I don't? H'sh!"

The drum-sticks fell with a boom, and the men swung forward to the crash of the band. Dick felt the wind of the massed movement in his face, heard the maddening tramp of feet and the friction of the pouches on the belts. The big drum pounded out the tune. It was a music-hall refrain that made a perfect quickstep:

He must be a man of decent height,  
He must be a man of weight,  
He must come home on a Saturday night  
In a thoroughly sober state;  
He must know how to love me,  
And he must know how to kiss;  
And if he's enough to keep us both  
I can't refuse him bliss.

"What's the matter?" said Torpenhow, as he saw Dick's head fall when the last of the regiment had departed.

"Nothing. I feel a little bit out of the running,—that's all. Torp, take me back. Why did you bring me out?"



## CHAPTER XI.

There were three friends that buried the fourth,  
 The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes;  
 And they went south, and east, and north,—  
 The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.

There were three friends that spoke of the dead,—  
 The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.—  
 "And would he were here with us now," they said,  
 "The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes."

*Ballad.*

THE Nilghai was angry with Torpenhow. Dick had been sent to bed,—blind men are ever under the orders of those who can see,—and since he had returned from the Park had fluently cursed Torpenhow because he was alive, and all the world because it was alive and could see, while he, Dick, was dead in the death of the blind, who, at the best, are only burdens upon their associates. Torpenhow had said something about a Mrs. Gummidge, and Dick had retired in a black fury to handle and re-handle three unopened letters from Maisie.

The Nilghai, fat, burly, and aggressive, was in Torpenhow's rooms. Behind him sat the Keneu, the Great War Eagle, and between them lay a large map embellished with black- and white-headed pins.

"I was wrong about the Balkans," said the Nilghai. "But I'm not wrong about this business. The whole of our work in the Southern Soudan must be done over again. The public doesn't care, of course, but the government does, and they are making their arrangements quietly. You know that as well as I do."

"I remember how the people cursed us when our troops withdrew from Omdurman. It was bound to crop up sooner or later. But I can't go," said Torpenhow. He pointed through the open door: it was a hot night. "Can you blame me?"

The Keneu purred above his pipe like a large and very happy cat:

"Don't blame you in the least. It's uncommonly good of you, and all the rest of it, but every man—even you, Torp—must consider his work. I know it sounds brutal, but Dick's out of the race,—down,—*gastados*, expended, finished, done for. He has a little money of his own. He won't starve, and you can't pull out of your slide for his sake. Think of your own reputation."

"Dick's was five times bigger than mine and yours put together."

"That was because he signed his name to everything he did. It's all ended now. You must hold yourself in readiness to move out. You can command your own prices, and you do better work than any three of us."

"Don't tell me how tempting it is. I'll stay here to look after Dick for a while. He's as cheerful as a bear with a sore head, but I think he likes to have me about him."

The Nilghai said something uncomplimentary on soft-headed fools who throw away their careers for other fools. Torpenhow flushed

angrily. The constant strain of attendance on Dick had worn his nerves thin.

"There remains a third fate," said the Keneu, thoughtfully. "Consider this, and be not larger fools than is necessary. Dick is—or rather was—an able-bodied man of moderate attractions and a certain amount of audacity."

"Oho!" said the Nilghai, who remembered an affair at Cairo. "I begin to see.—Torp, I'm sorry."

Torpenhow nodded forgiveness: "You were more sorry when he cut you out, though.—Go on, Keneu."

"I've often thought, when I've seen men die out in the desert, that if the news could be sent through the world, and the means of transport were quick enough, there would be one woman at least at each man's bedside."

"There would be some mighty quaint revelations. Let us be grateful things are as they are," said the Nilghai.

"Let us rather reverently consider whether Torp's three-cornered ministrations are exactly what Dick needs just now.—What do you think yourself, Torp?"

"I know they aren't. But what can I do?"

"Lay the matter before the board. We are all Dick's friends here. You've been most in his life."

"But I picked it up when he was off his head."

"The greater chance of its being true. I thought we should arrive. Who is she?"

Then Torpenhow told a tale in plain words, as a special correspondent who knows how to make a verbal *précis* should tell it. The men listened without interruption.

"Is it possible that a man can come back across the years to his calf-love?" said the Keneu. "Is it possible?"

"I give the facts. He says nothing about it now, but he sits fumbling three letters from her when he thinks I'm not looking. What am I to do?"

"Speak to him," said the Nilghai.

"Oh, yes! Write to her,—I don't know her full name, remember,—and ask her to accept him out of pity. I believe you once told Dick you were sorry for him, Nilghai. You remember what happened, eh? Go into the bedroom and suggest full confession and an appeal to this Maisie girl, whoever she is. I honestly believe he'd try to kill you; and the blindness has made him rather muscular."

"Torpenhow's course is perfectly clear," said the Keneu. "He will go to Vitry-sur-Marne, which is on the Béziers-Landes Railway,—single track from Tournay. The Prussians shelled it out in '70 because there was a poplar on the top of a hill eighteen hundred yards from the church spire. There's a squadron of cavalry quartered there,—or ought to be. Where this studio Torp spoke about may be I cannot tell. That is Torp's business. I have given him his route. He will dispassionately explain the situation to the girl, and she will come back to Dick,—the more especially because, to use Dick's words, 'there is nothing but her damned obstinacy to keep them apart.'"

"And they have four hundred and twenty pounds a year between 'em. Dick never lost his head for figures, even in his delirium. You haven't the shadow of an excuse for not going," said the Nilghai.

Torpenhow looked very uncomfortable. "But it's absurd and impossible. I can't drag her back by the hair."

"Our business—the business for which we draw our money—is to do absurd and impossible things,—generally with no reason whatever except to amuse the public. Here we have a reason. The rest doesn't matter. I shall share these rooms with the Nilghai till Torpenhow returns. There will be a batch of unbridled 'specials' coming to town in a little while, and these will serve as their head-quarters. Another reason for sending Torpenhow away. Thus Providence helps those who help others, and"—here the Keneu abandoned his measured speech—"we can't have you tied by the leg to Dick when the trouble begins. It's your only chance of getting away; and Dick will be grateful."

"He will,—worse luck! I can but go and try. I can't conceive a woman in her senses refusing Dick."

"Talk that out with the girl. I have seen you wheedle an angry Madieh woman into giving you dates. This won't be a tithe as difficult. You had better not be here to-morrow afternoon, because the Nilghai and I will be in possession. It is an order. Obey."

"Dick," said Torpenhow next morning, "can I do anything for you?"

"No! Leave me alone. How often must I remind you I'm blind?"

"Nothing I could go for to fetch for to carry for to bring?"

"No. Take those infernal creaking boots of yours away."

"Poor chap!" said Torpenhow to himself. "I must have been sitting on his nerves lately. He wants a lighter step." Then, aloud, "Very well. Since you're so independent, I'm going off for four or five days. Say good-by at least. The housekeeper will look after you, and Keneu has my rooms."

Dick's face fell. "You won't be longer than a week at the outside? I know I'm touched in the temper, but I can't get on without you."

"Can't you? You'll have to do without me in a little time, and you'll be glad I'm gone."

Dick felt his way back to the big chair, and wondered what these things might mean. He did not wish to be tended by the housekeeper, and yet Torpenhow's constant tendernesses jarred on him. He did not exactly know what he wanted. The darkness would not lift, and Maisie's unopened letters felt worn and old from much handling. He could never read them for himself as long as life endured; but Maisie might have sent him some fresh ones to play with. The Nilghai entered with a gift,—a piece of red modelling-wax. He fancied that Dick might find interest in using his hands. Dick poked and patted the stuff for a few minutes, and, "Is it like anything in the world?" he said, drearily. "Take it away. I may get the touch of the blind in fifty years. Do you know where Torpenhow has gone?"

The Nilghai knew nothing. "We're staying in his rooms till he comes back. Can we do anything for you?"

"I'd like to be left alone, please. Don't think I'm ungrateful; but I'm best alone."

The Nilghai chuckled, and Dick resumed his drowsy brooding and sullen rebellion against fate. He had long since ceased to think about the work he had done in the old days, and the desire to do more work had departed from him. He was exceedingly sorry for himself, and the completeness of his tender grief soothed him. But his soul and his body cried for Maisie,—Maisie who would understand. His mind pointed out that Maisie, having her own work to do, would not care. His experience had taught him that when money was exhausted women went away, and that when a man was knocked out of the race the others trampled on him. "Then at the least," said Dick, in reply, "she could use me as I used Binat,—for some sort of a study. I wouldn't ask more than to be near her again, even though I knew another man was making love to her. Ugh! what a dog I am!"

A voice on the staircase began to sing joyfully:

"When we go—go—go away from here,  
Our creditors will weep and they will wail,  
Our absence much regretting when they find that we've been getting  
Out of England by next Tuesday's Indian mail."

Following the trampling of feet, slamming of Torpenhow's door, and the sound of voices in strenuous debate, some one squeaked, "And see, you good fellows, I have found a new water-bottle,—first-class patent—eh, how you say? Open himself inside out."

Dick sprang to his feet. He knew the voice well. "That's Cassavetti, come back from the Continent. Now I know why Torp went away. There's a row somewhere, and—I'm out of it!"

The Nilghai commanded silence in vain. "That's for my sake," Dick said, bitterly. "The birds are getting ready to fly, and they wouldn't tell me. I can hear Morten-Sutherland and Mackaye. Half the War Correspondents in London are there;—and I'm out of it."

He stumbled across the landing and plunged into Torpenhow's room. He could feel that it was full of men. "Where's the trouble?" said he. "In the Balkans at last? Why didn't some one tell me?"

"We thought you wouldn't be interested," said the Nilghai, shamefacedly. "It's in the Soudan, as usual."

"You lucky dogs! Let me sit here while you talk. I shan't be a skeleton at the feast.—Cassavetti, where are you? Your English is as bad as ever."

Dick was led into a chair. He heard the rustle of the maps, and the talk swept forward, carrying him with it. Everybody spoke at once, discussing press censorship, railway-routes, transport, water-supply, the capacities of generals,—these in language that would have horrified a trusting public,—ranting, asserting, denouncing, and laughing at the top of their voices. There was the glorious certainty of war in the Soudan at any moment. The Nilghai said so, and it was well to be in

readiness. The Keneu had telegraphed to Cairo for horses; Cassavetti had stolen a perfectly inaccurate list of troops that would be ordered forward, and was reading it out amid profane interruptions, and the Keneu introduced to Dick some man unknown who would be employed as war artist by the Central Southern Syndicate. "It's his first outing," said the Keneu. "Give him some tips—about riding camels."

"Oh, those camels!" groaned Cassavetti. "I shall learn to ride him again, and now I am so much all soft! Listen, you good fellows. I know your military arrangement very well. There will go the Royal Argalshire Sutherlanders. So it was read to me upon best authority."

A roar of laughter interrupted him.

"Sit down," said the Nilghai. "The lists aren't even made out in the War Office."

"Will there be any force at Suakin?" said a voice.

Then the outcries redoubled, and grew mixed, thus: "How many Egyptian troops will they use?—God help the Fellaheen!—There's a railway in Plumstead marshes doing duty as a fives-court.—We shall have the Suakin-Berber line built at last.—Canadian voyageurs are too careful. Give me a half-drunk Krooman in a whale-boat.—Who commands the Desert column?—No, they never blew up the big rock in the Ghizeh bend. We shall have to be hauled up, as usual.—Somebody tell me if there's an Indian contingent, or I'll break everybody's head.—Don't tear the map in two.—It's a war of occupation, I tell you, to connect with the African companies in the South.—There's Guinea-worm in most of the wells on that route." Then the Nilghai, despairing of peace, bellowed like a fog-horn and beat upon the table with both hands.

"But what becomes of Torpenhow?" said Dick, in the silence that followed.

"Torp's in abeyance just now. He's off love-making somewhere, I suppose," said the Nilghai.

"He said he was going to stay at home," said the Keneu.

"Is he?" said Dick, with an oath. "He won't. I'm not much good now, but if you and the Nilghai hold him down I'll engage to trample on him till he sees reason. He stay behind, indeed! He's the best of you all. There'll be some tough work by Omdurman. We shall come there to stay, this time. But I forgot. I wish I were going with you."

"So do we all, Dickie," said the Keneu.

"And I most of all," said the new artist of the Central Southern Syndicate. "Could you tell me—"

"I'll give you one piece of advice," Dick answered, moving towards the door. "If you happen to be cut over the head in a scrimmage, don't guard. Tell the man to go on cutting. You'll find it cheapest in the end. Thanks for letting me look in."

"There's grit in Dick," said the Nilghai, an hour later, when the room was emptied of all save the Keneu.

"It was the sacred call of the war-trumpet. Did you notice how he answered to it? Poor fellow! Let's look at him," said the Keneu.

The excitement of the talk had died away. Dick was sitting by

the studio table, with his head on his arms, when the men came in. He did not change his position.

"It hurts," he moaned. "God forgive me, but it hurts cruelly; and yet, y'know, the world has a knack of spinning round all by itself. Shall I see Torp before he goes?"

"Oh, yes. You'll see him," said the Nilghai.

## CHAPTER XII.

But I shall not understand,—  
 Shall not see the face of my love,—  
 Shall not know her for whom I strove,—  
 Till she reach me forth her hand,  
 Saying, "Who but I has the right?"  
 And out of a troubled night  
 Shall draw me safe to the land.

*The Widower.*

"MAISIE, come to bed."

"It's so hot I can't sleep. Don't worry."

Maisie put her elbows on the window-sill and looked at the moonlight on the straight, poplar-flanked road. Summer had come upon Vitry-sur-Marne and parched it to the bone. The grass was dry-burnt in the meadows, the clay by the bank of the river was caked to brick, the road-side flowers were long since dead, and the roses in the garden hung withered on their stalks. The heat in the little low bedroom under the eaves was almost intolerable. The very moonlight on the wall of Kami's studio across the road seemed to make the night hotter, and the shadow of the big bell-handle by the closed gate cast a bar of inky black that caught Maisie's eye and annoyed her.

"Horrid thing! It should be all white," she murmured. "And the gate isn't in the middle of the wall, either. I never noticed that before."

Maisie was hard to please at that hour. First, the heat of the past few weeks had worn her down; secondly, her work, and particularly the study of a female head intended to represent the Melancholia and not finished in time for the Salon, was unsatisfactory; thirdly, Kami had said as much two days before; fourthly,—but so completely fourthly that it was hardly worth thinking about,—Dick, her property, had not written to her for more than six weeks. She was angry with the heat, with Kami, and with her work, but she was exceedingly angry with Dick.

She had written to him three times,—each time proposing a fresh treatment of her Melancholia. Dick had taken no notice of these communications. She had resolved to write no more. When she returned to England in the autumn—for her pride's sake she could not return earlier—she would speak to him. She missed the Sunday afternoon conferences more than she cared to admit. All that Kami said was, "*Continuez, mademoiselle, continuez toujours,*" and he had been repeating his wearisome counsel through the hot summer, exactly like a cicala,—an old gray cicala in a black alpaca coat, white trousers, and



a huge felt hat. But Dick had tramped masterfully up and down her little studio north of the cool green London park, and had said things ten times worse than "*continuez*," before he snatched the brush out of her hand and showed her where her error lay. His last letter, Maisie remembered, contained some trivial advice about not sketching in the sun or drinking water at wayside farm-houses; and he had said that not once, but three times,—as if he did not know that Maisie could take care of herself.

But what was he doing, that he could not trouble to write? A murmur of voices in the road made her lean from the window. A cavalryman of the little garrison in the town was talking to Kami's cook. The moonlight glittered on the scabbard of his sabre, which he was holding in his hand lest it should clank inopportunately. The cook's cap cast deep shadows on her face, which was close to the conscript's. He slid his arm round her waist, and there followed the sound of a kiss.

"Faugh!" said Maisie, stepping back.

"What's that?" said the red-haired girl, who was tossing uneasily outside her bed.

"Only a conscript kissing the cook," said Maisie. "They've gone away now." She leaned out of the window again, and put a shawl over her night-gown to guard against chills. There was a very small night-breeze abroad, and a sun-baked rose below nodded its head as one who knew unutterable secrets. Was it possible that Dick should turn his thoughts from her work and his own and descend to the degradation of Suzanne and the conscript? He could not! The rose nodded its head and one leaf therewith. It looked like a naughty little devil scratching its ear. Dick could not, "because," thought Maisie, "he is mine,—mine,—mine. He said he was. I'm sure I don't care what he does. It will only spoil his work if he does; and it will spoil mine too."

The rose continued to nod in the futile way peculiar to flowers. There was no earthly reason why Dick should not disport himself as he chose, except that he was called by Providence, which was Maisie, to assist Maisie in her work. And her work was the preparation of pictures that went sometimes to English provincial exhibitions, as the notices in the scrap-book proved, and that were invariably rejected by the Salon when Kami was plagued into allowing her to send them up. Her work in the future, it seemed, would be the preparation of pictures on exactly similar lines which would be rejected in exactly the same way—

The red-haired girl threshed distressfully across the sheets. "It's too hot to sleep," she moaned; and the interruption jarred.

Exactly the same way. Then she would divide her years between the little studio in England and Kami's big studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. No, she would go to another master, who should force her into the success that was her right, if patient toil and desperate endeavor gave one a right to anything. Dick had told her that he had worked ten years to understand his craft. She had worked ten years, and ten years were nothing. Dick had said that ten years were nothing,—but that

was in regard to herself only. He had said—this very man who could not find time to write—that he would wait ten years for her, and that she was bound to come back to him sooner or later. He had said this in the absurd letter about sun-stroke and diphtheria; and then he had stopped writing. He was wandering up and down moonlit streets, kissing cooks. She would like to lecture him now,—not in her night-gown, of course, but properly dressed, severely and from a height. Yet if he was kissing other girls he certainly would not care whether she lectured him or not. He would laugh at her. Very good. She would go back to her studio and prepare pictures that went, etc., etc. The mill-wheel of thought swung round slowly, that no section of it might be slurred over, and the red-haired girl tossed and turned behind her.

Maisie put her chin in her hands and decided that there could be no doubt whatever of the villany of Dick. To justify herself, she began, unwomanly, to weigh the evidence. There was a boy, and he had said he loved her. And he kissed her,—kissed her on the cheek,—by a yellow sea-poppay that nodded its head exactly like the maddening dry rose in the garden. Then there was an interval, and men had told her that they loved her—just when she was busiest with her work. Then the boy came back, and at their very second meeting had told her that he loved her. Then he had—— But there was no end to the things he had done. He had given her his time and his powers. He had spoken to her of Art, housekeeping, technique, teacups, the abuse of pickles as a stimulant,—that was rude,—sable hair-brushes,—he had given her the best in her stock,—she used them daily; he had given her advice that she profited by, and now and again—a look. Such a look! The look of a beaten hound waiting for the word to crawl to his mistress's feet. In return she had given him nothing whatever, except—here she brushed her mouth against the open-work sleeve of her night-gown—the privilege of kissing her once. And on the mouth, too. Disgraceful! Was that not enough, and more than enough? and if it was not, had he not cancelled the debt by not writing and—probably kissing other girls?

"Maisie, you'll catch a chill. Do go and lie down," said the wearied voice of her companion. "I can't sleep a wink with you at the window."

Maisie shrugged her shoulders and did not answer. She was reflecting on the meannesses of Dick, and on other meannesses with which he had nothing to do. The remorseless moonlight would not let her sleep. It lay on the skylight of the studio across the road in cold silver, and she stared at it intently and her thoughts began to slide one into the other. The shadow of the big bell-handle in the wall grew short, lengthened again, and faded out as the moon went down behind the pasture and a hare came limping home across the road. Then the dawn-wind washed through the upland grasses, and brought coolness with it, and the cattle lowed by the drought-shrunk river. Maisie's head fell forward on the window-sill, and the tangle of black hair covered her arms.

"Maisie, wake up. You'll catch a chill."

"Yes, dear; yes, dear." She staggered to her bed like a wearied

child, and as she buried her face in the pillows she muttered, "I think—I think . . . But he ought to have written."

Day brought the routine of the studio, the smell of paint and turpentine, and the monotonous wisdom of Kami, who was a leaden artist, but a golden teacher if the pupil were only in sympathy with him. Maisie was not in sympathy that day, and she waited impatiently for the end of the work. She knew when it was coming; for Kami would gather his black alpaca coat into a bunch behind him, and, with faded blue eyes that saw neither pupils nor canvas, look back into the past to recall the history of one Binat. "You have all done not so badly," he would say. "But you shall remember that it is not enough to have the method, and the art, and the power, nor even that which is touch, but you shall have also the conviction that nails the work to the wall. Of the so many I have taught,"—here the students would begin to unfix drawing-pins or get their tubes together,—"the very so many that I have taught, the best was Binat. All that comes of the study and the work and the knowledge was to him even when he came. After he left me he should have done all that could be done with the color, the form, and the knowledge. Only, he had not the conviction. So to-day I hear no more of Binat,—the best of my pupils,—and that is long ago. So to-day, too, you will be glad to hear no more of me. *Continuez, mesdemoiselles*, and, above all, with conviction."

He went into the garden to smoke and mourn over the lost Binat as the pupils dispersed to their several cottages or loitered in the studio to make plans for the cool of the afternoon.

Maisie looked at her very unhappy Melancolia, restrained a desire to grimace before it, and was hurrying across the road to write a letter to Dick, when she was aware of a large man on a white troop-horse. How Torpenhow had managed in the course of twenty hours to find his way to the hearts of the cavalry officers in quarters at Vitry-sur-Marne, to discuss with them the certainty of a glorious *revanche* for France, to reduce the colonel to tears of pure affability, and to borrow the best horse in the squadron for the journey to Kami's studio, is a mystery that only special correspondents can unravel.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "It seems an absurd question to ask, but the fact is that I don't know her by any other name: Is there any young lady here that is called Maisie?"

"I am Maisie," was the answer from the depths of a great sun-hat.

"I ought to introduce myself," he said, as the horse capered in the blinding white dust. "My name is Torpenhow. Dick Helder is my best friend, and—and—the fact is that he has gone blind."

"Blind?" said Maisie, stupidly. "He can't be blind."

"He has been stone-blind for nearly two months."

Maisie lifted up her face, and it was pearly white. "No! No! Not blind! I won't have him blind!"

"Would you care to see for yourself?" said Torpenhow.

"Now,—at once?"

"Oh, no! The Paris train doesn't go through this place till eight to-night. There will be ample time."

"Did Mr. Helder send you to me?"

"Certainly not. Dick wouldn't do that sort of thing. He's sitting in his studio, turning over some letters that he can't read because he's blind."

There was a sound of choking from the sun-hat. Maisie bowed her head and went into the cottage, where the red-haired girl was on a sofa, complaining of a headache.

"Dick's blind!" said Maisie, taking her breath quickly as she steadied herself against a chair-back. "My Dick's blind!"

"What?" The girl was on the sofa no longer.

"A man has come from England to tell me. He hasn't written to me for six weeks."

"Are you going to him?"

"I must think."

"Think! I should go back to London and see him, and I should kiss his eyes and kiss them and kiss them until they got well again! If you don't go I shall. Oh, what am I talking about? You wicked little idiot! Go to him at once. Go!"

Torpenhow's neck was blistering, but he preserved a smile of infinite patience as Maisie appeared bareheaded in the sunshine.

"I am coming," said she, her eyes on the ground.

"You will be at Vitry Station, then, at seven this evening." This was an order delivered by one who was used to being obeyed. Maisie said nothing, but she felt grateful that there was no chance of disputing with this big man who took everything for granted and managed a squealing horse with one hand. She returned to the red-haired girl, who was weeping bitterly, and between tears, kisses,—very few of those,—menthol, packing, and an interview with Kami, the sultry afternoon wore away. Thought might come afterwards. Her present duty was to go to Dick,—Dick who owned the wondrous friend and sat in the dark playing with her unopened letters.

"But what will you do?" she said to her companion.

"I? Oh, I shall stay here and—finish your *Melancolia*," she said, smiling pitifully. "Write to me afterwards."

That night there ran a legend through Vitry-sur-Marne of a mad Englishman, doubtless suffering from sun-stroke, who had drunk all the officers of the garrison under the table, had borrowed a horse from the lines, and had then and there eloped, after the English custom, with one of those more than mad English girls who drew pictures down there under the care of that good Monsieur Kami.

"They are very droll," said Suzanne to the conscript in the moonlight by the studio wall. "She walked always with those big eyes that saw nothing, and yet she kisses me on both cheeks as though she were my sister, and gives me—see—ten francs!"

The conscript levied a contribution on both gifts; for he prided himself on being a good soldier.

Torpenhow spoke very little to Maisie during the journey to Calais; but he was careful to attend to all her wants, to get her a compartment entirely to herself, and to leave her alone. He was amazed at the ease with which the matter had been accomplished.

"The safest thing would be to let her think things out. By Dick's

showing,—when he was off his head,—she must have ordered him about very thoroughly. Wonder how she likes being under orders.”

Maisie never told. She sat in the empty compartment often with her eyes shut, that she might realize the sensation of blindness. It was an order that she should return to London swiftly, and she found herself at last almost beginning to enjoy the situation. This was better than looking after trunks and a red-haired friend who never seemed to take any interest in her surroundings. But there appeared to be a feeling in the air that she, Maisie,—of all people,—was in disgrace. Therefore she justified her conduct to herself with great success, till Torpenhow came up to her on the steamer and without preface began to tell the story of Dick's blindness, suppressing a few details, but dwelling at length on the miseries of delirium. He stopped before he reached the end, as though he had lost interest in the subject, and went forward to smoke. Maisie was furious with him and with herself.

She was hurried on from Dover to London almost before she could ask for breakfast, and—she was past any feeling of indignation now—was bidden curtly to wait in a hall at the foot of some lead-covered stairs while Torpenhow went up to make inquiries. Again the knowledge that she was being treated like a naughty little girl made her pale cheeks flame. It was all Dick's fault for being so stupid as to go blind.

Torpenhow led her up to a shut door, which he opened very softly. Dick was sitting by the window, with his chin on his chest. There were three envelopes in his hand, and he turned them over and over. The big man who gave orders was no longer by her side, and the studio door snapped behind her.

Dick thrust the letters into his pocket as he heard the sound. “Hullo, Torp! Is that you? I've been so lonely.”

His voice had taken the peculiar flatness of the blind. Maisie pressed herself up into a corner of the room. Her heart was beating furiously, and she put one hand on her breast to keep it quiet. Dick was staring directly at her, and she realized for the first time that he was blind. Shutting her eyes in a railway-carriage to open them when she pleased was child's play. This man was blind though his eyes were wide open.

“Torp, is that you? They said you were coming.” Dick looked puzzled and a little irritated at the silence.

“No: it's only me,” was the answer, in a strained little whisper. Maisie could hardly move her lips.

“H'm!” said Dick, composedly, without moving. “This is a new phenomenon. Darkness I'm getting used to; but I object to hearing voices.”

Was he mad, then, as well as blind, that he talked to himself? Maisie's heart beat more wildly, and she breathed in gasps. Dick rose and began to feel his way across the room, touching each table and chair as he passed. Once he caught his foot on a rug, and swore, dropping on his knees to feel what the obstruction might be. Maisie remembered him walking in the Park as though all the earth belonged to him, tramping up and down her studio two months ago, and flying up the gangway of the Channel steamer. The beating of her heart

was making her sick, and Dick was coming nearer, guided by the sound of her breathing. She put out a hand mechanically to ward him off or to draw him to herself, she did not know which. It touched his chest, and he stepped back as though he had been shot.

"It's Maisie!" said he, with a dry sob. "What are you doing here?"

"I came—I came—to see you, please."

Dick's lips closed firmly.

"Won't you sit down, then? You see, I've had some bother with my eyes, and——"

"I know. I know. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't write."

"You might have told Mr. Torpenhow."

"What has he to do with my affairs?"

"He—he brought me from Vitry-sur-Marne. He thought I ought to see you."

"Why, what has happened? Can I do anything for you? No, I can't. I forgot."

"Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry! I've come to tell you, and—— Let me take you back to your chair."

"Don't! I'm not a child. You only do that out of pity. I never meant to tell you anything about it. I'm no good now. I'm down and done for. Let me alone!"

He groped back to his chair, his chest laboring as he sat down. Maisie was afraid no more.

"I shan't!" she said, settling herself on the arm of the chair. "You belong now, Dickie, and I've come up all these stairs, and—and——" Here the tears began, with unromantic snivelling and mopping of the cheeks. He was trembling under the touch of her hand on his shoulder, but his face was turned away from her.

"Dick, you aren't going to be selfish, now I've come back? I'm so sorry! Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"I knew that was all. Won't you leave me alone? I shall have to suffer for this afterwards."

"You won't?" She bent down and whispered in his ear. When the fountains of the great deep are broken up, there follow rain and miracles. "Yes, I do," she said, flushing crimson. "My darling, I do. I don't care; you can sulk as much as you like and I won't be angry. I've been a villain,—a wicked little villain. Shall I go down on my knees and tell you so? Don't be stupid, Dickie. It's no use pretending. You know you care for me."

"I do! God knows I do!"

"What nonsense, then, pretending to be selfish?" The voice grew unsteady. "D'you remember the Dover boat? Take *that*, then, and be sensible. Oh, help me, Dick!" she whispered. "I can't make love all by myself."

The unspoken argument clinched all, and Maisie was in Dick's arms, crying as though her heart would burst.

"Hush, dear. Hush. What's the use of worrying? It's all right now," said Dick, stroking the head on his shoulder.



"We *did* belong, Dick, didn't we? It was my fault,—all my fault," Maisie whimpered, her face hidden.

"I like that fault. Be more faultsome."

"Course you did." She laughed through her tears. "I—I had to do all the—all the love-making. It was horrible!"

"It was only me: what did it matter? If it had been a strange man you might have objected. And then, again, you took me on my blind side."

"That's an ugly word, and you aren't going to use it any more."

"But it's true, dear. I'd give everything, except you, to see your face again. But I'm blind."

Maisie thought for a minute till Love gave her pure reason. "That's nonsense too. Listen, stupid. You said ten years were nothing. And they weren't. We belonged just the same. Now do you remember out on the flats, with the pistol, when my hair got into your eyes?" Dick caught the click of hair-pins, and Maisie's long locks fell about his face. "You couldn't see now if you tried ever so. Let's pretend it's only my wig in your eyes for just a little longer,—for fifty or sixty years. Fifty's five times less important than ten. Can't you see that, darling?" She shook her head to increase both the darkness and the understanding.

"I see," said Dick, very contentedly. "Oh, it's good to have you back again, Maisie!"

"It's gooder to be back, bad boy."

And they argued that point gravely, with interruptions; and they discussed ways and means, also with interruptions; and they took no count of time, till Maisie said, "I haven't any clothes. I haven't eaten anything for years. I haven't anywhere to live except in the little house, and the care-taker there will be out, and I must go and be a Party."

"What's that, dear?"

"There was a man once," said Maisie, a hair-pin between her teeth, "who was always trying to drag me to a registrar's office to be married. He told me that one or other of the parties must always give a notice to the registrar. I shall buy a thick veil and be that party. Isn't it nice to know we've only ourselves to think of?"

"I remember that man," said Dick. "I feel that I ought to be the party."

"Never mind. Afterwards you shall beat me. I think it would do me good. I wants to be beaten. Oh, Dick, I've been such a bad, double-bad villain!—a villain with a Melancolia."

"By Jove, that reminds me of something I'd completely forgotten. I did a Melancolia before I went——"

"Ah! no! Not that word!"

"Began to see, then. She's up in a corner somewhere, and I thought a good deal of her at one time. What do you think?"

The voice was the voice of the man who had told her the tale of his doings, in the Park, what time he looked to kick the world before him.

"Is it the veiled canvas on the easel?" asked Maisie.

"Yes. Well——?"

She was looking at a formless scarred blur of paint. Somebody had used the palette-knife with deadly skill. It was a cruel, wicked wrong, and she could not understand it; but for Dick's sake she must make no sign. Her eyes were very dim, and her voice choked with the hard-held tears, as she made answer, still gazing on the wreck,—

"Oh, Dick, it is good!"

Dick heard the sob and took it for tribute. "I thought you'd like it," he said, smiling at her across the room; and she would have given the world to cry, but she came back to his arms instead, to bid him good-by for a little while.

"Dick," she said, when the long farewell was ended, "do you imagine when a woman loves a man that she cares for his work? She loves him for himself—self—self. Now I must fly; and—please may I sing on the staircase going down?"

There was very little thought of song in Maisie's heart when she went out, unless it were the old rhyme, "Lord ha' mercy on me, this is none of I!" She wanted to sit down and be quiet—very quiet—in her half-dismantled house. Torpenhow did not appear, and the staircases were empty of life. "That's nice of him," said Maisie, and fled in a cab to astonish the care-taker across the Park.

"Hullo!" said Torpenhow, entering the studio after Dick had enjoyed two blissful hours of thought. "I'm back. Are you feeling any better?"

"Torp, I don't know what to say! Come here." Dick coughed huskily.

"What's the need for saying anything? Get up and tramp."

They walked up and down as of custom, Torpenhow's hand on Dick's shoulder.

"How in the world did you find it all out?" said Dick, beaming.

"You shouldn't go off your head if you want to keep secrets, Dickie. It was absolutely impertinent on my part; but if you'd seen me rocketing about on a half-trained French troop-horse under a blazing sun you'd have laughed. There's going to be a charivari in my rooms to-night. Seven other devils—"

"I know,—the row in the Southern Soudan. I surprised their councils the other day, and it made me unhappy. Have you fixed your flint to go? Who d'you work for?"

"Haven't signed any contracts yet. I wanted to see how your business would turn out."

"Would you have stayed with me, then, if—things had gone wrong?"

"Don't ask me too much. I'm only a man."

"You've tried to be an angel very successfully."

"Oh, ye—es! . . . Well, do you attend the function to-night? We shall be half screwed before the morning. All the men believe the war's a certainty."

"Of course I'll come. I haven't turned my back on the old life yet."

That night there was tumult on the stairs. The correspondents poured in from theatre, dinner, and music-hall to Torpenhow's room

that they might discuss their plan of campaign in the event of military operations being a certainty. Torpenhow, the Keneu, and the Nilghai had bidden all the men they had worked with to the orgy; and Mr. Beeton, the housekeeper, declared that never before in his checkered experience had he seen quite such a fancy lot of gentlemen. They waked the chambers with shoutings and song; and the elder men were quite as bad as the younger. For the chances of war were in front of them, and all knew what those meant.

When the clamor was at its height, Dick entered with his great happiness upon his face. The room was heavy with tobacco-smoke and the fume of strong drinks, and the men were settled in unpicturesque attitudes on chair, sofa, and table. There was a general shout.

"Poor second-hand gladiators!" he said, with pretended scorn. "You only exist to describe who will die on the sands out there. Half of you will be dead this time next year. The Soudan kills specials."

"*Ave Imperator! te morituri salutant,*" said the Keneu. "Get into a chair, and don't moralize. The public wants us as much as we want you."

"By the way, what does the dear public say about me?"

"One paper said six weeks ago that it deeply regretted to hear you weren't quite well. The rest have forgotten by this time," said the Nilghai.

"Sweet creatures! They naturally would. Give me a drink." And by the instinct of association he began to hum the terrible Battle Hymn of the Republic. Man after man caught it up,—it was a tune they knew well,—till the windows shook to the clang, the Nilghai's deep voice leading:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.  
His truth is marching on."

"How does the next verse go?" said the Keneu. And they swept off again, beating time on the table:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to meet him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on."

Then Cassavetti, very proud of his knowledge,—

"In the beauty of the lilies——"

"Hold on," said Torpenhow. "We've nothing to do with that. It belongs to another man."

"No," said Dick to himself under his breath, "the other man belongs."

THE END.

## IN AN OLD GARDEN.

WEEDS run riot where lilies grew,  
 Stately and lovely and pure as truth,  
 In the old, dead days when the garden knew  
 The beauty that blesses the time of youth.  
 Nettles creep to the crumbling sill,  
 And briars climb where the rose once bloomed,  
 But a clump of rue holds its tenure still,  
 And remembers the beauty that fate has doomed.

Moss grows thick on the path where trod  
 The feet of youth in the days gone by,  
 And the feet of those who were nearing God  
 And the time to lay work down and die.  
 I wonder if ever, on moonlit nights,  
 Ghostly foot-falls, through mould and moss,  
 Come and go where the old delights  
 Of life and loving gave place to loss?

Lovers have walked here, hand in hand :  
 Here, by this dying tree, was told  
 A story sweeter to understand  
 Than the tales of all poets, young or old.  
 Where is the lover who told his love ?  
 Where is the maiden whose lips he kissed ?  
 Ah, but the grave-grass grows above  
 Those who no longer are mourned or missed.

Poor old garden of dead delights,  
 Haunted I know you are, night and day.  
 The gull from the sea, in his landward flights,  
 Hints of the fleet years that flew away.  
 Ever and ever while nettles spread  
 Over the beds where the lilies grew,  
 You think of the past and its long-since dead  
 And the beauty and brightness that once you knew.

Your heart is truer than hearts of men,  
 O poor old garden, for men forget ;  
 They bury their dead and go on again,  
 And life has room for but brief regret ;  
 But you mourn forever for lost delights ;  
 You grieve for the beauty that could not last ;  
 And I share your sorrow on lonesome nights  
 When my heart remembers its happy past.

*Eben E. Rexford.*

## THE NEW SPANISH INQUISITION.

**T**IMES have changed in this country since people lived according to the gospel of John Endicott and Governor Winthrop. The Inquisition established by these gentlemen and others of the like kidney was as severe as that of Spain in previous centuries: it demonstrated that the victims of the latter could, given opportunity, be just as uncompromising as the priests of Philip. The hierarchy of the Castilian monarch made torches and dissections of infidels: and the magnates of New England burned witches and whipped Quakers at the cart's tail. The whirligig of time spins merrily round; the iron hand of the Puritan crumbles to dust, and now Spain has another innings. But this time, instead of attacking us in the sable cowl of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, or in the coats-of-mail of Cortez and his hidalgos, she steals upon us to the sound of tinkling guitars and rattling castanets; her feet are beautiful with high-heeled slippers and braceleted ankles; her eyes are amorously dark, and her lips invite to love instead of the sword. The new Spanish conquest of America eludes our torpedoes, and strikes home at the first blow: we capitulated at the opening encounter; we bow before the victors, and kiss their hands. The inquisition is established "in our midst," and the victims not only crowd to the sacrifice, but pay the inquisitors well for their trouble. The witches that we whipped at the cart's tail now drag us captive at their chariot-wheels, and the Dance of Death has turned into the Dance of Love.



This illustrates the broadening of ideas and the spread of culture. We thought we knew what Terpsichore could do, and were confident that Fanny Elssler, Bonfanti, the Black Crook and the successors thereof comprised the whole secret of the matter. Dancing appertained to the sphere of the legs: the more legs, the more dance; the loftier the kick, the higher the art. Our elders sat in the front row, and our youth congregated at the stage-door. It was magnificent, but withal we were not entirely happy. The human soul is infinite, whereas tights and gauze skirts have their limitations. No proportion could be established between the component elements of the problem. To stand on one toe, to walk on two,—these were achievements; but man cannot live on toes alone. Vaguely we surmised that our development was arrested. A pensive sadness, a pervading gloom, a secret disgust, successively possessed our hearts. Was it thus that Jephthah's daughter advanced to meet her father with cymbals and songs? was it by arts like these that John Baptist's head was juggled from his shoulders?



What meant these legends of nautch-girls and Arabian Nights? We began to be racked by historical doubts,—by misgivings as to human nature. Were the men of the early time, then, so different from ourselves? or was the difference in the women who danced before them? and, if so, what was the difference?

When the apple is fully ripe, it falls; when the chrysalis is mature, it bursts, and, behold! the butterfly. When tights and gauze had done their work, the time gave birth to a more gracious dispensation. We were ready for it, though perhaps we did not wholly apprehend its signifi-

cance at the outset. Perverted training, like bad habits, is not rectified in a day. The medicine that makes us whole sometimes discommodes us temporarily. It was evident, at all events, that either these Spanish señoritas did not know what dancing was, or we did not. If they were right, then we had all along been wrong. But the señoritas not only had beauty and grace on their side, but it was perceived that their performances meant something. Nobody had ever pretended to extract any mentionable meaning out of tights and gauze. The señoritas, without ever opening their lips save to smile, uttered a new language,—a language more captivating even than their native Castilian, and which could be understood without any dictionary or phrase-book other than Mother Nature gives to all her children,—a language old as history, and as winning as beauty beautifully moving could make it. But though the vocabulary was simple—primitive, indeed—the combinations were endless and of unending interest: they constituted a study worthy the attention of civilized man, and of truly æsthetic influence. As regarded legs, there was, certainly, a degree of reticence on the señoritas' part,—a reticence not prudish, by any means, but indicating artistic symmetry and subordination. The legs were employed not as an end in themselves, but as a support of the body; and in this new guise they immediately assumed a fresh significance and fascination. In short, we admitted that our old theory of dancing had not a leg to stand on; and the slender foot of Andalusia was on our necks.





Far be it from the humble scribe who indites these lines to venture upon the task of discriminating between the divinities who, at the present writing, reign over us, and, by the spell of their dance, send our obedient blood dancing through our veins. One star differeth from another in glory; but the glory of each is its own, and in the firmament of art there is space for all. I am duly thankful, rather, that a walk of sixty seconds will convey me from Carmencita to Otero, and from Otero back to Carmencita. To ask which is the better were barbarous and vain; they are both better than anything else that has been vouchsafed us. Otero is admirable and adorable; Carmencita is adorable and admirable. Because a picture is beautiful, I do not turn away from a statue. To dwell in the presence of both were felicity. If the King of Spain were not so young a man, I should have a very poor opinion of his intelligence. Only his youth can excuse him for permitting these young ladies to leave his dominions. Alas! poor monarch! unlucky Catholic Majesty! He was born in an evil year,—a dozen years at least too late. He rules a barren empire: he wears a crown from which the jewels are missing. The play of "Hamlet" without the prince is tolerable compared with Spain empty of Otero and Carmencita. They are here, and here we mean to keep them. They have been admitted duty-free, to the utter annihilation of our infant terpsichorean industry; but the tariff on their exportation shall be prohibitive. They ought to have a theatre, or theatres, built expressly for them. Will not Mr. Russell Sage, or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, or somebody, do it? If not, surely our mayor and aldermen will, after all the pains we have been at to elect them. A mayor and aldermen ought to do something, else what are they there for?

Bacon says that there can be no great beauty without some strangeness in the proportion. One sees an aptness in this proposition when contemplating Carmencita, as she stands with her hands on her hips, before beginning to move. A slender, dark face, surmounted by jet-black hair,—no, not jet-black, but black as midnight, black as the blackness of a coal-mine, yet with a crisp life in it bespeaking a rich and intense vitality: a head thus crowned, and set upon a delicate throat and a slight figure clad in glowing silk and Spanish lace and standing in little high-heeled shoes:—that is what we see, and it is, after so much anticipation, nothing wonderful. But when the music strikes up, Carmencita smiles, and moves. This smile and movement are not to be described: they are magical and electrifying. Nothing like Carmencita's eyes had been seen in this country, until she came here; perhaps a Spanish artist could portray, or poet sing, their light of stars in darkness, their fiery softness, their unfathomable kindling. And the mouth, with its full lower lip and sharp-moulded upper, suits them well: what they promise it can perform. The smile speaks of a nature rich in Oriental color, a temperament ardent and generous as the Andalusian sun. But the dance unfolds and utters what the smile could hint at only; and it is an enchanting, a bewildering revelation. Her motions are as swift as leaping flame, with an infallible, audacious grace that warms and exhilarates the beholder like fairy wine. She dances from toes to finger-tips, from crown to heel. At each instant

she passes through a pose in which one wishes she might remain forever; but each succeeding one makes us forget the others. She lifts her bosom like a full-breasted bird, she twists like a serpent, there is a wave-like freedom in the swaying of her loins, and her head poises on her throat like a flower on its stem. When the music and the motion have fired her blood, she carries the spectators with her, even as the hypnotized subject observes the indication of the hypnotizer. With another smile, she shakes her lace petticoats and advances straight at you down the stage. You don't know what is going to happen; you are conscious of a ravishing suspense; if it were the last thing you could ever hope to do in this world, you would stay and see it out. You do see it out; and it transcends even the expectations that she has aroused. What a marvellous creature she is, to be sure! And now she has kissed both her hands to you, has smiled once more, and is gone. She should have stayed forever: there is no other fault to find with her.



Carmencita is an exquisite electric storm; Otero is a rich, voluptuous calm. There is even something aristocratic in her repose, though no queen who ever reigned at Madrid displayed in her whole career a tithe of the grace that marks Otero in her least considered movement. Otero is, in the first place, exceeding beautiful, and her beauty is not of the face only, but of figure and gesture. Her profile is as delicate as a cameo, and her complexion warm as the magnolia-blossom with light shining through it. Her hair is dark, and parted with proud simplicity in the centre; her eyes are clear brown, with long dark lashes. Shoulders and bust are beautifully and largely moulded; her waist is slender, but as pliant as the stalk of a lily. Beneath, her figure springs

forth in grand curves, and what is visible below the hem of her petticoat is as firm and tapering as bounteous nature and careful training, in black silk stockings and a gold bangle, can make it. Her costume is rich, but very simple; the eye readily takes it in at a glance, yet dwells with pleasure on its every part. It is trim and jaunty, fitting close, but allowing perfect freedom of movement; the skirt is a trifle shorter than Carmencita's, but not so full. As Otero comes marching in at the head of her little company of gorgeous caballeros and brilliant señoritas, and traverses the stage to and fro, she is as lovely an object as this world of disappointments can afford. As they fall back, she unwraps the silken shawl that is wound about her and stands forth to sing.

This singing is as well worth seeing as hearing, for the seeing is

unique in its way, and displays the marvellous felicity of gesture which Southern nations possess, and whereof the cleverest of our climate know not so much as the alphabet. She never makes even the smallest movement that has not its meaning; and all her movements have a slowness which is delightful, because it carries with it such supreme grace. How precise and exquisite an instrument is this human body, whose quaint but poignant gestures, whose almost imperceptible swayings and changes, not only illustrate the singing words, but convey a richness of significance which no words can compass! Tenderness, passion, and humor pass in turn through this lovely alembic and issue forth in melody; her white hands clasp her bosom, her large eyes half close in a voluptuous languor, a smile dawns on her lips, and her pure and youthful voice flows out in gathering and receding waves of sound: "Ohè, mama! ohè, mama!" Then follows a lively Spanish folk-song, with arch words and insinuations, inexpressible shrugs and twinkling fingers, arms akimbo and coquettish ankles. Otero is an actress, if she chooses; and she may yet grace our stage, when she has learned a little more English than "I love you!" and "Gonnie-jet-your-jun!"

As to her dancing: she is a great dancer, and she, too, dances from head to foot. For the rest, it is of a different style altogether from Carmencita's. It is as refreshing to look on as the rejoicing upgush of a fountain; it is as easy as the un-self-conscious dancing of a child, and yet it is severely artistic, and entrances rather than surprises. Occasionally there are traces in it of an influence coming from farther east than Spain,—of features handed down from the swarthy maids who figured before the princes of India and the Pharaohs of old Nile. But it is just a reminiscence, and no more; and the sparkle in her eye is ambiguous: you cannot be sure whether she answers or rejects your question. The moment passes, and the large, grand play of her limbs, the stately jollity of her carriage, the sharp fall of her elastic foot on the floor, banish that glimpse of the Orient, and bring us to Spain once more. It is a spectacle that stays in the memory like a sweet perfume in the nostrils; it comes again and again, and is not dimmed, because it is like nothing else. She is a great dancer; but dancing, to her, is an enjoyment, not a passion: she possesses the art, the art does not possess her.



*Julian Hawthorne.*

## CHRISTMAS-GIFTS.

CHRISTMAS on Sucrier plantation, and the gardens are on fire with red flames of salvia, roses, geraniums, verbenas, rockets of Indian shot, brilliant blazes of gold-and-scarlet coreopsis, marigold, and nasturtium, glowing coals of vivid portulaca.

Louisiana acknowledges a social obligation to respond to a Christmas freeze; but when a guest tarries, what is one to do?

She manufactures her ice, it is true. Why not produce an artificial winter? Simply because she does not care for it. If she did——? Such things are easily arranged.

Still, when he comes, a *guest*, she would not forget her manners and say him nay, any sooner than she would shrug her shoulders at a New-England cousin or answer his questions in French.

She does the well-bred act to the death, summons her finest, fairest, most brilliant and tender of flower and leaf to await his coming: so to-day all her royal summer family are out in full court dress, ready to prostrate themselves at his feet.

This may be rash, but it is polite.

Her grandfather was both; and so the "Creole State," in touch with her antipodal brother in ancestor-worship, is satisfied.

But winter, the howling swell, forgetful of provincial engagements, does not come. Still, the edge of his promise is in the breeze to-day, and the flaring banana leaves of tender green look cold and half afraid along the garden wall.

The Yule log smoulders lazily and comfortably in the big fireplace, but the windows and doors are open, and rocking-chairs and hammocks swing on the broad galleries of the great house.

It is a rich Christmas of the olden time.

Breakfast and the interchange of presents are over.

Cautious approaches of wheels through the outer gates during the night, in the wee short hours when youth sleeps most heavily, have resulted in mysterious appearances: a new piano in the parlor; a carriage, a veritable ante-bellum chariot, and a pair of bays, in the stable; guns, silver-mounted trappings, saddles, books, pictures, jewels, and dainty confections, within and piled about the stockings that hang around the broad dining-room chimney.

For there were sons and daughters on Sucrier plantation.

An easy-going, healthy, hearty, and happy man, of loose purse-strings and business habits, old Colonel Slack had grown wealthy simply because he lived on the shore where the tide always came in,—the same shore where since '61 the waters move always to the sea and those who waited where he stood are stranded.

His highest ambitions in life were realized. His children, the elect by inheritance to luxurious ease, were growing up about him, tall, straight, and handsome, and happily free from disintegrating disorganizing ambitions, loving the fleece-lined home nest.

The marriage of an eldest daughter, Lucie, to a wealthy next-door planter, ten miles away, had seemed but to add a bit of broidery to the borders of his garment.

His pretty, dainty wife, in lieu of wrinkles, had taken on avoirdupois and white hair, and instead of shrivelling like a four-o'clock bloomed into a regal evening-glory.

So distinctly conscious of all these blessings was the old colonel that his atmosphere seemed always charged with the electric quality which was happiness; but on occasions like to-day, when the depths of his tenderesses were stirred within him by the ecstasy of giving and of getting thanks and smiles and thanks again from "*my handsome wife*," "*my fine children*," "*my loyal slaves*,"—ah, this was the electric *flash*! It was joy! It was delight and exuberance of spirit! It was youth returned! It was Christmas!

In his heart were peace and good will all the year round, and on Christmas—hallelujahs.

He had often been heard to say that if he ever professed religion it would be on Christmas; and, by the way, so it was, but not *this* Christmas.

A tender-souled, good old man was he, yet thoughtless, withal, as a growing boy.

Down in the quarters this morning, the negroes, gaudily arrayed in their Sunday best, were congregated in squads about the benches in front of their cabins, awaiting the ringing of the plantation bell which should summon them to "the house" to receive their Christmas-packages.

In the grove of China-trees around which the cabins were ranged, a crowd of young men and maidens flirted and chaffed one another on the probable gifts awaiting them.

One picked snatches of tunes on a banjo, another drew a bow across an old fiddle, but the greater number were giddily spending themselves in plantation repartee, a clever answer always provoking a loud unanimous laugh, usually followed by a reckless duet by the two "musicians."

Sometimes, when the jokes were too utterly delicious, the young "bucks" would ecstatically hug the China-trees or tumble down upon the grass and bellow aloud.

"What yer reck'n ole marster gwine give you, Unc' Torm?" said one, addressing an old man who had just joined the group and sat sunning his shiny bald head.

"Spec he gwine give Unc' Torm some hair-ile, er a co'se comb," suggested a pert youth.

"Look like he better give you a wagon-tongue er a bell-tongue, caze yo' tongue ain't long 'nough," replied Uncle Tom, quietly; and so the joke was turned.

"I trus' he gwine give Bow-laigged Joe a new pair o' breeches!"

"Ef he do, I hope dey'll be cut out wid a circular saw!" came a quick response, which brought a scream of laughter.

"Wonder what Lucindy an' Dave gwine git?"

Lucindy and Dave were bride and groom of a month.

In a minute two big fellows were hugging each other and screaming over a whispered suggestion, and half a dozen were rolling on the ground holding their sides before the word "cradle" escaped and set girls and all to giggling.

"Pity somebody wouldn't drap some o' you smart boys on a *corn-cradle* an' chop you up," protested the bride, with a toss of her head.

"De whole passel ob 'em wouldn't make nothin' but rotten-stone, ef dee was *grin'* up," suggested Uncle Tom, with an intolerant snuffle.

"Den you mought use us fur tooth-powder," responded the wit again, and the bald-headed old man, again vanquished, good-naturedly bared his toothless gums to join in the laughter at his own expense.

A sudden clang of the bell brought all to their feet presently, and, strutting, laughing, prancing, they proceeded up to the house, the musicians tuning up afresh *en route*, for in the regular order of exercises arranged for the day they were to play an important part.

The recipients were to be ranged in the yard in line about fifty feet from the back steps where the master should stand, and, as their names were called, in pairs, to dance forward, receive their gifts, courtesy, and dance back to their places.

At the calling of the names music would begin.

The pair who by vote should be declared the most graceful should receive from the master's hand a gift of five dollars each, with the understanding that it should supply the egg-nog for the evening's festivities, where the winners should preside as king and queen.

An interested audience of the master's family, seated on the gallery back of him, was a further stimulant to best effort.

The packages, all marked with names, were piled on two tables, those for men on one and the women's on the other, and the couples resulting from a random selection from each caused no little merriment.

All had agreed to the conditions, and when *Lame Phoebe* was called out with *Jake Daniels*, a famous dancer, they were greeted with shouts of applause.

*Phoebe*, enthused by her reception and in no wise embarrassed by a short leg, made a virtue of necessity, advancing and retreating in a series of graceful bows, manipulating her sinewy body so dexterously that the inclination towards the left foot was more than concealed, and for the first time in his life *Jake Daniels* came in second best, as, amid deafening applause, *Lame Phoebe* bowed and wheeled herself back among the people.

Then came *Joe Scott*, an ebony swell, with *Fat Sarey*, a portly dame of something like three hundred *avoirdupois*,—a difficult combination again.

That *Sarey* had not danced for twenty years was not through reluctance of the flesh more than of the spirit, for she was "a child o' the kingdom," both by her own profession and universal consent.

Laughing good-naturedly, with shaking sides she stepped forward, bowed first to her master and then to her partner, and, raising her right hand, began, in a wavering, soft voice, keeping time to the vibrating melody by easy undulations of her pliable body, to sing:



"Dey's a star in de eas' on Chris'mus morn,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller!  
 Hit'll take yer ter de place whar de Saviour's born,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller!  
 Ef yer taken good notice ter de angels' words,  
 You'll leave yo' flocks an' leave yo' herds,  
 An' rise up, shepherd, an' foller!  
 Leave yo' sheep  
 An' leave yo' lamb,  
 Leave yo' ewe  
 An' leave yo' ram,  
 An' rise up, shepherd, an' foller!"

Joe took his cue from the first note, and, accommodating his movements to hers, elaborating them profusely with graceful gestures, he fell in with a rich high tenor, making a melody so tender and true that the audience were hushed into reverential silence.

The first verse finished, Sarey turned slowly, and by an uplifted finger invited all hands to join in the chorus.

Rich and loud, in all four parts, came the effective refrain :

"Foller, foller, foller, foller,  
 Rise, O shepherd, rise an' foller,  
 Foller de star o' Bethlehem!"

Still taking the initiative, Sarey now bent easily and deeply forward in a most effusive parlor salutation as she received her gift, while Joe, as ever quick of intuition, also ignored conventionality, and, dispensing with the traditional dipping courtesy, surrendered himself to a compound duplex-elliptic bow which involved the entire length of his willowy person.

Turning now, without losing for a moment the rhythmic movement, they proceeded to sing a second verse :

"Oh, yo' Saviour's a-livin' dis Chris'mus morn,  
 Rise up, sinner, an' foller!  
 Don't wait fur de blowin' o' Gabr'el's horn,  
 Rise up, sinner, an' foller!  
 Foller th'oo de valley so dark an' col',  
 An' He'll lead yer ter de city wid de streets o' gold,  
 Rise up, sinner, an' foller!  
 Leave yo' father,  
 Leave yo' mother,  
 Leave yo' sister,  
 Leave yo' brother,  
 An' rise up, sinner, an' foller!"

A slightly-accelerated movement had now brought the performers back to their places, when the welkin rang with a full all-round chorus :

"Foller, foller, foller, foller,  
 Rise, O sinner, rise an' foller,  
 Foller de Saviour o' Bethlehem!"

A few fervid high-noted "Amens!" pathetically suggestive of pious senility, were succeeded now by a silence more eloquent than applause.

Other dancers by youthful antics soon restored hilarity, however, and for quite an hour the festivities kept up with unabated interest.

Finally a last parcel was held up,—only one,—and when the master called, "Judy Collins!" adding, "Judy, you'll have to dance by yourself, my girl!" the excitement was so great that for several minutes nothing could be done.

Judy Collins, by a strange coincidence, was the only "old maid" on the plantation, and, as she was a dashing, handsome woman, she had given the mitten at one time or another to nearly every man present.

That she should have to dance alone was too much for their self-control.

The women, convulsed with laughter, held on to one another, while the men shrieked aloud.

Judy was the only self-possessed person present.

Before any one realized her intention, she had seized a new broom from the kitchen gallery near, and stepped out into the arena with it in her hand.

Judy was grace itself. Tall, willowy and lithe, stately as a pine, supple as a mountain-trout, she glided forward with her broom.

Holding it now at arm's length, now balancing it on end and now on its wisps, venturing off at hazardous distances but always catching it ere it fell, then, changing the figure, poising it on her chin, her forehead, the back of her neck, on either hand, until she received her gift, she deftly slipped the bundle over the broom-handle and danced back with it on her shoulder.

The performance entire had proved a brilliant success, and Judy's dance a fitting climax.

Needless to say, Judy insisted on keeping the broom.

The awarding of the prizes by acclamation to Joe Scott and Fat Sarey was the work of a moment, prettily illustrating the religious susceptibility of the voters.

Then followed a "few remarks" from the speaker of the occasion, and a short and playful response from the master, when the crowd dispersed, opening their bundles *en route* as they returned merrily to their cabins.

The parcels had been affectionately prepared. Besides the dresses, wraps, and shoes given to all, there were attractive trinkets, bottles of cologne, ribbons, gilt ear-rings or pins, for the young women, cravats, white collars, shirt-studs, for the beaux, and for the old such luxuries as tobacco, walking-canes, spectacles, and the like, with small coins for pocket-money.

This year, in addition to the extra and expected "gift," each young woman received, to her delight, a flaring hoop-skirt; and such a lot of balloons as were flying about the plantation that morning it would be hard to find again.

Happy and care-free as little children were they, and as easily pleased.

Having retired for the moment necessary for their inflation and adornment, the younger element, balloons and beaux, soon returned to their popular holiday resort under the China-trees.

Though the branches were bare, the benches beneath them commanded a perennial fair-weather patronage; for where a bench and a tree are, there will young men and maidens be gathered together.

Lame Mose was there, with his new cushioned crutch, and Phil Thomas the preacher, looking ultra-clerical and important in a polished beaver, while Lucindy and Dave, triumphant in the cumulative dignity of new bride-and-groomship, hoop-skirt and standing collar, actually strutted about arm in arm in broad daylight, to the intense amusement of the young folk, who nudged one another and giggled as they passed.

Such was the merry spirit of the group when Si, a young mulatto household servant, suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"'Cindy," said he, "marster say come up ter de house,—dat is, ef you an' Dave kin part company fur 'bout ten minutes."

"I don' keer nothin' 'bout no black ogly-lookin' some'h'n'—nother like Dave, nohow!" exclaimed Lucindy, flirtatiously, as, leaving her husband, she playfully grasped Si's arm and proceeded with him up to the house, leaving Dave laughing with the rest at her antics.

The truth was that Lucindy, confidently expecting the descent of some further gift upon her brideship, was delighted at the summons, and her face beamed with expectancy as she presented herself before her master.

"Lucindy," said he, as she entered, "I want you to mount Lady Gay and ride down to Beechwood this morning, to take some Christmas-things to Lucie and her chicks."

Lucindy's smile broadened into a delighted grin.

A visit to Beechwood to-day would be sure to elicit a present from her young mistress "Miss Lucie," besides affording an opportunity to compare presents and indulge in a little harmless gossip with the Beechwood negroes.

Lady Gay stood, ready saddled, waiting at the door. After a little delay in adjusting the assertive springs of her hoop-skirt to the pommel of the saddle, Lucindy started off in a gallop.

When she entered the broad hall at Beechwood, the family, children and all, recognizing her as an ambassador of Santa Claus, gathered eagerly about her, and as boxes and parcels were opened in her presence her eyes fairly shone with pleasure. Nor was she disappointed in her hope of a gift herself.

A gaudy "open-and-shut" feather-edged fan filled her cup of happiness to overflowing.

"I allus did love you de mos' o' all o' ole Miss's chillen, Miss Lucie," she exclaimed, opening and closing the fan with infantile delight.

"I does nachelly love red. Red seem like hit's got mo' color in it 'n any color."

"Dishere's a reg'lar courtin'-fan," she added to herself, as she followed the children out into the nursery to inspect their new toys, fanning, posing, and flirting as she went. "Umh! ef I'd 'a' des had dis fan las' summer I'd 'a' had Dave all but crazy."

After enjoying it for an hour or more, she finally wrapped it care-

fully in her handkerchief and put it for safe keeping into her pocket. In doing so, her hand came in contact with a letter which she had forgotten to deliver.

"Law, Miss Lucie!" she exclaimed, hurrying back, "I mos' done clair forgittin' ter gi' you yo' letter whar ole marster tol' me ter han' you de fus' thing."

"I wondered that father and mother had sent no message," replied Lucie, opening the note. Her face softened into a smile, however, as she proceeded to read it.

"Why, you wretch, Lucindy!" she exclaimed, laughing, "you've kept me out of my two best Christmas-gifts for an hour. I always wanted to own Lady Gay, and father writes that you are a fine, capable girl."

Lucindy cast a quick frightened look at Lucie and caught her breath.

"And I am so glad to know that you are pleased. Why didn't you tell me that you were a Christmas-gift when you came?"

There was no longer any doubt. Lucindy could not have answered to save her life. The happy-hearted child of a moment ago was transformed into a desperate, grief-stricken woman.

"Why, Lucindy!" Lucie was really grieved to discern the tragic look in the girl's face. "I am disappointed. I thought you loved me. I thought you would be delighted to belong to me,—to be my maid,—and not to work in the field any more,—and to have a nice cabin in my yard,—and a sewing-machine,—and to learn to embroider,—and to dress my hair,—and to——"

The growing darkness in Lucindy's face warned Lucie that this conciliatory policy was futile, and yet, feeling only kindly towards her, she continued:

"Tell me, Lucindy, why you are distressed. Don't you really want to belong to me? Why did you say that you loved me the best?"

It was no use. Lucie was almost frightened as she looked again into the girl's face.

Her eyes shone like a caged lion's, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously.

After many fruitless efforts to elicit a response, Lucie called her husband, and together they tried by kind assurances to pacify her; but it was vain. She stood before them a mute impersonation of despair and rage.

"You'd better go out into the kitchen for a while, Lucindy," said Lucie, finally, "and when I send for you I shall expect you to have composed yourself." Looking neither to right nor left, Lucindy strode out of the hall, across the gallery, down the steps, through the yard to the kitchen, gazed at by the assembled crowd of children both black and white.

"Cindy ain't but des on'y a little while ago married," said Tildy, a black girl who stood in the group as she passed out.

"Married, is she?" exclaimed Lucie, eagerly grasping at a solution of the difficulty. "That explains. But why didn't she tell me?"

There must be some explanation. This is so unlike father. We are to dine at Sucier this afternoon. Go, Tildy, and tell Lucindy that we will see what can be done."

"Fo' laws-o'-mussy sakes, Miss Lucie, please, ma'am, don't sen' me ter 'Cindy now. 'Cindy look like she gwine hurt somebody."

If Tildy could have seen Lucindy at this moment, she might well have feared to approach her.

When she had entered the kitchen a little negro who had followed at her heels announced to the cook and her retinue,—

"'Cindy mad caze ole marster done sent 'er fur a Chris'mus-gif ter Miss Lucie." Whereupon there were a series of varied exclamations:

"Umph!"

"You is a sorry-lookin' Chris'mus-gif', sho!"

"I don't blame 'er!"

"What you frettin' 'bout, chile? You in heaben here!"

"De gal's married," whispered some one in stage fashion, finally.

"Married!" shrieked old Silvy Ann from her corner where she sat peeling potatoes. "Married! Eh, Lord! Time you ole as I is, you won't fret 'bout no sech. Turn 'im out ter grass, honey, an' start out fur a grass-widder. I got five I done turned out in de pasture now, an' ef dee sell me out ag'in Ole Abe'll be a-grazin' wid de res'!"

"Life is too short ter fret, honey! But ef yer *boun'* ter fret, fret 'bout *some'h'n'*! Don't fret 'bout one o' deze heah long-laigged, good-fur-nothin' sca'crows name' Mister Man!"

"Who you married ter, gal?"

"She married ter cross-eyed Dave," some one answered.

"Cross-eyed! De Lord! Let 'im go fur what he'll fetch, honey! De woods roun' heah is full o' straight-eyed ones, let 'lone game-eyes!" And the vulgar old creature encored her own wit with an outburst of cracked laughter.

"Ain't you 'shame' o' yo'se'f, Aunt Silvy Ann! 'Cindy ain't like you; she *married,—wid a preacher.*"

"Yas, an *unmarried 'dout no preacher!* What's de good o' lockin' de do' on de inside wid a key, ef you k'n open it f'om de outside 'dout no key? I done kep' clair o' locks an' keys all my life, an' nobody's feelin's was hurt."

While old Silvy Ann was running on in this fashion, Texas, the cook, had begun to address Lucindy:

"Don't grieve yo' heart, baby. My ole man stay mo' fur 'n ole marster's f'om heah,—way down ter de cross-roads t'other side de bayou. How fur do daddy stay, chillen?" she added, breaking red pepper into her turkey-stuffing.

"Leb'n mile," answered four voices from as many little black pickaninnies who tumbled over one another on the floor.

"You heah dat! *Leb'n mile*, an' ev'y blessed night he come home ter Texas! Yas, ma'am, an' 'is lone star keep a lookout fur 'im too,—a candle in de winder an' a tin pan o' 'membrance on de hyearth."

Seeing that her words produced no effect, Texas changed her tactics.

Approaching Lucindy, she regarded her with admiration: "Dat's a quality collar you got on, 'Cindy. An', law bless my soul, ef de gal ain't got on hoops! You gwine lead de style on dis planta——"

Texas never finished her sentence.

Trembling with fury, Lucindy snatched the collar from her neck and tore it into bits, then, making a dive at her skirts, she ripped them into shreds in her frantic effort to destroy the hoop-skirt.

Dragging the gilt pendants from her ears, tearing the flesh as she did so, she threw them upon the floor, and, stamping upon them, ground them to atoms.

Her new brogans attracting her next, she kicked them from her feet and hurled them, one after another, into the open fire.

No vestige of a gift from the hand that had betrayed her would she spare.

While all this was occurring in the kitchen, a reverse side of the tragedy was enacting in the house.

A few moments after Lucindy's departure, while Lucie and her husband were yet discussing the situation, another messenger came from Sucrier, this time a man, and again a gift, the "note" which he promptly delivered proving to be a deed of conveyance of "two adult negroes, by name Lucinda and David." Then followed descriptions of each, which it was unnecessary to read.

The bearer seemed in fine spirits.

"Ole marster des sont me wid de note, missy," said he, courtesying respectfully, "an' ef yer please, ma'am, I'll go right back ef dey ain't no answer. We havin' a big time up our way ter-day."

"Why, don't you know what this is, Dave?"

"Yas, 'm, co'se I knows. Hit's—hit's a letter. Law, Miss Lucie, yer reck'n I don' know a letter when I see it?"

"Yes, but this letter says that you are not to go back. Father has sent you as a Christmas-gift to us."

"Wh—wh—h—how you say dat, missy?"

"Please don't look so frightened, Dave. From the way you all are acting to-day, I begin to be afraid of myself. Don't you want to belong to me?"

"Y—y—yas, 'm, but yer see, missy, I—I—I's marri'd."

The hat in his hand was trembling as he spoke.

"And where is your wife?" Could it be possible that he did not know?

"She—sh—she——" The boy was actually crying. "She stay wid me. B—b—but marster des sont 'er on a arrant dis mornin'. Gord knows whar he sont 'er. I 'lowed maybe he sont 'er heah, tell 'e sont me."

The situation, which was plain now, had grown so interesting that Lucie could not resist the temptation to bring the unconscious actors in the little drama together, that she might witness the happy catastrophe.

She whispered to Tildy to call Lucindy.

That Lucinda should have been summoned just at the crisis of her passion was most inopportune.



Tildy stood at a distance as she timidly delivered the message. Indeed, all the occupants of the kitchen had moved off apace and stood aghast and silent.

As soon as Lucindy heard the command, however, without even looking down at herself, with her head still high in air and her fury unabated, she followed Tildy into the presence of her mistress.

Lucie was frightened when she looked upon her, and it was some moments before she could command herself enough to speak.

The girl's appearance was indeed tragic.

In tearing the ribbon from her hair she had loosened the ends of the short braids, which stood in all directions. Her ears were dripping with blood, and through her torn sleeve her black arm, scratched with her nails, was also bleeding.

Below her tattered skirt trailed long detached springs, the dilapidated remains of the glorious structure of the morning.

Her tearless eyes gave no sign of weakening, and the veins about her neck and temples, pulsating with passion, were swollen and knotted like ropes.

She seemed to have grown taller, and the black circles beneath her eyes and about her swelling lips imparted by contrast an ashen hue grimly akin to pallor to the rest of her face.

As her mistress contemplated her, she was moved to pity.

"Lucindy," she spoke with marked gentleness, "I showed you all my Christmas-gifts this morning, but after you went out we received another, and I've sent for you to show you this too."

She hesitated, but not even by a quivering muscle did Lucindy give a sign of hearing.

"Look over there towards the library door, Lucindy, and see the nice carriage-driver father sent me."

Ah! now she looked.

For a moment only young husband and wife regarded each other, and then, oblivious to all eyes, the two Christmas-gifts rushed into each other's arms.

The fountains of her wrath were broken up now, and Lucindy's tears came like rain. Crying and sobbing aloud, she threw her long arms around little Dave, and, dragging him out into the floor, began to dance.

Dave, more sensitive than she, abashed after the first surprise, became conscious and ashamed.

"Stop, 'Cindy! I 'clare, gal, stop! Stop, I say!" he cried, trying in vain to wrest himself from her grasp.

"You 'Cindy! You makes me 'shame'! Law, gal! Miss Lucie, come here to 'Cindy!"

But the half-savage creature, mad with joy, gave no heed to his resistance as she whirled him round and round up and down the hall.

"Hallelujah! Glory! Amen! Glory be ter Gord, fur givin' me back dishere little black cross-eyed bandy-legged nigger! Glory, I say!"

The scene was not without pathos. And yet—how small a thing will sometimes turn the tide of emotion! By how trifling a by-play does a tragedy become comedy!

In her first whirl, the trailing steels of Lucindy's broken hoop-skirt flew over the head of the cat, who sat in the door, entrapping her securely.

Round and round went poor puss, terror-stricken and wildly glaring, utterly unable to extricate herself, until finally, a reversed movement freeing her, she sprang with a desperate plunge and an ear-splitting "*miaou*!" by a single bound out of the back door.

This served to bring Lucindy to a consciousness of her surroundings.

Screaming with laughter, she threw herself down and rolled on the floor.

In rising, her eyes fell for the first time, with a sense of perception, down upon herself.

Suddenly conscience-stricken, she threw herself again before her mistress.

"Fo' Gord sake, whup me, Miss Lucie!" she began; "whup me, er put me in de stocks! I ain't no mo' fitt'n fur a Chris'mus-gif' 'n one o' deze heah tiger-cats in de show-tent. Des look heah how I done ripped up all my perties, an' bus' my ears open, an' broke up all my hoop-granjer, all on 'count o' dat little black cross-eyed nigger! I tell yer de trufe, missy, I ain't no bad-hearted nigger! You des try me! I'll hoe fur yer, I'll plough fur yer, I'll split rails fur yer, I'll be yo' hair-dresser, I'll run de sew'-machine fur yer, I'll walk on my head fur yer, ef yer des leave me dat one little black scrooched-up some'h'n'-nother stan'in' over yonner 'gins' de do', grinnin' like a chessy-cat. He ain't much, but, sech as 'e is an' what dey is of 'im, fo' Gord sake, spare 'im ter me! Somehow, de place whar he done settled in my heart is des nachelly my *wil'-cat spot*."

Sitting in her rags at her mistress's feet, in this fashion she approached the formal apology which she felt that her conduct demanded.

Somehow the conventional formula, "I ax yo' pardon," seemed inadequate to the present requirement.

She hardly knew how to proceed.

After hesitating a moment in some embarrassment, she began again, in a lower tone:

"Miss Lucie, dishere's Chris'mus, ain't it?"

"Yes: you know it is."

"An' hit's de day de Lord cas' orf all 'is glory an' come down ter de yearth, des a po' little baby a-layin' in a stable 'longside o' de cows an' calves, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"An' hit's de day de angels come a-singin' 'peace an' good will,' ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Miss Lucie——"

"Well?"

"On de 'count o' all dat, honey, won't yer please, ma'am, pass over my *wil'-cat* doin's dis time, mistus?"

She waited a moment, and, not understanding how a rising lump in her throat kept her mistress silent, continued to plead:

"Fo' Gord sake, mistus, I done said all de Scriptur' I knows. What mo' kin I say?"

"What—what—what—what—what's all this?"

It was old Colonel Slack, standing in the front hall door.

At the sound of his voice, the three grandchildren ran to meet him, Lucie following.

"You dear old father!" she exclaimed, kissing him. "You've grown impatient and come after us!"

"Certainly I have. What sort of spending the day do you call this? It's two o'clock now. But what's all this?" he repeated, approaching Lucindy, who had risen to her feet.

Dave had gradually backed nearly out of the door.

"Why, Lucindy, my girl! you look as if you'd had a tiff with a panther."

"Tell de trufe, marster, I done been down an' had a han'-ter-han' wrestle wid Satan ter-day, an' he all but whupped me out."

"How did you happen to send these poor children to us separately, father?" said Lucie. "They have been almost broken-hearted, each thinking the other was to stay at Sucrier."

"Well, well, well! I am the clumsiest old blunderer! It's from Scylla to Charybdis every time. I didn't want my people to suspect they were going, just because it's Christmas, you know, and saying good-by will cast a sort of shadow over things. Dave and Lucindy are immensely popular among the darkies. I knew they'd be glad to come: it's promotion, you see. Never thought of a misunderstanding.—And so you poor little children thought I wanted to divorce you, did you? And you, Lucindy, flew into a tantrum and tore the clothes off your back? I don't blame you. I'd tear mine off too.—Rig her up again somehow, daughter, and let her go up to the dance to-night."

Opening his pocket-book, he took out two crisp five-dollar bills.

Handing one of them to Lucindy, he said,—

"Here, girl, take this, and—don't you tell 'em I said so, but I thought you beat the whole crowd dancing this morning, anyhow.—And Dave, you little cross-eyed rascal you, step up here and get your money. Here's five dollars to pay for spoiling your Christmas. Now, off with you!"

As they passed out, Lucindy seized Dave's arm, and when last seen as they crossed the yard she was dragging the little fellow from side to side, dancing in her rags and flirting high in air the red fan, which by some chance had escaped destruction in her pocket.

Magnificent in a discarded ball-dress of Lucie's, Lucinda was the centre of attraction at the Sucrier festival that evening, and when questioned in regard to her toilet of the morning, she answered, with a playful toss of the head,—

"What y'all talkin' 'bout, niggers? I wushes you ter onerstan' dat I's a house-gal now! Yer reck'n I gwine wear common ornaments, same as you fiel'-han's?"

*Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

## "I REMEMBER—"

ISN'T it strange that a comedian should have anything serious in his history,—that his life should be punctuated by troubles and cares,—that he should be born, nurtured, spanked, dosed with nasty decoctions,—and, finally, that there should be aught in his days but merriment and laughter? I once heard a popular actor, whose funny face had grown familiar during many years of service in comedy, declare that it was his firm belief that if he were starving and begged for bread on Broadway he would get nothing but laughter to appease his hunger, the very idea of John T. Raymond playing the part of a beggar would be so amusing to the public. In my own experience I can recall numerous instances of men meeting me privately for the first time and smiling broadly at every earnest word uttered. It was exasperating at first, but in a little while I became used to it. And, after all, why should one wonder at it, when I was impressed in the same way in my younger days by the stage-people? I never thought of Edwin Booth without that melancholy aspect of Hamlet, nor of the idol of my dramatic fancy, E. L. Davenport, without the keen avaricious glare of Sir Giles Overreach; and Edwin Adams, whether on the street or on the stage, was always to me poor, broken-hearted Enoch Arden.

So, when I was invited to publish something like an autobiography, I hesitated, for two reasons: one, because my readers might expect something wholly humorous, and the other, the fear that I was incapable of entertaining them with the story of a life so uneventful as mine has been. Matters and things that were important enough to me might be prosy, flat, and insignificant to the casual reader who expects and demands that each page of his magazine shall give forth its full quota of interesting information or amusement.

I can state, not as a fact of remembrance, but as a bit of hearsay evidence, that I began my musical career in Philadelphia on February 7, 1854. That was the first time I ever used my voice. Indeed, I sometimes think that it was used to such an extent in those days of infancy that it became stunted as it older grew, although I must confess that this thought was not wholly original with me, but has been so frequently suggested by my critics that it has become a rock-rooted conviction. I don't think my fondness for the stage could have been inherited; for none of my family had ever been associated with the drama in any way: in fact, my parents were members of the Society of Friends and looked with much disfavor upon everything theatrical. Yet I can't remember when I began my ambition to act. I know I was nearly ten years of age when my hopes were realized in a humble way. I was dividing my attention between my school studies and the practice of jig-dancing in our cellar, when I chanced to hear that a man known as "Billy" Wright, who played in a concert-hall out in the Kensington district of Philadelphia, had assisted several amateur performers to obtain engagements. I sought him, and after he had looked my little figure over with much amusement he requested me to show

him how much I knew about dancing. So, while he whistled the "Essence of Ole Virginny" for me, I jiggged away as best I could. He complimented me, and directed me to Sam Sanford, who then managed a minstrel company in Third Street, far up town, and by whom I was engaged. I was christened on the play-bills "Master Johnny." My first public appearance was made in the familiar negro farce "The Virginia Mummy." Oh, the pride I felt when I emerged from that dark and dingy stage-door up a dirty alley after my initial performance! At last a real foothold had been secured on the ladder of fame, I thought. My importance as a factor in the dramatic world was magnified on salary-day upon receiving my earnings entirely in pennies. I don't remember how much I received, for the amount was of very little consequence to me; the glory of acting and the pleasure of knowing that my name was actually on the pay-roll of the theatre were quite enough for me. I appeared in the little sketches, danced and sang with blackened face, and, in short, performed about anything I was called upon to do. My parents and acquaintances knew nothing of my employment, and a safe means of effecting egress and ingress to my room at night was devised without the knowledge of any one of the household. But the secret was soon discovered, despite my precaution, for my mother found that the pillow-cases invariably showed streaks of burnt cork, which a hurried toilet at the theatre had failed to remove from my face. I was suspected, watched, and detected, and then began a period of punishments, trials, and bitter disappointments. But a few weeks of exemplary though insincere conduct gained some remission; and back I went to Sanford's. I was again found out and reprimanded, but I had grown bolder and more determined by this time, and frequently I threw off all the restraints of home and ran away to join some strolling company. Once, I remember, I went with a performer named Fayette Welch to play with a company stationed at Alexandria, Virginia. The city was under military patrol, and our audiences were made up of soldiers. The theatre was situated on the second floor of a dry-goods store, and a fife-and-drum concert was given each evening before the performance, very much after the manner of an auctioneer ringing his bell to announce his sale. I worried Welch so much in one way and another that he discharged me and sent me back to Philadelphia. The return was made with a crisp two-dollar bill and some clothes in a handkerchief slung over a much-used sword,—a present from an amateur negro tragedian whom I had taught how to make the death-fall of Richard III. I have great respect for that sword, for I believe the glitter of it saved me the punishment I deserved for my unasked-for absence from home, where I was mourned as dead.

I was a great admirer of E. L. Davenport, as has already been mentioned, and I kept secret the belief that if I could gain an interview with him his interest could be excited in my ambitious hopes. But I was afraid to speak frankly to any one of this desire to meet the tragedian; for the most of my associates in business would have ridiculed the idea of such a youngster as I seeking an engagement in a legitimate theatre. At every opportunity I would go to the Chestnut Street Theatre and watch my dramatic ideal with the keenest apprecia-

tion, and the more I saw of the drama the stronger became the desire to obtain employment near the great Davenport. One day I took into my confidence my old friend Sanford and begged him to secure me an interview with the tragedian manager. Of course he was astonished at this effrontery; yet he kindly penned a very complimentary letter of introduction to him and wished me good luck. But now that I had what seemed to me to be a certain open-sesame to a dramatic career in my hands, I was too much dazed by my good fortune to act without calm deliberation. Realizing that I was about to enter the august presence of my greatest idol, I wanted to study well how to approach him. I went to Fairmount Park, hugging closely that precious bit of script, and walked the by-paths and pondered. How would he receive me? Would he still wear that piercing, suspicious mien of Sir Giles that I had seen so often from my gallery seat? or would he, as I faintly hoped, hear me tell through the story of my fondest dreams, and, grasping me by the hand, bid me welcome to the threshold of a glorious dramatic career? That flattering letter from my first patron made me feel that his greeting could not be other than kindly. What did it say? And as I stopped on the bridge crossing the Schuylkill River I drew the valued epistle from my pocket to peruse it for the fiftieth time. A whiff of wind, a sudden grab in the air, a cry of despair, and that letter was sailing away in the breeze down toward the swift stream. Oh, what a bitter blow its loss was! But it was gone; and somehow I never mustered up enough courage to ask Sanford for another one. So back I went with a heavy heart to my burnt cork and jig-steps at the minstrel hall.

About this time I met James Mackin, a performer who was the partner of a man named Sullivan, both of them clog-dancers. Mackin liked me, and out of our intimacy came an indefinite sort of agreement that at some time we would unite our talents and travel in partnership. I accepted numerous offers from managers in other cities than Philadelphia, and soon came across Mackin in Indianapolis. We there agreed to tour the country under the professional name of Mackin and Wilson and devote ourselves entirely to minstrelsy. Mackin was a very clever dancer and an experienced black-face actor, and, as I had won by this time some reputation for originality in my work, we labored very hard and successfully to make a good business reputation. We soon became recognized as capable men, and it was not long before we were called to New York to join Birch, Wambold, and Backus's San Francisco Minstrels. After a long term before metropolitan audiences, we were complimented with enough public favor to insure ourselves ready engagement in any of the first-class minstrel organizations, and "Tom" Maguire, whose name is associated with the early dramatic history of the Pacific Coast, summoned us to San Francisco to become members of one of the most notable minstrel companies ever banded together. We played for several seasons in San Francisco, in the little hall on Bush Street, between Kearney and Montgomery Streets, now known as the Standard Theatre. While there I sought every opportunity to see the admirable performances given in the Baldwin Theatre, where a stock company was maintained with such sterling actors in its ranks as



James O'Neil, Louis James, W. H. Crane, M. A. Kennedy, and others who have since risen to eminence. My desire to enter the dramatic field had never abated, and there were few nights during my stay in the city on which I did not hurry from the minstrel hall up to the Baldwin to catch a glimpse of the current plays. I remember with especial pleasure the performances given there by Barry Sullivan, the English tragedian. His *Richard the Third* was a revelation to me, and his fight with Richmond one of the most accurate and realistic sword-combats I ever witnessed behind the foot-lights. W. H. Crane divined my inclination toward the legitimate branches of my profession, and it was he who gave me the first words of hearty encouragement to persevere in my purpose. He was generous enough to say unreservedly that he believed I would succeed should I make the trial, and out of his friendly yet candid and honest advice there was a quickening impulse imparted to my ambition, and, better still, his kindly interest in me, and my admiration for him both as actor and man, created a feeling of mutual affection that has never diminished in all these succeeding years.

Returning eastward, we joined Arlington, Cotton, and Kemble's Minstrels, located at Myer's Opera-House, Chicago. While acting with this company I obtained much valuable experience in my profession, for our programmes were very carefully prepared, and included many elaborate burlesques of current dramatic successes, and occasionally a pantomime, in which I was usually the harlequin.

I remained in Chicago for two years, and then returned to New York to play an engagement in Josh Hart's *Théâtre Comique* on Broadway, Harrigan and Hart being the principal members of the company engaged there. About this time I made the acquaintance of a man who became an invaluable friend and Mentor to me, John H. Mahoney, who was then and is still the Principal of Trinity Chapel School in New York. I found not only a most congenial companion, but an associate who opened before me opportunities to continue an education that had been interrupted by my infatuation for the stage. We became inseparable friends, and later we lived together. He was a wonderful teacher, for not only was he thoroughly and accurately informed in all branches of scholastic knowledge, but, better still, he possessed that which is so rare in men,—the faculty of imparting his information in the simplest and most logical form. I had a great deal of leisure time, and became his pupil, continuing under his instruction for several years. Previous to this, when in Chicago, I went to a business college to revive my dormant studies. Being quite well known by that time as a minstrel performer, I purposely kept my identity a secret from both my tutors and my fellow-scholars, not caring to be plied with questions and attentions on that account. But after a few months it was discovered that I was one of the Myer's Opera-House comedians, and the obsequious manners of my associates in the class were so annoying that I left the school at once. It was with very great regret that I was compelled to desert my studies, and when the association with Mr. Mahoney in New York began I was eager enough to embrace this new chance to resume them.

In the mean time, trouble had commenced brewing between Mackin and me. There was little in common between us, and after the first few months our relations were wholly of a business nature. He knew of my aspirations for a more legitimate sphere of acting, and he often derided me, both in private and in public, for my temerity in looking upward. Had he confined his taunts to verbal strictures they might have been borne in silence, for I had but little respect for his opinions; but once he resorted to his fists to drive the ambition out of my head. He was skilled a little in the science of boxing, while I knew nothing of the practice, and I realized that thereafter he would be certain to presume upon my ignorance and humiliate me on every possible occasion. I was determined not only to put a check to his abuse, but to pay him back in full for the rough usage I had sustained at his hands. I sought Colonel T. H. Monstery, a celebrated teacher of self-defence, and in a short while acquired sufficient knowledge of the use of my fists to compete with my pugnacious partner, and this I did with the result that I succeeded in establishing myself in what was, at least to all outward appearances, a position of respect in his estimation. This association with Colonel Monstery developed into a warm friendship, and I became an enthusiastic pupil of swordsmanship to him, as had Junius Brutus Booth, Frank Mayo, and many such before me; and even now when I go to Chicago, where he resides, my old master and I have many an enjoyable bout with the foils. At his earnest solicitation I entered for the sword-contests in the Gilmore Garden games in 1876, and through his careful coaching succeeded in winning the Amateur Championship of America. I ought to explain that, aside from a natural interest I had always felt in all contests of an athletic nature, I had been urged forward in my sword-practice by the hope that the accomplishment would better fit me for a dramatic career, and my inclinations were all toward tragedy. Indeed, many of the Shakespearean parts had already been faithfully committed to memory, and I had also selected my favorite rôles in which I felt convinced I would make a success. I was now (1877) twenty-three years old, and realized that I had not a moment to lose if I ever hoped to gain that most valuable schooling, a stock-theatre experience. The system of combinations was fast crowding out stock companies when I made an application to William D. Gemmill, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a position in his theatre for the following year. From one hundred dollars a week to fifteen is a dash downward, truly, but that was what was offered, and that was what I unhesitatingly accepted. For many years previously I had prepared for just such an emergency, and I was ready and happy when it came. One day in this season my friend Charles Bradshaw brought me a request from the principal actors of the Chestnut Street Theatre to become fencing-master to the stock company; and I gladly complied with it, our class comprising, besides Mr. Bradshaw, the late William E. Sheridan, William J. Ferguson, Frank W. Sanger, now the manager of the Broadway Theatre in New York, my present manager, A. H. Canby, and a few others. They liked me, and I was equally fond of them; and I can recall many happy occasions on that same stage where my venerated Davenport used to tread. It was to

Canby that the wish was confided that I might get a foothold as a dramatic actor, and the confidence he then expressed in my ultimate success has never deserted him. We became the closest of friends, and our delightful relations have remained unbroken from that date to the present time. In fact, it was during our after-midnight walks and our fanciful dreams of the future that we really laid the foundation of our present combination, although neither one of us thought at that time of comic opera as our field of operations.

In the season of 1878-79 I became regularly enrolled in my first dramatic company. At last my perseverance had been rewarded, and the results were in my own hands. The position as a utility man did not afford much opportunity to win any dramatic laurels, but it did enable me to study well the rudiments of the new branch of my profession, and every opportunity was seized. My first part was Cool, in "London Assurance," for which the critics gave me many encouraging words. One day I was cast for Farmer Banks in "Wild Oats," but at a rehearsal it was thought that a fellow-actor who was given Lamp was not qualified, and I was assigned that small comedy rôle. Up to this time my wish was for the serious and the tragic characters, yet I did my best to act the broken-down theatrical manager to the life, and I remember I took the part and studied it around and about Forrest's house, at the corner of Broad and Master Streets, with some sort of a vague notion or hope that this course would inspire me to greater success. And I did succeed. I recollect, too, how my mother and I wept for joy at the sweetness of it all! The salary continued at fifteen dollars all that season, but I felt that I had a million dollars' worth of glory as compensation. William Daly, who was the stage-manager, remarked as I came off the stage, "Young man, you keep on like that and you'll be playing principal comedy rôles next season." Then, looking me over, he exclaimed, disdainfully, "The idea of a fellow with such legs and such a nose aspiring to do serious business!" I thought my ability was highly complimented at the expense of other qualities. But they might say what they liked, I had tasted of the glory of a "curtain call," and, better still, I had that inward pride of knowing that I had made no mistake in my vocation. The success of my appearance as Lamp caused me to turn my attention with much determination toward comedy parts, and from that time forth all expectation of success in tragedy was abandoned. This season of 1878-79 was an important one for me, as it added a vast fund of valuable information to my experience. At the close of the theatre's regular season I accepted an offer to play the Judge in Clay Greene's drama "M'liss," in which Miss Annie Pixley was successfully "starring." Later on during that spring tour of ten weeks' duration I gave up the Judge to impersonate Templeton Fake in the same piece. At the beginning of the following season I returned to the Chestnut Street Theatre and played all the second comedy characters. During this year Sam Gerridge, in "Caste," fell to my lot, as did Sergeant Jones, in "Ours," and I was successful enough to command much applause from the audience and many pleasant words from my actor associates. But before the expiration of the season a release from my

managers was obtained to take advantage of an opportunity to advance my interests by joining Gill and Mitchell's little musical comedy company, known as Mitchell's Pleasure Party, playing "Our Goblins," by William Gill. The part to which I was assigned was a serio-comic heavy part termed the Baron, which had hitherto called for the services of a bass singer. I was told to do my best to elaborate it within the bounds of consistency, and I set to work to mould it into a comedy character. I succeeded, and was re-engaged at a very considerable increase of salary for the second season. It was among the first and best of the "Troubadour" plays, and we had a highly successful run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, when that house was under the management of J. H. Haverly.

We journeyed the country very thoroughly, and were quite prosperous, although the only incident, amusing or otherwise, that I can recall in connection with our travels is one that relates to a visit to Eureka, Nevada, in which we were the guests at a poor, inadequate little hotel owned and conducted by one of the most ruffianly-looking wretches I ever saw. Anybody who has ever been in Eureka knows very well that nothing but the densest ignorance of the place or the most pressing necessity could induce a traveller to visit that spot, where the fumes of sulphur from the silver-smelting-works offend one's nostrils by day and by night and give the impression that the Eureka and Palisades Railroad has somehow established a close connection with Beelzebub's engine-room. That fellow, as I say, ran a little frame restaurant which had by lack of opposition come to be recognized as the principal hotel of the town. We stopped at that man's house because we couldn't help ourselves: it was "Hobson's choice." A chemical analysis of our dinner would have been disheartening. But we had to eat to live, and, though we complained a good deal over our hard luck, we accepted the meal.

There was a small audience awaiting us at the theatre that night, and this didn't improve our impressions of Eureka. So the next day Gill and I prepared a formal petition to Congress, in which we most earnestly prayed that most august body to wipe Eureka completely off the map of the United States and in its place substitute a red square containing the word "Danger!" Of course our chief reason for this prayer was based upon the meagre but high-priced hospitality provided at the hotel; though we didn't fail to enumerate all of Eureka's bad spots. But we were cautious enough, after drawing up the paper, to arrange that it should not reach that landlord until we had boarded the train. Imagine our horror when we discovered, after reaching the dépôt, that Mitchell, our manager, was too ill to accompany us and was still lying in his room at the hotel! And that fatal document had been delivered to the landlord! Mitchell joined us a day later, in Salt Lake City, and he said that it cost him frequent and expensive rounds of drinks to preserve his life. He described that landlord as the most bloodthirsty scoundrel he had ever encountered, and he declared that another bit of pleasantry like that boomerang petition would cause the discharge of Gill and me instantly.

In the mean time, enough money had been put by out of my income

to increase my bank-account (already supplied from the savings of my minstrel days) to what to me was quite a substantial sum, and I married Miss Mira Barrie, of Chicago, a member of our company, purchased a two-thirds interest in "Our Goblins," and started westward to present the piece in San Francisco. That trip was a most disastrous one for me, for misfortunes came upon us thick and fast. First, Manager Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, at which we opened our engagement, was in financial difficulties, and his creditors closed its doors, compelling us to move our performance across the street to the Standard Theatre, where years before I had appeared as a member of Emerson's Minstrels. Night after night we looked out upon little else than empty seats, until we finally decided to give up "Our Goblins" and employ the services of our company in something more desirable to the San Francisco public. "Pinafore" had made its remarkable success, and we reproduced it. We gave a very good performance of the opera, although I remember that my Admiral Porter, K.C.B., was not an effort in which I took much pride. However, I began to feel that I could be successful in comic opera, and I continued to lay my plans in that direction. Our San Francisco venture was a complete financial failure, and I returned to the East almost without a dollar to my credit. Colonel John A. McCaull, the comic-opera manager, was conducting a company playing in the Bijou Theatre, New York. To him application was made one day. I was really much in need of employment, but I determined that he should not discover the truth: so when he inquired how much salary was wanted, I said one hundred dollars per week. He laughed, saying he wasn't going to give such a sum to a man whose ability he had never seen tested in comic opera. "All right," I replied, as I went away. We met again, and he accosted me with, "Well, young man, what is your salary to-day?" "One hundred dollars," was the reply, with emphasis. "I'll give you fifty and call it a bargain," he said. "No, colonel, I can't lower my price," I said, as I departed. A third time we met on the street, and he laughingly asked, "How about that salary to-day?" "Just the same as last week," I replied: "one hundred dollars." He hesitated a moment, and then, extending his hand to me, answered, "Well, I think I'll 'go you' one hundred a week to try my luck." So we made a contract, and I appeared with his company a few weeks later in the South Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia (afterwards called McCaull's Opera-House), as Don Sancho in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." This opera was continued for a prosperous run of many weeks in Philadelphia. We went to New York when Colonel McCaull became the manager of the amusements at the New York Casino, and opened that house with "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," which was followed by a production of "The Princess of Trebizonde," I appearing as Tremolini. Later we gave "Prince Methusalem," in which I enjoyed playing Sigismund very much, and "The Dotlet on the Eye" song did a great deal to excite the taste for topical verses. Then we returned to Philadelphia and presented "The Merry War," in which I was Balthazar, the tulip-grower. "Falka" followed, I playing Folbach, and at the close of that season I went to Europe for a summer



vacation. On my return I began my next season with McCaull in the New York Casino, appearing as Prutchesko in "Apajune," one of the most enjoyable parts to me that I ever had. I used to attempt to give a burlesque of Mr. Jules Levy, the famous cornetist, in one of the scenes of this opera. One evening, just as I was preparing myself for this imitation, I caught sight of the real Levy looking down upon me from a near box. I was nonplussed for the moment, and the audience, realizing the situation at once, laughed uproariously at my predicament. But I burlesqued him, with furtive glances thrown in his direction, and had the pleasure at the conclusion of seeing the great virtuoso leading the applause with much vigor and unmistakable evidences of keen enjoyment. Levy and I became good friends from that evening.

After much travelling about with McCaull's company, and when business differences between the New York Casino management and McCaull arose, necessitating the latter's retirement with his organization from that theatre, I was offered a larger income and greater advantages to return to the Casino under the new management than McCaull could afford to give me. I accepted the engagement, taking with me the pleasing assurance of the colonel's best wishes. For about three years I had been with him, and not only had the connection been of great benefit to me, but it was made harmonious and delightful by the frank, honest, and liberal business methods of my manager. He increased my salary voluntarily, did all in his power to improve my prospects, and in many ways evinced the interest of a friend in my welfare and professional advancement.

I made my first appearance in the Casino's new company as Mar-sillac in "Nanon," and later on appeared in "Amorita," "The Gypsy Baron," and "Erminie." In this last-named opera I found Cadeaux, the cowardly thief, a very humorous character in a remarkably entertaining story, and I became interested in him from the first reading of the libretto. I remember how confident I was of the success of the opera even before its rehearsals began, and how our manager wavered in his decision about producing it. I am not thought to be a very good "first-night actor," and my friends say that my anxiety nearly always mars my efforts on the original production of a piece. I know I was far from being satisfied with my attempt when the curtain fell on "Erminie's" initial representation. But after the ordeal was over I began to enjoy the ways of Cadeaux quite as much as our auditors did, and in a little while Mr. W. H. Daboll and I realized that Ravennes and Cadeaux were the prime favorites of the piece. After several years of incessant service with the Casino as Cadeaux, I appeared in "Nadjy," playing Faragus, which seemed to me to be a very bad part. In speaking of "Nadjy" I ought to give much credit to "The Tale of Woe" for the delightful receptions and attention I enjoyed while playing in the opera. I thought the character such an unimportant one that I stipulated with our manager that should I accept it I was to have the privilege of making such alterations and additions as I wanted. I had heard somebody sing the song of "The Tale of Woe" when I was in England, and its humor impressed me so much that I



decided to introduce it in "Nadgy," and Miss Marie Jansen and I first sang it as a duet in the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mr. John Braham composing the pretty dancing interlude for us. It was a success from the first night. Some weeks later, when we were playing "Nadgy" in Chicago, I invited my friend Mr. Eugene Field, the journalist, to see us. After the performance he informed me how surprised he was to find that "The Tale of Woe," some fugitive verses of his own writing, contributed years before to a Western newspaper, had been made to do service as a song. Mr. Hubbard T. Smith, of Washington, had discovered how well they could be utilized, and had cleverly given them the melody that has done so much to popularize them.

During my last season with the Casino company, owing to differences with the management, I made up my mind to have a comic-opera company of my own. So as soon as my contract expired active preparations were begun for the appearance of my company in the Broadway Theatre, New York, in "The Oolah." The first night of "The Oolah" came, and with it a fit of nervousness such as I had never felt before. I did not dare to be confident of success. I just shut my eyes and prayed for it. When Tuesday morning came it took me several hours to discover any interest I had in life. The press was kind but decided, and my friends were considerate, but there was no doubt about a feeling of downright disappointment existing on all sides. There was, too, a difference of a thousand dollars in the receipts from the first to the second night, and a corresponding difference in enthusiasm. Before the production I had kept sacrilegious hands from M. Lecocq's score and chortled over the belief that a perfect *ensemble* performance was what the public would praise and flock to see. The adapter, with much shrewdness, had assured me, too, that if his lines were not received with howls of delight it would be because of my failure to deliver them properly. This last opinion shifted the responsibility most admirably. If I failed, I would be blamed; if I succeeded, the adapter would come in for the praise. I failed, and took the blame. I also took a large blue pencil and stabbed holes in page after page of arid and imbecile twaddle that had passed muster for wit and humor. I knew I had not a bank-account sufficiently plethoric to educate the public up to receiving M. Lecocq's score in its entirety, and I plead guilty to the infusion of some whistlish and hummable melodies that set the audience in a roar and their feet to keeping time. The cunning of another hand was tried upon the libretto, and I dared to add a speech of my own here and there. Each day brought changes for the better. Our audiences said we were not unentertaining. We were finding out what they wanted, and the receipts were growing apace. For a month or more after the production rehearsals were incessant; every line, every inflection of speech or action, was carefully scanned until it became satisfactory. Quick work saved "The Oolah." Mr. Cheever Goodwin sat up all night with me, altering scenes, preparing new lyrics, and infusing fresh life into our weak patient, as it were, and our loyal company rehearsed this new matter for hours to get it ready for insertion in the same evening's performance. Moreover, we received the orchestra parts for a new finale to the second act just

as the curtain was rung up on the first act. The chorus was tolerably familiar with the music, having had several rehearsals, but the members of the orchestra had not seen their parts before. I astounded our leader, Signor De Novellis, when I directed him to play the finale at once. In vain he pleaded that it could not be done,—the thing was next to an impossibility; and even if it should be played the result would be discord and disgrace. But we did do it, after all, for the music was rehearsed beneath the stage for twenty minutes by the musicians between the first and second acts; and the applause that greeted the finale when the curtain fell assured us that we had pleased our audience even more than we had dared to hope. Some of our new music was written by a composer whilst he was being whirled away to Chicago on the Pennsylvania "Limited" train. We needed him badly, but he said he could not undertake the work, as he had been called suddenly to the West. But we wouldn't let him give us a negative answer, and so he scribbled the score on the train, and handed the manuscript to a messenger awaiting him at Pittsburg, who hurried back to New York and placed it in our hands. The following evening that song was applauded by the audience. Mr. Dion Boucicault said he would be glad to see the performance, and would be willing to give me the benefit of his judgment. "I have seen worse performances run three months in London," said he on the fall of the curtain. "The Oolah" ran nearly six months in New York, and to an average business larger than that of any comic opera that had preceded it. Then followed an extremely successful season of twenty-nine additional weeks in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, and so on, during the latter portion of which, at Philadelphia, Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was played. The English reports of the success of this opera led us all to believe that its career here would be an exceedingly brilliant one. Others, again, assert that what chance it ever had of success was cruelly thwarted by the inadequacy of the cast of the Carte company in New York. But I am of the opinion that the cause of its failure lay deeper than that,—namely, in the ignorance of the general American public of the themes satirized by Mr. Gilbert. Gilbert's wit was as polished as of yore, and his humor quite as quaint, and, though we mildly reproached him for his thrumming again on that incessant topsy-turvydom string, we could not accept him at all in "The Gondoliers" for presuming to say droll things on subjects of which the mass of us was ignorant. With us in Philadelphia, where the delightful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan had taken fast hold of the people, the patronage, while not overflowing, was sufficiently ample to guarantee against loss. Once, on Thursday, April 17, we invaded New York with our company and the opera, and were received with nothing more serious than a crowded house, cheers, waving handkerchiefs, and a great deal of applause. This was at a *matinée*; we played that night in Philadelphia. So closed the season of 1889-90.

This brings me up to the present time and the consideration of "The Merry Monarch." It was intended to call this operetta "The Lucky Star," and the name was duly copyrighted. I had this book,

together with half a dozen others, quite as good, when the consideration of "The Oolah" production was in hand, and only decided on the latter because of the great amount of newspaper attention it had received in advance. I remember in connection with the preparation of this operetta that Percy Anderson, the famous English water-color artist, who did the sketches for the costumes, told me how he had worked upon a dress for one of the London theatres a gorgeous train of peacock feathers, and that the whole costume had been thrown into the street by the manager, who refused to allow so unlucky a thing as a peacock feather in his theatre. Anderson asked me if I had any superstition in regard to feathers, etc., that I wished him to respect in the sketches. I replied that I had been married on Friday just to show my contempt for the petty superstition concerning that day, and so far from objecting to the peacock's plumage I insisted upon a stunning robe of the kind for Lilita in Act II. He shook his head, but I got the robe, and the feathers too.

Just a few days before the opening, the stage-manager came to me and asked rather feelingly if I had noticed anything strange in the second scene. I hadn't. "Good heavens, Wilson, haven't you observed that Hoyt has painted *peacock feathers* just over the throne?" This was too much for me, and I laughed outright. It was in vain to tell him I couldn't see how a feather was going to influence future events, and that if I had to succeed by bowing to superstitions I preferred to fail; he only shook his head and gave me a stare which said more plainly than words that I had no appreciation of the awfulness of the matter, and that I was deliberately carrying a corpse into what had promised to be a festival. When the curtain fell on the first night of "The Merry Monarch" and congratulations were rife, the manager rushed to me, and, placing both hands on my shoulders, he said, "Well, Wilson, old man, we have a great success!" I could not help saying, "Yes, peacock feathers and all!"

The next production—— But with a dash of the pen I cannot disperse the mists of the future.

*Francis Wilson.*

PERVERSTY.

ONE changing not where most men shift like sand,—  
Beats such a heart, I wonder, in the land?  
Yes, and for me!—Fulfilling my sweet dream,  
At last the human hinted the Supreme.

Years have done naught that steadfast soul to change:  
No provocation makes him chill or strange;  
But, oh! this wish arises with to-day:  
*Would that my friend were not the same away!*

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

## THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THE most imposing monument yet reared to the memory of George Washington is not the splendid shaft at the national capital; nor is it that capital itself, beautiful now, and destined to be the most beautiful of cities. It is the new State, which bears his name, away off at the northwest corner of the Union,—a State larger than New York, larger than England and Wales combined, and which in its very infancy bears upon its brow, in characters legible to all beholders, the infallible promise of parity if not primacy among all American commonwealths in every attribute of greatness.

It has been said, and not without reason, that if a kindly fate had planted the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers upon the smiling slopes of Puget Sound, there would have been little difference to-day between New England and Labrador. The same energy that has made Massachusetts rich and populous would in half the time make the State of Washington a Belgium in density of population and an England in wealth. What a decade of sporadic and spasmodic enterprise has done for Washington attests that this reflection is not wide of the mark. What there is of its present greatness has come to knowledge within little more than half a score of years. The first white man who made his home in Seattle now lives in that city and is yet an active business-man. He has seen a forest's transformation into a great city. Fifteen years ago there was no such place as Tacoma on the maps, and the encyclopædia-makers had never heard of it. To-day Tacoma is as large as Richmond was when it became the Confederate capital. Together the two cities of Seattle and Tacoma, nearer together than Baltimore and Washington, have a population greater by twenty thousand than New York had at the beginning of the present century.

Until the fourth quarter of the first century of our republic was well under way, the 69,994 square miles now known as Washington formed a part of the State of Oregon, and it was not until 1872 that by the arbitration of William of Prussia it was decided that the great province of British Columbia was not also ours. In 1853 Washington became a Territory. In 1889 it was made a State. A parallelogram in form, it is about three hundred and sixty miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide. A mountain-chain, the Cascade range, divides the State by a north-and-south line into two grand divisions differing as much in soil, climate, and topography as Minnesota and Virginia. Providence postponed the arrival of population in this part of the country until the intermediate tracts between the Mississippi and the Pacific had been sampled by the overflowing people of the East. Had they known what was to be found in the great Northwest, the ease of the conquest of that soil and its productiveness as compared with others a thousand miles farther inland, the intermediate territory would have remained yet many years untilld. No trans-continental line of railway found access to Washington until 1885. In the first seven

years from 1880 the population grew from 67,000 to 143,669,—over one hundred per cent. In the following three years there was another increase of one hundred per cent. At this writing news comes from the Census Office that it has risen to 350,000, and during the summer following the decennial enumeration the influx went on, chiefly from the older Western States, at the rate of two thousand a month. According to forecast of the census of 1890, Washington has already outstripped Oregon, her thrifty neighbor next door, thirty years her senior, and is in rank, as to population, the thirty-fourth State in the Union.

The greatness of this young giant does not depend on any one thing. It has been compared to Pennsylvania, and justly, in that a wall could be constructed around it without serious detriment to its population, every necessary of life being available within its borders. Washington has rich farming-lands, great storehouses of iron, coal, silver, and gold, timber of the finest quality in enormous quantities, every facility for the manufacture of raw material, land-locked harbors deep in water and easy of access and egress, and the best of climates. The matter of climate is a prime consideration. That of Western Washington presents a mildness and equability of temperature most seductive to the intending immigrant. It reminds one of the climate of the south of England. The temperature at Tacoma and Seattle is from seven to fourteen degrees cooler on an average than that of New England in the summer months, and from thirty to forty degrees warmer in winter. To put it in another way, the range of the thermometer between extremes averages nearly fifty degrees more on Massachusetts Bay than on Puget Sound. This mildness and equability are ascribed to the winds and currents of the Pacific Ocean, and in particular the cold of winter is said to be modified by the Japan Current, which is to the Pacific coast what the Gulf Stream is to England. The same causes operate to give the climate of Western Washington its single disagreeable feature,—namely, an unusual precipitation of moisture in winter. This excess of moisture, however, is advantageous for agriculture, as an offset to the dryness of summer. Blizzards and cyclones are unknown in this country, and a thunder-storm is of rare occurrence. The climate in that part of Washington east of the Cascades has not all of the agreeable characteristics that I have noted of the western section, but it is a good climate as compared with that of other States in the same latitude. The range of the thermometer at Spokane Falls from the heat of July to the cold of January is forty-five degrees, at Bismarck, North Dakota, sixty-five degrees, and on Puget Sound twenty-two degrees.

The soil of the Puget Sound country in Western Washington has been pronounced the richest in America. Certainly this may be truly said of the valley of the Puyallup River, which is within a stone's throw of either Tacoma or Seattle. Here are raised crops which in quality and quantity cannot be equalled; and there are broad valleys in the western part of the State which are almost as productive. The average yield of hops, I was told by Mr. Stewart, of Puyallup, who has been raising them for years, is from 1600 to 2000 pounds per acre, and 4000 pounds have been grown on a single acre. Contrast



such yields with the 800 pounds per acre with which the hop-farmers of England or New York are satisfied. In 1864 one bale of 184 pounds of hops was the entire crop of Washington; in 1888 it amounted to 40,000 bales, or 7,350,000 pounds. The same soil produces vegetables and small fruits, making market-gardening a most profitable industry. Blackberries and raspberries grow almost without care. In one year a farmer sold five thousand dollars' worth of fruit and vegetables, the product of twenty acres of leased land. Five hundred bushels of potatoes and thirty tons of cabbage per acre are reported by many truckers; and there is a next-door market for all that can be raised. Pears of all varieties thrive; prune-trees yield a net income of six hundred dollars an acre, and cherry-trees twenty-five to forty-five dollars a tree. The hay-crop is enormous, and its quality of the best. Hay lands are grazed until about the middle of April, when the stock is taken off, to allow the hay to mature and be harvested, after which the stock is turned in again and allowed to graze until the following spring. A single acre is known to have produced in a single year 600 bushels of potatoes, 3500 pounds of hops, 10 tons of clover, 35 tons of sugar-beets, 125 bushels of oats, 90 bushels of barley, and six crops of vegetables.

The timber product of Washington is a matter of world-wide celebrity. The country has virgin forests of pine, fir, and cypress. It is common to see a fir rising one hundred and fifty feet from the ground to the first limb, which is accounted a great advantage, as it leaves the lumber free from knots. Many trees are three hundred feet in length and as straight as an arrow. Twenty million acres of land are so heavily covered with timber that the average yield of lumber per acre is estimated at 25,000 feet. The Hon. Henry B. Clifford says that "there are many acres which will average over 100,000 feet, and we have trees which will cut 30,000 feet each; but even at 25,000 feet to the acre it aggregates 160,000,000,000 feet, which is sufficient to supply America for generations." Washington timber may be found to-day all over the globe, and it is accounted the best that grows. Last year over 80,000,000 feet of the yield found its way to foreign lands. Puget Sound is building its own ships in great numbers; and it is the boast of Washington that it can produce from its own soil everything that a ship requires, from keel to anchor. The cities of the Atlantic seaboard send to Washington for spars and masts, and the whole country draws upon the shores of Puget Sound for bridge-timber. So much for fir and pine. Of cypress there is enough to shingle every roof-tree in the United States. Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson reports seeing many trains loading with shingles in Tacoma and Seattle for the interior West and the Middle States, and one train of fourteen car-loads on its way to Massachusetts. Cedar for all kinds of wooden-ware awaits the manufacturer. Bird's-eye maple, cherry, and alder which when stained can scarcely be told from cherry, all good for furniture and furnishing, are going to waste. There is a great field in Washington for furniture-factories.

The tide-waters of Washington and nearly all of its rivers teem with fish which will not only supply millions of its own inhabitants



in the future with food, but must reinforce the markets of the world and bring back money of untold amount. Already the fisheries, employing three thousand men, have a product of a million dollars in value. Salmon, halibut, cod, and smelt are the chief varieties. Salmon is the staple product, but the best of the ocean fish is the black cod, which is at present taken in limited quantities and only in very deep water. Salmon and halibut are sometimes salted, dried, packed, and shipped in this form, and sometimes fresh and packed in ice in refrigerator cars. With improved and cheaper transportation facilities this business must grow immensely; but even now Massachusetts fishermen have found it worth while to come around Cape Horn and engage in the development of the fisheries on the North Pacific Ocean and its estuaries.

Thus far I have spoken chiefly of the resources of Western Washington. That part of the State east of the Cascade range has resources of a different character, but no less remarkable in their way. Here is the great granary of the Pacific coast. The peculiar volcanic soil is adapted to a most marvellous extent to the production of all cereals. Governor Ferry is my authority for saying that with proper cultivation the yield of wheat in this region may be put at not less than twenty-five bushels to the acre, while it not infrequently reaches fifty and sixty bushels. The yield of corn south of Snake River is about thirty bushels to the acre, and barley of a quality preferred by brewers to that raised in any other part of the United States averages thirty bushels an acre. Washington is the very first in rank as a wheat-producing State, the average yield per acre in Washington being 23.5 bushels to 18.0 in Ohio, 16.8 in Oregon, 15.5 in California, 15.5 in Illinois, 13.4 in Pennsylvania, 11.10 in Minnesota, 10.6 in Dakota, and 8.6 in Virginia. Insects and mildew are unknown. After twenty years of cultivation, the soil of Eastern Washington seems as fertile as ever. This inexhaustible fertility is ascribed to the presence of an unusually large percentage of potash and soda in the soil. The rain-fall varies in different parts of the distinctively agricultural regions, but in the vast areas where there is the least rain wonders are accomplished by irrigation. It has been shown that nothing is impossible to the soil of Yakima and Kittitas counties, when reclaimed by this process. Other counties only awaiting this treatment to be made to blossom as the rose are Franklin, Adams, and Douglas. With water thus artificially distributed, enormous crops of grain and vegetables of the finest quality are grown, while as many as five crops of alfalfa are reported as having been cut in a single year from tracts of irrigated land. Here it may be noted that the total number of acres of land in Washington assessed has increased in the last five years from three and a half millions to more than eight millions, round numbers. The present average of improved land cannot be less than one million acres, nine-tenths of which lie east of the Cascade Mountains. The total area of the State is 44,798,160 acres, of which 21,715,258 had been surveyed when the last territorial report was made to the Secretary of the Interior. Of the unsurveyed portion about 7,000,000 acres lie in the Coast and Cascade ranges of mountains. Comparatively little arable land, except that requiring irrigation, remains to be taken

up in the prairie country east of the Cascades; and to show how rapidly the timbered lands of the Puget Sound section are being taken up, it may be mentioned that 826,491 acres were entered in the Seattle land office in the year ending June 30, 1889.

It is claimed by a recent writer that the coal-area of Washington equals the coal-area of Pennsylvania. That proposition has yet to be demonstrated, but of the existence of immense tracts of bituminous coal lands there is no doubt. Indeed, more than a dozen mines have been developed already, and with most satisfactory results. Nearly all of these are on the western slope of the Cascade range, but there are some also on the eastern. I have seen it stated that the output of Washington mines last year was 900,000 tons, valued at \$4,600,000. The deposits of iron-ore are very large. They consist of bog ore, brown ore, hematite ore, and magnetic ore. Dr. Ruffner reports that the magnetic ore beds of the Cascade Mountains are found one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the chief watercourses on the high ridges and peaks which make up the range. The Snoqualmie ores are said to stand in the front rank of steel ores. Arrangements are now making for the establishment of steel-works at Kirkland, a suburb of Seattle, on Lake Washington, and on the outskirts of Tacoma. At Kirkland will be located the plant of the Great Western Iron and Steel Company, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 has been paid in. Among the stockholders of that company are General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, L. S. J. Hunt, of Seattle, J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, and J. S. Fassett, of Elmira. Controlling, as they claim, the most extensive body of ore on the Pacific coast, they propose to erect at once blast-furnaces and rolling-mills which will employ three thousand men. The existence of deposits of gold and silver in paying quantities in four or five counties has been proved, and the same may be said of lead and copper. The development of these mines is slow, chiefly because of a lack of transportation facilities. There is an abundance of low-grade silver ore running forty dollars to the ton. The building of a smelter at Spokane Falls, to which the famously rich Cœur d'Alène country is tributary, will no doubt be a profitable venture for the builders and a great stimulus to mining in Washington. There is fine granite in many parts of the State, and no lack of limestone, marble, sandstone, and fine clay suitable for fire-bricks and pottery. Apropos of minerals, Secretary Snowden, of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, quotes Senator Jones of Nevada, than whom there is no higher authority, as holding that the history of the Comstock Lode and of Virginia City will be repeated in the Cascades; and I might add the testimony to the same effect of an old miner almost equally distinguished and successful, whose prediction is the result of a most exhaustive personal exploration.

The commerce, present and prospective, of the State, is a topic so fruitful that it might well have an article to itself. The deep water and bold shores of Puget Sound and its geographical location give the cities springing up on those shores an assurance of greatness which is impregnable. There is no bar to cross at the entrance to any of the harbors. "Ships can always enter the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and

once inside no storm disturbs them." This is the undisputed dictum of one of the highest authorities in the art of navigation. Puget Sound is five thousand miles nearer to Hong-Kong than is Liverpool, and by way of Puget Sound New York is brought fourteen hundred miles nearer to Canton than is Liverpool. Australia and all of Oceania are nearer to Washington than to England, and China, Japan, and Siberia are thousands of miles nearer. With the consideration of less distance must be coupled the additional advantage that with the Japan Current in their favor ships on the Pacific bound to Puget Sound can sail twenty miles a day farther than on other seas. The immense significance of these things with reference to the future of the Evergreen State cannot be over-estimated. By reason thereof the United States must sooner or later control the commerce of Asiatic countries with Europe and America (that of China with Great Britain is estimated at thirty million dollars annually), and on Puget Sound will rise one of the great cities of the world. Will it be Seattle or Tacoma, or will they combine to make the metropolis of the Pacific coast? That matters little. Washington will be a seaport State of the very first rank: the waters of Puget Sound will be white with the sails of all nations, and its shores will teem with a population running into millions.

Now as to the cities of magic growth to which Washington has already given birth. Seattle and Tacoma west of the mountains, and Spokane Falls on the eastern slope, may in generous rivalry vaunt their respective claims to pre-eminence, but the visitor must acknowledge the present and prospective greatness of each. Young as it is, Seattle is the oldest of the trio, and the census gives it the largest population, with Tacoma, the youngest, close at its heels. Settled in 1852, and happily named for an Indian chief, Seattle was in 1870 the fourth town in the Territory, in 1875 the third, in 1880 the second, and is now the first in the State. Its growth from 1880 to 1890 was from 3533 to 45,953, or over 1200 per cent. The assessed valuation of Seattle property has risen in the same period from \$1,521,000 to \$26,344,045. The harbor has a surface area of twenty square miles, and a water-front of six miles, and vessels anchoring within half a mile of the shore find a maximum depth of fifteen fathoms. From the bluffs over which the city has climbed without regard to natural obstructions, and which cable and electric railways have evaded, there is commanded a view of mountain and water scenery which is not easily surpassed. In the foreground lie the busy wharves, the beautiful harbor, and a great stretch of the Sound itself,—an expanse of blue water of which the eye never tires. To the west, away across the Sound, rise the Olympic Mountains, always snow-capped; to the east is Lake Washington, a beautiful sheet of fresh water, twenty-two miles in length, of immense depth and averaging three miles in width. North and south the Cascade range challenges admiration by its sublimity, with Mount Baker, 10,814 feet in height, and Mount Rainier, 14,444 feet, most shapely of American mountains, apparently holding up either end of the chain. The view in any direction, combined with the climatic advantages of the location, would make the fortune of any place as a summer resort. There is nothing suggestive of

frontier life about Seattle. Busy as the people are, their wealth, intelligence, and culture are reflected in the streets, in the architecture, and in the interiors. The business part of the city is built upon the ruins of a great fire which swept it less than two years ago. Fine buildings of stone, brick, and iron, well-paved streets thronged with busy people, and cars propelled by electricity and cable, suggest rather the mature growth and activity of the East than the newness and crudeness of the West. Nobody can doubt, in view of these scenes, that here is a city which has a reason of being. A further survey discloses two hotels of metropolitan proportions, sixteen daily and weekly newspapers of ability and enterprise, seven public-school buildings of which any city might be proud, several clubs, and forty-three churches of one sort or another. An opera-house to cost a quarter of a million dollars is under way. On all sides are seen buildings whose architectural beauty challenges admiration. There are twelve banks, with resources given at \$8,631,277. The two hundred and nine manufacturing establishments of all classes have a combined capital of over six million dollars. These manufactories give employment to over three thousand men, at wages averaging \$3.33 per day. There are now forty-one and a half miles of street-railway in operation, twenty-three miles under construction, and twelve miles about to be constructed. The main water-works are owned by the city. The plant will cost, with the extensions now being made in mains, branch pipes, etc., \$900,000. These works can supply from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 gallons per day. The fire department is a paid one. The city owns property belonging to this department valued at \$137,085. The output of lumber from mills in and immediately adjacent to Seattle during the last year was 170,099,000 feet. These mills gave employment to 1021 men, at wages averaging \$3.00 per day. Within the past few months a large elevator has been erected at Seattle and arrangements made for handling grain in quantity both for export and for local consumption. Although this elevator has been opened but two months, 411,000 bushels of grain have been received in it, and the first export cargo, consisting of 85,000 bushels, has been shipped. The chief steamship lines doing business from and to Puget Sound points represent in total twenty-five routes. The wholesale trade is very large and growing; commerce gives the wharves an air of life, and real estate, of course, has ceaseless activity.

Tacoma is a miracle at which one never ceases to wonder. Think of it! a growth in population from 1098 to 35,860 in ten years, and nine-tenths of that growth in the last four years! The assessed value of the property in the city rose from \$517,627 in 1880 to over \$30,000,000 in 1890. In 1880 the town had one small private bank, and that only; to-day it has ten national and other banks, with a combined capital of \$1,680,000, and in the tables published weekly in the newspapers Tacoma often shows a higher rate of gain in clearings than any other city in the community. "The wholesale business increased," says Secretary Snowden, of the Chamber of Commerce, sententiously, "from nothing in 1887 to \$9,000,000 in 1889, and the total value of our manufactured products in the same year is computed at \$11,130,700."

Even with such figures confronting us at the very threshold of inquiry, one is not quite prepared to find Tacoma the big, bustling, and charming city that it is. The men who after looking all along the Sound chose this site were wise in their generation, and their wisdom has brought them swift wealth, and to thousands comfort and prosperity in degrees hardly yet fully appreciated. Commencement Bay, upon which it lies, is the mightiest arm and the loveliest of Puget Sound. There were bluffs to climb before the city got a fair foothold on the shore, and there was necessity for making land at their feet, but, once surmounted, physical disabilities have contributed to beauty of location and view. The grandest mountain on the Pacific coast, here called Tacoma and Rainier at Seattle, may be seen here to best advantage; and long lines of Olympics on the west and Cascades on the east bound the horizon in those directions. The city has not been allowed to grow, like many others, according to the whims and necessity of individuals. In the broad avenues, stately buildings, abundant reservation for wharfage and package, and all public improvements existing or projected, there is apparent a broad and intelligent design which has kept a metropolitan destiny steadily in view without ever swerving to supposed emergencies.

For this thanks to the Tacoma Land Company. It is the great advantage of Tacoma that there the railroad first touches tide-water, and that no trans-continental line can escape it without sacrifice of profit, and there also, on a level with the water of the Sound, are terminal facilities of priceless value for tracks, dépôts, and wharves. At these wharves lay, when I saw them, vessels from Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, Callao, Melbourne, Dublin, Boston, Honolulu, Hull, Liverpool, and London. During the present year the shipments of wheat from this port are expected to aggregate 100,000 tons, and the other items of Tacoma's ocean carrying trade are large proportionately. The grain-elevators and warehouses have a combined capacity of over two million bushels. The total output of the lumber-mills is about a million feet a day; its value is \$15,000 a day, and the aggregate wages of the men employed in the mills is \$65,000 a month. Manufactures abound, and among them are metal works with a capital of \$611,000, brewing and bottling establishments, brick-yards, and flour-mills with a capacity of nearly two thousand barrels. A smelter for handling the ores of the adjacent country and States employs 250 men. The total amount of capital invested in the manufacturing interests of Tacoma is placed by a local newspaper at \$5,394,300, the value of the monthly products at \$1,113,070, and the wages paid per month at \$270,525. The total area of the incorporated city is only eight and a half square miles; but on every side, except that of the water and that on which an Indian reservation blocks the way, thriving suburbs are springing up and electric steam and cable cars bring all within easy reach of the centre of trade. Water and gas are supplied by a private corporation. At last accounts this city had over fifty miles of improved streets and nearly forty miles of sewers; but where growth is so rapid figures do not long stand still.

The Queen City of Eastern Washington is Spokane Falls, a metrop-



olis with undisputed sway over a vast inland empire. General Patrick A. Collins recently thus concisely answered the question, "Why does it exist?" "Because it has water-power enough to operate all the mills of New England; because it stands in the path of every railroad going anywhere north, south, east, west, or otherwise in that region; because it supplies the richest mining regions in the West, and handles the products and centres an agricultural belt three hundred miles in extent. It will be a mineral and agricultural distributing point for a mighty region, and possibly the greatest railroad centre beyond Chicago." These are sober and truthful words. Spokane Falls, with differing claims from those of Tacoma and Seattle, need take no back seat in comparison with either of them. If they have strength in water front, she has an offset in the water-power. The city stands on an elevation of two thousand feet, vivified by a cool dry atmosphere and gladdened by sunshine almost unending. When the Sound cities have rain, Spokane Falls has snow, which, after lying a few weeks on the ground crisp and firm, disappears as if by magic under the warm breath of the Chinook, leaving the moisture to be absorbed in a night by the gravelly soil and the evergreen grass to show itself again. The water-power of which I have spoken is a succession of cascades, falling one hundred and fifty-six feet within the city limits. This power, with an estimated net usable capacity of thirty-six thousand horses, is employed not only for a great variety of ordinary manufacturing purposes, but also to light the city by electricity and to operate cable and electric roads. Already about fifteen thousand persons are employed in the manufacturing industries of the city, and new factories spring into being every week. Seven railroads have already reached Spokane Falls or are on their way to it. Three of these are trans-continental lines. Tributary to it are the vast agricultural section of Eastern Washington and the rich mining-regions of North Idaho (including the famous Cœur d'Alène country) and Western Montana. The present population of the city, largely the product of immigration from the East, is now and every day swollen by fresh arrivals of men with money and brains. Here, too, there was a recent sad devastation by fire which was turned to good account in a quick and better rebuilding. In the last year from August to August Spokane spent six million dollars in business blocks of brick and granite to replace the tents in which the people lived and traded when the city was in ashes. A splendid opera-house, imposing banks, capacious wholesale marts, fine hotels, and public-school buildings of fine proportions, are among the noteworthy structures on the principal streets, and fine residences are numerous. The pioneers of Spokane Falls still walk the streets in the prime of life, and foremost among them is A. M. Cannon, who came here in 1878 for health and has ever since enjoyed that and wealth as well.

Space fails for telling of the lesser but sturdy and promising cities of Washington, almost any one of which would have a paragraph to itself could this article be longer. Quaint Olympia, the capital, long the only town known by name to the outside world, has only recently responded to the thrill of energy which is passing over the Northwest, but is now fairly in the race for prosperity. Port Townsend stands at



the northern gateway of the Sound. Now beautiful to behold and throbbing with enterprise, a mere glance at it makes the visitor share the resident's faith in its future. Fairhaven, Seahome, and Whatcom each offer irresistible temptation to investment. North Yakima has the coigne of vantage in the country which irrigation has made a garden. Chehalis and Walla Walla have similarly commanding positions respectively in southeastern and southwestern Washington. Ellensburg has the advantage of a central location. Gray's Harbor has a uniquely desirable position on the sea-coast, and can hardly fail to become an important seaport. Blaine is a bustling place on the northern border, and is pretty sure to amount to something.

The comparative growth of the thirteen large towns of Washington other than Seattle and Tacoma in the decade beginning in 1880 is shown in the following table, which comes to my notice as I write this article, and the accuracy of which I have no reason to question :

	1880.	1890.	INCREASE.
Snohomish . . . . .	149	2,003	1,854
New Whatcom . . . . .		2,155	2,155
Colfax . . . . .	444	2,253	1,809
Waitsburg . . . . .	248	2,272	2,024
Vancouver . . . . .	1,721	2,666	945
Ellensburg . . . . .		2,758	2,758
Centralia . . . . .		2,824	2,824
Whatcom . . . . .		3,977	3,977
Fairhaven . . . . .		4,059	4,059
Port Townsend . . . . .	917	4,500	3,583
Olympia . . . . .	1,232	4,716	3,484
Walla Walla . . . . .	3,588	7,239	3,651
Spokane Falls . . . . .	350	19,917	19,567

The Indians still occupy a very large acreage of the most valuable land in Washington,—an acreage far too large, indeed, for their necessities ; and this monopoly is a source of discomfort to immigrants which should soon be removed by their allotment to the Indians in severalty. The Yakima reservation contains 800,000 acres, reserved for not more than three thousand Indians. The greatest grievance, however, is the occupation by the Indians of a vast tract of land on Puyallup River, between Seattle and Tacoma, actually retarding the growth of the latter city, besides withholding from cultivation the very best soil in the State. It would be cheaper for the people to board the few Indians who monopolize this garden spot, at the best hotel in Seattle or Tacoma. These Indians are citizens, voting and paying taxes on personal property, and they pass for civilized ; but their land is inalienable until Congress comes to their relief and allows them the right to sell and their neighbors to rent or buy the land which the present holders do not cultivate or improve in any way. Much of it could be cut up and sold to-day for town lots at fancy prices, and any of it is available for raising such hops and fruits as have made Puyallup famous the world over.

The population of Washington is largely made up of Americans by birth, drawn from the northern belt of States,—in particular from the older Western States, like Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, and even Kansas. These immigrants are the seasoned, experienced, and energetic pioneers of other commonwealths, and their children trained under

conditions which make the best citizenship of a new country. There are no drones in the hive. The idle and the thriftless who find themselves in such company soon get to work themselves or move on in very shame of their idleness. Next to work, the intelligent people of Washington have valued education as a means of conquering, maintaining, and enjoying to the utmost the blessings of life placed within their reach by nature. In the Territorial days, under the enlightened gubernatorial administration of Squire, most liberal provision was made for the establishment and maintenance of public schools and a university; and the policy of the Territory is the policy of the State. The tax-levy for school purposes in 1889 was \$329,081.39, and there is also a considerable revenue for these purposes from the lease of school lands by county authorities. In no State in the Union has a public-school system a better endowment. Under the enabling act two designated sections of land in each township, theretofore reserved for school purposes, were confirmed to the State, with a provision that they should not be sold for less than ten dollars an acre. These sections, according to Governor Ferry, constitute one-eighteenth of the entire area of the State, or 2,488,675 acres, and after deductions for Indian reservations and waste lands there still remains for the schools the magnificent dowry of 2,000,000 acres, which could be sold for about \$25,000,000. This princely endowment is protected by law from sale at less than full market value, and the proceeds of sale form the fund, permanent and irreducible, which can be invested only in national, State, county, and municipal bonds. There are also large appropriations of public lands for a scientific school, and for charitable, penal, and reformatory institutions.

In depicting the characteristics of such a progressive State and noting the salient features of its resources and their development, one is confronted by the difficulty of catching and holding a view which will be recognizable even a few weeks later. The Washington of yesterday is not the Washington of to-day, much less of to-morrow. In the interval between the writing of this article and the going of the magazine to press, the wood-cutter's hut will give place to the saw-mill, the saw-mill to a stirring town, and the town will grow into a city. Railways projected become railways built, new banks open their doors, new manufacturing enterprises spring into being, a hole in the ground becomes a productive mine, the axe and the plough bring wild land into subjection to man,—and so the work of State-building goes on, with changes fairly kaleidoscopic, perverting the artist's picture, confuting the writer's assertions, and driving the statistician to despair. And if the present aspect cannot be accurately portrayed, who shall cast the horoscope of the future of a commonwealth that may be seen to grow between sunrise and sunset? No gift of prophecy is needed, however, to confirm the faith of every citizen of Washington that ten years hence, when the tribes come up again to be numbered, the Evergreen State will have a population of a million and a half, and that its resources will be developed to a degree which will realize the wildest dreams of patriotism,—nay, of avarice itself.

*Moses P. Handy.*

## ANACREONTIC.

(AFTER MOORE.)

## I.

HOW many years, how many miles,  
Divide us from the Grecian Isles!  
How many thoughts and deeds remove  
Our spirits from the bard of love!  
Anacreon! Anacreon!  
We hold to-day no love like thine,  
That rose upon the Hellene lawn,  
And built to last thy lyric line.  
No joy, but death, is in the wine,  
No pleasance in a love divine.

## II.

No balm of Araby is blent  
With unclipped bonds and cent. per cent.,  
And stately villas tower in pride  
Where honor, love, and joy have died;  
The bluebird hovers in the air  
A thousand yards from want and care;  
On Quaker garb and Gotham town  
The same old sun looks coldly down,  
And, cynic-like, he smiles the same,  
As when the Greek, with eyes aflame,  
Danced with the rosy-footed Hours  
In the green reaches of the bowers  
Where laurel bloomed above the flowers.

## III.

Down with the old romantic strain!  
Thus cries the tiresome realist.  
Behold, your life is lived in vain!  
Loud says the gruesome pessimist.  
And loyal toilers kneel and pray  
Across the worry of the way,  
Across the rattle of the street,  
E'en to the Muse's green retreat,  
Give aid, Melpomene, give aid,  
And lead us to the greenwood glade  
Where thou dost lie, O royal maid.

## IV.

Arise, O rhymer! tell the age,  
With eyes inspired and pictured page,  
The story of the golden time,  
The happier life, the Hellene clime,

The truer love, the loftier line,  
That rose below the weighted vine  
There where full-breasted Summer smiles  
Forever on the Grecian Isles.

## V.

Behold, he comes ! a laurel crown  
Holds to his brow the gray hairs down.  
He hunts the hour with shining eyes,  
While sunlight glistens in the skies ;  
A bubbling bowl is in his hand,  
And Cupid waves his arrow wand,  
And on the gay scene Venus smiles  
And brightens all the Hellene Isles.

## VI.

How far he comes, with eyes undimmed  
And rosy cheeks as when he hymned  
The Paphian pleasures felt of old,  
When glowed the Grecian age of gold !

## VII.

Harsh are the days, and evil-starred ;  
Cold were the strong words of the bard :  
" Few days and full of toil are thine,  
Unlike that golden age of mine.  
We live forever on the height  
Where the high Muses' smiles delight  
Those souls whose deeds have conquered night.  
Give thy short hour to love and wine,  
And in the end our love is thine,  
And endless rapture like to mine."

## VIII.

I saw him fade across the sky :  
The light of love was in his eye,  
And well I knew he could not die ;  
But far beyond the fall of snow  
And the rude swash of beating rains,  
Or streets where wains encumbered go  
And all the worthless worldly planes,  
I felt he lives and never dies.  
And cruel are the shifting skies  
That hide him from our searching eyes,  
And those his quaint philosophies,  
The glamour of the Grecian seas,  
And scenes where sensuous Summer smiles.  
How far from here, in mind and miles,  
The olden thought, the Grecian Isles !

*Daniel L. Dawson.*

## THE ROAD MOVEMENT.

IN the early days of the Republic, when the front of the wave of immigration was rolling down the western escarpment of the Appalachian chain to the Great Basin, it was a matter of great importance that communication with the Eastern seaboard should be maintained both for subsistence and defence. The only known methods then available were trails and roads traversed by animal power. To reduce the resistance of the way, stone soon came to be substituted for corduroy and earth, and thus it happened that private companies were chartered to build turnpikes wherever the traffic gave promise of sufficient returns.

The turnpike era, which began with the construction of the road from Philadelphia to Lancaster in 1792-94, was, however, of short duration; for it was soon discovered that canals and railways furnished much cheaper modes of transportation, and from the date of the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 and the inception of railways in 1826 the decadence of the public highway was marked.

During the threescore years intervening, the development of railroads has been wonderfully rapid, until now there are one hundred and sixty thousand miles of railway in the United States. Many millions of capital, together with the results of much scientific study, have gone into the construction of railroads; but, while the highway has expanded its mileage in accordance with the requirements of the locality, no material progress has been made in the care or skill bestowed upon its construction. Formerly the highway amounted to little more than a right of way, separated sometimes by fences from adjacent private property, but in many instances undrained, ungraded, and unimproved, so that it was frequently impassable. Nor has its condition materially improved by time; and to-day the embargo of mud roads is so universal that not only the farmers, but many of the railroads which are dependent on common roads for their traffic, as well as manufacturers needing prompt and constant supplies of raw materials and fuel, citizens of large communities requiring cheap produce, pleasure-seekers and "cyclists," have become alive to the great importance of improvement in this long-neglected line of traffic. From Maine to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is a demand for better roads, which is manifesting itself through the press, in the universities, in legislative bodies, in popular meetings of citizens, in technical societies, and in scientific periodicals. Everywhere the opinion prevails that our roads are a disgrace to our civilization and a serious impediment to our development, for facility of communication is one of the most potent elements in promoting the general welfare, whether of country or city.

In sympathy with this movement, special endowments have been created for courses of instruction in road-engineering in some of our technical schools, and prizes have been offered for contributions bearing on this subject. One of the latest of these was the competition invited by the Committee on Better Roads, composed of citizens of Philadelphia, which offered and paid a comparatively large sum for essays on road making and maintenance.

The principal difficulty in the way of the improvement of the public roads

is that of providing the ways and means; for so long as the entire burden rests upon the agricultural community it will be difficult to make a change in the existing maladministration of affairs. The "working-out" system under supervisors is not productive of good or economical results, and should be abolished, while the taxes for road purposes should be more equitably distributed. In many places the location of the roads could be changed to great advantage, resulting in shortening the distance, improving the grades and drainage, and taking less land from the farmer. Before any of the roads are permanently improved, therefore, their locations should be carefully revised by competent engineers or road-builders. This being done, their resistance could be greatly reduced by providing a hard and smooth-wearing surface for traction, technically known as "metaling."

This may be accomplished by different systems where stone of suitable quality is available, known as the Tresaguet or French, the Telford, or the Macadam, the relative merits of which have long been warmly contested.

Without stopping to describe the peculiarities of these systems, it will suffice in a general way to state here the recommendations of the Board of Adjudicators appointed by the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania to determine and award the prizes upon the numerous papers submitted in the competition already alluded to. They were to the effect that in the improvement of our roads the Macadam system, consisting of small angular fragments, in sizes not exceeding from two to two and a half inches in their longest dimension, according to quality, should be used, wherever stone roads are both practicable and justifiable.

That the minimum width of the metaled surface for a single track should be a demirod\* (eight and one-quarter feet), of such depth as the amount of the traffic and character of the subsoil may require, to be determined by the engineer in charge.

That the bed to receive the stone must be so prepared that it cannot be saturated with water; and, to accomplish this, great attention should be paid to the character and drainage of the subsoil.

That there should be legislative enactment regulating the width of the tires of wheels, and that the minimum width for all carts, drays, wagons, or other heavy draught-vehicles should be four inches, to be increased, when the capacity of the vehicle exceeds half a net ton per wheel, at the rate of one inch for each four hundred pounds in excess.

It is believed that attention to these particulars would result in greatly-improved roads, without increased taxes, and with much less cost for maintenance. There are many details upon which the durability of a road may depend, but it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss them here. One point, however, needs to be specially noted, and that is the selection of foundation material. There are some road-builders who not only regard clay as a suitable substance for the road-bed, but actually recommend its use in binding the surface together. This practice is to be condemned, since clay is one of the most unstable of the earths, and is most readily affected by thermal or hygrometric changes, which is just what should be avoided. That material is best which is most constant in volume under extreme physical conditions, and which offers greatest resistance to wear, and of all available materials trap rock is found to

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\* Since this requires one acre to the mile.



fill these requirements best; but in selecting his material the road-maker must be governed by the facilities of the district and the requirements of the traffic. In short, he must secure the best economic result from his available resources; for the successful engineer must be an economist in every sense of the term, and there are many cases where he must apply an inferior grade of material or leave the road in a state of nature, save only for such assistance as may be provided by drainage.

Lewis M. Haupt, C.E.

"FRIEND OLIVIA."

THERE are different methods in the evolution of our romancers. Some, like Charlotte Brontë and Rudyard Kipling, spring suddenly full-armed upon the world. Others—and they are the more numerous class—have to learn their trade by degrees, and climb laboriously upon one rung of the ladder after another, till they get high enough up to be well in the general view.

Mrs. Barr belongs to the order of the workers rather than to that of the plenarily inspired. Such gifts as bounteous Heaven bestowed upon her at the start she has diligently improved by study and practice. For years before she joined the vast army of novel-makers, she was trying her 'prentice hand on men and women, ideas and things, in nearly every form of minor and transitory literature. Wisely declining to rely wholly on the inner consciousness, she has fortified her talent by steady application to history, geography, memoirs,—whatever could store the memory and assist invention. Libraries have gladly given up their treasures to one who sought them so earnestly and could use them so well. Whether it were New Amsterdam of old or Texas of half a century ago, the Scottish coast or the Shetland Isles, Cumberland or Yorkshire, she sought and studied her materials before she wove them into the tissue of her fancies.

As a novelist she is concerned with scenes, events, manners, characters; but a dominant regard to the invisible world is never absent. Her leading personages are apt to be both professedly and profoundly religious. Their piety is not a garment put on at will, but a part of their very nature,—because she who introduces, controls, and dismisses them looks on life with upward-turning eyes. In this constant insistence on the spiritual she is at one with George Macdonald; but, unlike that noted author, she never argues, she simply accepts. Her "fresh, eager sympathy and measureless faith in the ideal" have not been attained by any mere process of excogitation. Nor does she belong to the modern introspective school. Her people "are never the victims of a complex interplay of motives, never the exponents of the more subtle moral and intellectual life of the time." Their thoughts and feelings somehow naturally lead to action, to doing something definite; as for casuistry, it is beyond them. This simplicity, which belongs rather to the Past than to the Present, is a remover of difficulties for the historical novelist, and a passport to the favor of readers who want a straight course with no intricacies nor mental delving.

When "Friend Olivia" was unveiled before the million or so who see the *Century*, some of them were ill prepared to imbibe so much of the high-didactic in the form of serial fiction. If there is a liberal amount of preaching in the story, we must remember that it deals with Cromwell's time, when discourses

were preferred to dinners, and seldom finished till the hour-glass had been turned at least once. The heroine may seem a creature somewhat too bright and good for human nature's daily food; but then that was an exalted age, especially for the disciples of Fox. If it appear to us that saintliness could scarcely maintain such a seraphic height through a course of years without stumbling, it may be that we are uncircumcised at heart,—too much developed on the critical, sceptical side, and too little on that of appreciation, to take in such lofty virtue. At any rate, Olivia is quite real to Mrs. Barr, and will be to many of her admirers. Others may prefer (on paper) Lady Keldar, who retains enough of Mother Eve to resemble persons whom most of us have known in the flesh as wholesome trials of faith and patience. Her husband and son, having been subjected to this domestic discipline all their days, are as good as any men not Quakers can expect to be; indeed, Nathaniel, who was 'a model from the start, has to become almost a Friend before he is allowed to become a Benedict. Olivia's father is another saint; and the jail-chapters read like a bit of martyrology. To set over against so much perfection we have the De Burgs, who are wicked enough to be taken out of Balzac or Zola. After sustained contemplation of the murderous termagant Anastasia, and her ruffianly brother the pirate, and her old reprobate of a father, one feels that a great deal of religion and morality is needed to leaven the Sodom wherein they dwelt; so that the Keldars and Prideaux are really required, to play the part of Lot more effectually, so as to protect the neighborhood from some signal visitation.

It may be complained that all the monsters of iniquity are Churchmen and loyalists, and all the saints are of the sort stigmatized as Dissenters when Charles II. came to his own, as he did long before the end of this story. But then we know from history that many partisans of the Stuarts and of prelacy were hard cases, and that many Puritans were shining lights. Mrs. Barr is not girding at any denomination; she holds a brief for the early Quakers, because she finds them people after her own heart. In general she is aiming at edification by illustrating the revival of primitive piety in the seventeenth century (*minus* the severer doctrinal features with which it was often overloaded), and, secondarily, at historical instruction and blameless entertainment.

Some of the scenes take hold upon the mind and linger there. One does not soon forget Cheneage Hall, with its hideous secrets and its godless inmates, spying and avenging themselves upon each other; nor the rescue of Olivia and her father at sea by the providential lightning-stroke which blinds the villain just as he has seized his prey. Cromwell is well handled in one or two minor interviews. As for Fox, the novelist has not yet appeared who could make anything of him.

The story is sombre rather than cheerful; fidelity to the time required it to be so. But poetic justice triumphs, though somewhat slowly. Anastasia is too much the vixen to be permanently successful in her designs on the merry monarch; the De Burgs get a small part of what they deserve, the lands of the righteous are kept intact, and the lovers are mated at last.

"Friend Olivia" should be especially welcome to the descendants of those whose faith and zeal it celebrates. Mrs. Barr is a writer *sui generis*; each new book of hers adds to the rapidly widening circle of her readers, which includes the lovers of the Schönberg-Cotta series and many more. They will hail her appearance in a soon-coming number of this magazine.

Frederic M. Bird.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE age of the Encyclopædists has been succeeded by an age of Encyclopædias. It is needless to tell your intelligent American that an encyclopædia is a necessity in every well-selected library. It is only a question of selection. There should be really no embarrassment, however, to the man who knows generally what he wants; and the average man wants the best for the least money,—an encyclopædia that is complete, comprehensive, trustworthy, and compact, that is *multum in parvo*. Chambers's has always been this; and now in its new edition it is even more than this to the American reader. Special writers in both Great Britain and the United States have contributed its articles, which are uniformly well written, scholarly, dispassionate, and thorough. The work, with its many additions and complete revision, is practically a new one; and as the publication advances so is the assurance made clear of an increase in the popularity which this Encyclopædia has richly merited and won. The present volume,\* extending from Humber to Malta, includes many important articles. American subjects are well represented, there being, among others, excellent sketches of Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana. Ireland and Irish affairs are written down to date, likewise Hungary, India, and Iceland. There is a noticeably appreciative and concise sketch of Ibsen; and considerable fresh information is added to the lengthy articles on International Law, Insanity, Illegitimacy (a paper of exceeding interest, valuable for its skilful array of facts not easily accessible elsewhere), and Insurance. In this volume, as in its predecessors, the student will note with pleasure the admirable fulness of the useful bibliographies, and the careful attention that has been paid to cross-references.

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The entire medical profession the world over will be interested to hear of the completion of the "Cyclopædia of the Diseases of Children." † In the scope and authority of its contents this work stands alone and aloof: it is incontestably the standard reference-book in the English language on the important subject of which it so exhaustively treats. To the physician it is indispensable. The list of contributors, embracing the names of members of the profession at home and abroad who are distinguished for their knowledge or successful treatment of disease in infancy and childhood, is itself an all-sufficient guarantee of the character of the work. To the student it is an invaluable aid; to the practitioner, a trustworthy guide and hand-book.

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Of the making of one kind of books it is cordially to be hoped there will never be an end,—the kind that makes interesting and plain the facts of the

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\* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Volume VI. Humber—Malta. J. B. Lippincott Company. Complete in ten volumes. Cloth, \$3 per vol.

† CYCLOPÆDIA OF THE DISEASES OF CHILDREN, MEDICAL AND SURGICAL, by American, British, and Canadian Authors. Edited by John M. Keating, M.D. Illustrated. Four volumes, 8vo. Cloth, \$5 per vol. J. B. Lippincott Company. Sold only by subscription.

exact sciences. To the deplorable lack of early or adequate instruction can be ascribed the languid interest which most readers feel in that large and useful body of current literature which deals with the advances made in the various branches of physical science. The very praiseworthy volume\* which Mr. Wright has written is an exemplary work of the sort to which we have alluded. It is trustworthy, practical, and comprehensive. The author has not attempted to compass the whole range of physics and elementary chemistry; he is only concerned with the general outward properties of natural objects and the familiar things which surround us, and the ways in which these become modified by the action of one thing upon another. As a further study, however, he explains the general phenomena connected with heat and light. The boy in whom an interest in natural philosophy is not aroused by these simple and entertaining experiments is hopeless. A few dollars will suffice for the purchase of the inexpensive appliances needed in the practical illustration of the author's easy lessons.

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Such a new and noteworthy story was told in "A Diplomat's Diary" that one felt the author of it must have something else to tell, and hoped that the telling would not long be delayed. It is before us betimes, a fresh and even brilliant novel† of American life. The three conspicuous figures in it are such clever studies as will delight the heart of Mr. Howells. At the outset we are led to anticipate the development in Lawton, the hero, of a character that shall resemble in rough outline that of the famous Silas Lapham. But we go astray. There is, indeed, in the family life of the two men a faint suggestion of resemblance; but Lawton is a successful man in a higher sense than Lapham was; he is a man of eloquence, of political gifts and power, of rare physical beauty, and personal magnetism. Mrs. Lawton is typical of an honored class of American women; she is "settled," patient, matronly, devoted wholly to the interests of husband and children. Now, into the life of the serious-minded, capable man of affairs, on the eve of the realization of his political ambition, there comes a beautiful butterfly creature of fashion, who fascinates him with the sweet homage of her eyes, and enmeshes him presently with the fair speech and fine show of a woman of the world. It is a genuine tragedy, not less thrilling because it relates to this familiar latter-day life of ours, nor less picturesque because of its rather squalid background of politics.

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It is not always the brilliant story that enthalls us. A sparkling style, fresh coloring, and ingenious plot can hardly fail to excite our admiration; any one or all of these qualities in a novel may prove powerless to make it popular. In fiction the human heart is reached by no hidden path, and is touched by no magic wand. The universal sentiment of love and its particular experiences,—that is the love-story in its last analysis. Some writers there are who achieve a remarkable success in this field of fiction in defiance of all criticism. Their

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\* **THE THRESHOLD OF SCIENCE: A Variety of Simple and Amusing Experiments, illustrating some of the Chief Physical and Chemical Properties of Surrounding Objects, and the Effects upon them of Light and Heat.** By C. B. Alder Wright. With numerous Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$2.

† **A SUCCESSFUL MAN.** By Julien Gordon. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.

faults of manner may be obvious, their matter may be stale, but they tell a story that plays sweet music upon our heart-strings, that causes our identity to dissolve in smoke. Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron is one of the best of these. In her latest romance\* she makes the most of a melodramatic episode in the lives of two charming lovers. Madge Durham is bred by her maiden aunts to believe that "man is the cause of all the trouble in the world;" but Madge revolts. Her secret is "Jack's Secret," and it is only after many months of pain and suffering that it can be happily discovered to the world. The picture is a crowded one, full of life and color. We go from a house-boat on the Thames to London drawing-rooms; we walk with pretty, gentle Madge at Fairmead, and listen to the sophisticated chatter of her admirable foil, Miss Veringer. There is incessant action in the story, and a vivacity in the telling of it that never flags.

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Dr. Holcombe's new essay in letters,† while at a great remove from some of his thoughtful and suggestive works on a future life, exhibits in the adroitness of its construction and the clever husbandry of its interest a skill that is altogether French and akin to Boisgobey's. The mystery is admirably sustained, and cunningly detected. It illustrates in a romance of genuine power certain possibilities of the hypnotic influence. A young Chicago gentleman, who has become deeply interested in the scientific study of the occult phases of animal magnetism, plays the detective with much intelligence and success. He plays for large stakes, and in the end wins a lovely girl with a dowry of a half-million of dollars. Each move he makes in the thrilling game will be watched with keenest relish. The story is very ingenious, and is admirably worked out; the dialogue sparkles, the New Orleans atmosphere is in the pages, and the author's style is always fresh and stimulating.

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The simple statement that a new novel has been written by one of the Warner sisters will be quite enough for the many readers who have the good taste to enjoy the purposeful and wholesome fiction of these authors. "Patience"‡ is a tranquil, refreshing tale, of pure and elevating tone. It is safe home reading; yet not a line of it is stupid; it pleases and it purifies. "Patience Hathaway" is a distinct creation; a singing bird, sweet-faced, gentle, and winsome. It would be difficult to name another novel which so successfully illustrates the rural life of New England. On the slenderest thread of romance hang picture after picture, portrait after portrait, brilliantly painted, and of a vividness not likely to escape the memory of the most forgetful reader. There is rare good humor in this veritable transcript from life,—a humor that attaches to the names of certain characters ("Submit" Ingram, "Success" Jackson), that overflows in their talk, and flowers in the report of the prayer-meeting. Somehow there is no making of fun in all this, however; the scene is still solemn to us

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\* JACK'S SECRET. A Novel. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. J. B. Lippincott Company. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 75 cts.

† A MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.

‡ PATIENCE. By Anna B. Warner. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.25.

though we are smiling spectators of it. For the religious life of a man like Ross Ingram is the most serious and respectable thing in the world, and we are soon able to see why Patience admired and emulated it. Here is a glimpse of that prayer-meeting. The service (held in a farm-house) began with singing.

There was a moment's rustle as the people sat down again,—another moment's hush: and then like an echo from the hymn, Patience heard Ross saying:

"They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."

"That sounds wonderful attractive and drawin'," said an old deacon, rising to his feet. "I get that tired o' the mortal darkness o' this airth, that—times—I'd like to be quit on it."

"Good place to shine, though," put in Miss Mehitable from her corner. "Always seems to me, brother Compromise, as if they could get along without the stars easier up there than we can down here."

"I know, I know," answered deacon Compromise; "that's so: that's undeniably so, sister Mehit. But there ain't much chance, down here,—not for what you call shinin'. This airth's full o' mists, and vapours, and fog banks: 'tain't allays easy to let your light shine. Why there's nights when I can't hardly see my own lantern, just goin' round to brother Snap's."

"Leastways if Snap's big dog ain't tied up," said another farmer.—"That critter's been a fog bank for my lantern more times 'n I kin count."

There are several characters in Mrs. Veeder's novel \* whose acquaintance one makes with pleasure and sacrifices with regret. The chiefest of these is Maureen, a girl of spirit, yet sweet-tempered and of a proper speech, who falls in love and looks large-eyed at herself in consequence. Her brother Donnard is not of her sort. He is precocious, audacious, and inclined at times to be smartish, we should say. Their affection for each other is the backbone of the book; albeit Maureen's more tender love for Quaker Macwood (a conspicuous and rather stately personage) constitutes the real romance of the story. It is a very real romance indeed to Maureen. When the surety of the sweet passion first thrills through her, she rushes to her room, tosses loose her hair, and, gathering up her skirts, dances to this song:

I'm off on my broomstick  
Ever so high,  
And away from the earth  
I fly, I fly.  
The world is so funny,  
You know, you know;  
It is out of its head,—  
Away I go.

I'm a-flying, a-flying, a-flying,  
Luni-li-lu-hu-hu-hu-hu-hu:  
The sky is blue-u-u-u-u-u-u.

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\* HER BROTHER DONNARD. By Emily M. Veeder. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.25.



## CURRENT NOTES.

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### THE SHAM AND THE REAL.

EVERY good thing has its hosts of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeits. And imitators always choose the most pronounced, valuable, or popular subject to counterfeit, so that when they claim their sham to be equal, or as good, or the same as "So-and-So's," the public may depend upon it that So-and-So's" article is the best of the kind. The sham is always proving the genuine merit of the thing it copies.

The Royal Baking Powder Company have produced and popularized an article of household use, whose convenience, usefulness, and real merit have made for it an immense and universal sale. A hundred imitators arise on every hand, and as they hold out their sham articles to the public, they cry in chorus, "Buy this; it's just as good as the Royal, and much cheaper!"

The Royal Baking Powder is the standard of excellence the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as Royal" are all the time emphasizing this fact. In their laborious attempts to show that their goods are as strong, as wholesome, or as pure as the Royal, by their contortive twistings of chemical certificates and labored efforts to obtain recognition from the government chemists and prominent scientists who have certified the superiority of Royal over all others, by their copying even the style and wording of the Royal advertisements, they all admit the "Royal" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate.

But the difference between the real and these imitations, which copy only its general appearance, is as wide as that between the paste and the true diamond. The shams all pay homage to the "Royal"!

**THE HEIGHT OF WAVES.**—It is not uncommon in prose works to read of mountainous waves. Exact measurements seldom confirm first impressions. Scoresby found that forty feet was the height from trough to crest of the largest waves measured by him in the North Atlantic and in a cyclonic storm, when bound for Australia in the Royal Charter. This has long been accepted as the extreme limit of wave-height. Captain Kiddle, a well-known and experienced navigator, has, however, encountered waves at sea which were seventy feet high. The late Admiral Fitzroy had previously observed waves as high; and some observations made at Ascension in 1836 support these authorities. In 1844 her Majesty's ship *Inconstant* was scudding with her stern upon the crest and her bow in the depression between two successive waves, and the wave ahead was observed exactly level with her foretopsail yard, just seventy-seven feet above the water-line.

On the 27th of July, 1888, the Cunarder *Umbria* was struck by a wave not less than fifty feet high, which did much damage. Two days before, the Wilson liner *Martello* had a similar experience: an enormous solitary wave struck her, completely submerging the decks. The *Martello* was much smaller and more deeply laden than the queenly *Umbria*. No connection could be traced between these waves, which were referred to in the dailies as tidal waves, although of altogether different origin. In October, 1881, the Italian bark *Rosina* had all hands, except one man who was ill in his bunk, swept off her decks by a wave which broke on board as they were shortening sail during a heavy squall in mid-Atlantic. The British bark *Undine* had one watch washed overboard and her captain killed under similar circumstances. It is said that the massive bell of the Bishop Rock was wrenched from its fastenings by the momentum of driving seas in a gale of wind, and the gallery containing it thickly strewn with sand, although one hundred feet above high-water mark. Scoresby gave six hundred feet as the maximum length of sea-waves, but there are many longer. Mr. Douglas, when building light-houses on the coast of Cornwall, noticed waves thirteen hundred feet long from crest to crest.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**THE IRON DUKE AND THE TOAD.**—*Le petit Caporal* was worshipped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! while of the other, to this day fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote concerning a letter lately exhumed by the editor of *Short Cuts* may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander. The letter, so far as my memory serves, was in some such terms as these:

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington begs to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

It seems that the Duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been,—the lean, keen-eyed old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day; he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone and might starve. The Duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after, and the letter above quoted is one of the subsequent bulletins.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

**TAXING THE VOCAL ORGANS** by out-door speaking or any other unusual and violent exertion is liable to result in great injury, unless a prompt and effective anodyne is used to counteract the evil. For this purpose, no other preparation equals Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It not only heals the organs of speech when they are inflamed, but gives them increased strength and flexibility. Public speakers, preachers, auctioneers, singers, lawyers, actors, and all whose success in their calling depends greatly on the strength, clearness, and staying qualities of the voice find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable.

"Upon several occasions I have suffered from colds, causing hoarseness and entire loss of voice. In my profession of an auctioneer any affection of the voice or throat is a serious matter, but at each attack I have been relieved by a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy, with ordinary care, has worked such a magical effect that I have suffered very little inconvenience. I have also used it in my family, with very excellent results, in coughs, colds, etc. In my general store-keeping business I find a steadily increasing demand for this medicine, which fact is a certain proof of public appreciation."—WILLIAM H. QUARTLY, *Minlaton, Australia.*



Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

You may have tried a score of preparations called "sarsaparilla," without receiving any benefit; but do not be discouraged. Had you taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the first place, you would have been cured and saved time and money. It is not yet too late. Ayer's Sarsaparilla does not exhilarate for a while, and then leave the patient more prostrated than before; it produces a radical change in the system, such as no other preparation, claiming to be a blood medicine, can effect. Original—best—cheapest. Try Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I was cured of nervous debility in the summer of 1888 by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—MRS. H. BENNETT, 6 Middle St., Pawtucket, R.I.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

**A JEWISH LEGEND OF SHEOL.**—On a day Rabbi Akiba was walking in a graveyard. There he lit upon a man with his face as black as a coal, laden with wood upon his shoulders, and he was hastening with it, running like a horse. Rabbi Akiba commanded him to stop, and said to him, "My son, wherefore art thou in such hard servitude? If thou art a slave, and thy lord sets his yoke upon thee, I will redeem thee from it and set thee free; and if thou art poor, I will make thee rich." The man answered unto him, "Leave me, sir, I beg, for I cannot stay." Quoth Akiba, "Art thou of the sons of men, or of the devils?" The man answered, "I am of the dead, and every day I cut wood to make the fire in which I burn."

Said Rabbi Akiba, "What was thy business in thy lifetime?" The man answered, "I was a collector of taxes, and accepted the persons of the rich and slew the poor,—nay, more, I married a betrothed maid on the day of Kippur." Said Rabbi Akiba, "My son, hast thou heard thy taskmasters speak of aught of remedy for thee?" He answered, "Delay me not; maybe the masters of vengeance will be wroth against me! For me there is no remedy, nor have I heard of aught of redemption save this I heard them say unto me: 'If there be to thee a son who may stand in the congregation and cry aloud in the congregation, "Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed!" then shalt thou be released from vengeance.' But I have no son. Yet I left my wife with child, and I know not whether she bore male or female; and if she bore a male, who will teach him the law?"

Said Rabbi Akiba, "What is thy name?" He answered him, "Akiba." "And thy wife's name?" He answered, "Sosmira." "And the name of thy city?" "Aldoka." And Isaac Aboab, the author of the *Menorath Hammaor*, or "Lamp of Light," from which the foregoing is derived, goes on to tell how Akiba pitied the condemned man, and wandered from city to city till he came to Aldoka, and asked concerning him, and the people replied, "May his bones be beaten in Gehinnom to dust!" Then he asked after his wife, and they answered, "May her name and memory be wiped away from the world!" Then he asked after his son, and they told him he was yet uncircumcised. Whereupon Akiba took him and fasted for him forty days, and trained him, and taught him what was requisite, and brought him into the congregation, where he cried, "Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed for ever and ever!" And in that hour was his father delivered.

**A DOG WITH A MEMORY.**—The following, remarkable at all events as a feat of memory, was told me by the owner of an Irish water-spaniel, the only dog I ever knew who would perform tricks and was good to shoot over at the same time. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in the year 1855, which set in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen mill-dam, where the water was of course very deep, and accidentally dropped his snuff-box through a little round hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get it, but was obliged to go home with its owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterward, when the frost had gone, he and the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute, then plunged in, dived to the bottom, and returned with the snuff-box in his mouth.—*The Quarterly Review*.

# Taking A Pill

is often a "happy thought," and **Beecham's Patent Pills** are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, Sick Headache and Weak Stomach.



## A Box

of these Pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine chest. Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep and all nervous and trembling sensations are cured by using these Pills.

## The First

dose will give relief in twenty minutes, and pain, apprehension and uncertainty can be avoided by having a box always at hand wherever you are,—in the house, on the train, on the steamer—ready for immediate use.

## Safe, Painless,

harmless, do not gripe, but are *effectual*, and will save many doctor's bills if promptly taken. Some idea of how generally this is understood can be had from the statement that **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have the *largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world.*

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM**, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.  
**B. F. ALLEN CO.**, Sole Agents for United States, 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on receipt of price, 25 cents,—but inquire first. Correspondents will please mention "The Youth's Companion."

**CURIOUS CUSTOMS.**—Although among the Bedouins a wife is considered as a slave, singleness is looked upon as a disgrace.

Persian women have little education and are reared in seclusion and ignorance, knowing nothing beyond the walls of their homes.

Hindoo women are forbidden to read or write. Indeed, those who dare to indulge in such luxuries are often "accidentally" missing.

Jewish women of the higher classes were secluded from public life, and passed their time with the distaff and spindle. At marriage the ceremonies lasted seven days.

In China a wife is never seen by her future master. Some relative bargains for the girl, the stipulated price is paid, and she is afterwards a submissive slave.

The women of ancient Rome were treated with greatest respect. Still, they were not allowed to inherit property, and could be divorced by their husbands for counterfeiting their keys and for wine-drinking.

In Turkey woman is held in the most rigid seclusion. She must always appear veiled. With pigs and dogs, she is forbidden to enter a mosque, and the Koran declares a woman who is unmarried to be in a state of reprobation.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves, untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle. The most capricious whim of her husband is law to the Siberian woman, and should he desire a divorce he has only to tear the cap from her head.

Among the Congo negroes when a man wishes a wife he secures one and keeps her on probation a year. If her temper and deportment are satisfactory, he at the end of the year formally marries her; but should she prove an encumbrance he sends her back to the parental roof.—*American Notes and Queries.*

**OUIDA'S SHARP TONGUE.**—Ouida, whose eccentricities of dress and speech, whose manner of living, and whose wealth and sensational novels have made her the paragrapher's pet subject, displays a spicy temper when her reserve is encroached upon. The creator of so many beauties of romance is herself very plain. Her youth has fled, but she still retains a magnificent fleece of gold-colored hair, and a rose-leaf skin. It is pathetic to see the time and care she lavishes on the preservation of these charms, and only her maid can tell how often her razor-tongued mistress has been hoodwinked by charlatans pretending to occult knowledge in matters of the toilet. For years it has been *Made-moiselle de la Ramé's* habit to visit Trouville and disport herself in the surf that affords the fashionable French public so much scandal and recreation. She does not mingle with the throng, rarely recognizes an acquaintance, and, accompanied by her maid, swims, floats, and dives with the grace of an accomplished swimmer. She always enters the water with her hair unbound, her white neck and arms exposed, and wearing a conspicuous bathing-dress. Now, it chanced one day that a group of Parisian dudes were sunning themselves on the sands as the author of "Strathmore" came by. There had been some previous talk of the lady and her books, when, in response to a challenge, one of the gilded youths approached, lifted his hat, and wished mademoiselle "*Bon jour.*" Without the slightest change of expression, Ouida turned to her maid, and, handing her the silk girdle of her bathing-gown, said, in French, "Fifine, take this as a halter and lead that escaped ass back to his stable." The famous novelist enjoyed her baths unmolested after this.—*The Illustrated American.*





## PATTI'S "Song of Praise."

*"So much has been said in the newspapers about the color of my hair, that I deem it but just to say, it is due to your Imperial Regenerator. The result has been beyond my highest expectation. The color obtained is most beautiful, uniform, and, best of all, I find it harmless. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it."*

*Adeline Patti Violini*

Gray hair is restored to its natural color or changed to any color or shade desired by the Imperial Regenerator. It is absolutely harmless. No. 1, Black; No. 2, Dark Brown; No. 3, Medium Brown; No. 4, Chestnut; No. 5, Light Chestnut; No. 6, Gold Blonde; No. 7, Ash Blonde. Sold at \$1.50 and \$3.00 per box at all druggists' and hairdressers' or direct.

Send Sample of Hair and Test Its Merits Free of Charge.

Imperial Chemical Co., 54 West 23d St., New York.

**I M P E R I A L**

Beware of injurious imitations.

THE IMPERIAL REGENERATOR is harmless and perfect in Color.

## OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;  
 Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;  
 Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;  
 Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;  
 Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;  
 Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
 Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,  
 For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Marry Monday, for wealth,  
 Marry Tuesday, for health,  
 Marry Wednesday, the best day of all;  
 Marry Thursday, for crosses,  
 Marry Friday, for losses,  
 Marry Saturday, no luck at all.

Born on a Monday,  
 Fair of face;  
 Born on a Tuesday,  
 Full of God's grace;  
 Born on a Wednesday,  
 Merry and glad;  
 Born on a Thursday,  
 Sour and sad;  
 Born of a Friday,  
 Godly given;  
 Born of a Saturday,  
 Work for a living;  
 Born of a Sunday,  
 Never shall want;  
 So there's the week  
 And the end on't.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;  
 Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a stranger;  
 Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;  
 Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;  
 Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;  
 Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;  
 Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,—  
 The devil will have you the whole of the week.

*Every-Day Book.*

**SERPENTS' FLESH AS FOOD.**—It is well known that in parts of Italy vipers are cooked and eaten, and it has been stated that the Waldenses of the Alps have for many years been compelled to make them an essential part of their diet. The rattlesnake is dressed and served as "musical squirrel" in some parts of the United States, appearing sometimes in a disguised form upon the tables of well-to-do people. The same practice is not unknown among the French Canadians.—*American Notes and Queries.*

A

SPECIAL

FOOD

FOR



THE

BRAIN

AND

NERVES

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, prepared according to the formula of Prof. Percy, from the *brain* of the *ox*, and the *germ* of the *wheat* and *oat*.

It is identical in its composition with *brain-matter*, is rapidly absorbed, and quickly relieves the *depression* from *intellectual efforts*, *overwork*, *nervous prostration*, *indigestion*, and *sleeplessness*.

It strengthens the *intellect*, restores *lost functions*, and increases the capacity for *labor*. It aids in the *bodily* and *mental* development of children.

It is the best preventive known for *Night-Sweats* and *Consumption*.

It is used by the best physicians in the treatment of nervous diseases.

It is a *Vital, Nutrient Phosphate*, not an inert *Acid Phosphate*.

The eminent professor of a well-known theological seminary writes, "I find it very useful for *Brain-weariness*, and have occasion often to recommend it to our students."

It is not a secret remedy; the formula is on every bottle.

Descriptive pamphlet free, on application to F. Crosby Co., Druggists, 56 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York, or sent by mail, one dollar.

THE man who has not taken adequate life insurance in some one of the many reputable companies may justly reproach himself with negligence, wilful ignorance, and supreme selfishness, in needlessly subjecting his family to probable destitution and misery at his death. The contrast with the other man who has insured his life is too strong to require comment.

There are Companies—and Companies. Between the worst and the best are all grades. In selecting one in which to insure, use ordinary business judgment and discrimination. Consider its stability, security, age, experience, mutuality, non-forfeiting features, the economy with which it is conducted, the average cost of insurance in it, and all elements of an unqualifiedly safe and successful Company. You have these in several companies. In none are they more happily and safely and beneficently combined than in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE OF PHILADELPHIA.

HOME OFFICES: 921-3-5 CHESTNUT STREET.

**ANCESTOR-WORSHIP.**—In no country of the world is so much homage paid to death as in China. There ancestor-worship is a form of religion, and burial-rites and periodical offerings to the dead furnish a religious ritual. A body cannot be buried until the geomancers have found a lucky day, and the first three weeks in April are specially devoted to the service of the dead,—the festival of Ching-Ming. Among a people so essentially ceremonious as the Chinese, the funeral ceremonies are necessarily elaborate. They are also costly, for they necessitate the provision of a vast quantity of food for both dead and living, as well as fees to the geomancers. The land in China has been described as one continuous graveyard, and Miss Gordon-Cumming says,—

“No one can be long in China before discovering that ancestral worship is the keystone of all existence in the Celestial Empire. It permeates all life, affecting even the most trivial details of every-day existence, and is an influence tenfold more potent for keeping the people in the bondage of gross superstition than all the countless idols of the land, inasmuch as it compels every man to be forever looking backward instead of forward, in fear lest he should by any action offend his very exacting ancestral spirits. In short, from his birth to his grave, the chief aim and end of every Chinaman is this constant propitiation of the dead.”

On the accession of a new Emperor, he goes in solemn state to the Temple of Heaven in Peking and formally announces to his imperial predecessors the new titles and dignities which he has assumed. These ancestors are then dutifully invited to the banquet of commemoration, where seats are duly reserved for them. The death-customs of China, however, would need a separate article, so numerous and complicated are they. Let it just be mentioned that the value of the annual offerings of the Chinese to the dead has been estimated at thirty-two million pounds!—*The Scottish Review*.

**WHAT MIGHT CLEOPATRA HAVE LOOKED LIKE?**—Sarah Bernhardt in her new representation of Cleopatra has departed from the traditional idea of the queen's physique, and appears with auburn or reddish-brown hair. That is probably an innovation in the direction of accuracy, the xanthous type certainly existing and being highly admired in Greece, but why does not the great actress go a step further? She represents Cleopatra as “bronzed,” her traditional color, but where is the probability of that? Europeans do not change their color in the East, nor has Egypt blackened the Copts; and Cleopatra was a pure Greek, a descendant of the Heracleidæ (Ptolemy Soter having been a son of Philip) and heiress of a house so anxious for the purity of its blood that it disregarded the human law against incestuous marriages. The great probability is that she was very like a modern Parisienne, with an eager, mobile face, not beautiful at all in the sculptor's sense, but with a certain magnetic attractiveness intensely felt by Roman nobles like Cæsar and Antony, accustomed to the heavier and more apathetic beauty of their own caste. The Ptolemies were the most cultivated of all the Greek dynasties in the East, and when a line ends in a woman she usually reproduces all its peculiarities.—*The Spectator*.

**THE HOT POTATO AND DR. JOHNSON.**—The sage was seated in the midst of a large dinner-party. He inadvertently placed in his mouth a hot potato, but, suddenly ejecting it, he turned to the hostess with this remark: “Madam, a fool would have burned himself!”—*Notes and Queries*.

**PUBLIC SPEAKING AS AN ART. WHY IT IS DIFFICULT. WHAT ITS DANGERS ARE.**—Sir Morell Mackenzie, the imperial doctor and highest known authority on the Throat and Lungs, has just published a pamphlet in which he gives advice to public speakers.

"It is a great mistake," he says, "to think that speaking requires no special training and exercise. Even in ordinary conversation speaking is an art, and a difficult one, the supreme development of which is oratory. A man who knows how to speak in public, and to spare his voice, makes himself heard with little or no effort, while an untrained orator wears himself out quite rapidly."

We have all experienced the hoarseness due to too much speaking, but the hoarseness which has its origin in a cough, cold, or throat affection, or the loss of voice from asthma, bronchitis, or pulmonary trouble, is the most frequent and most annoying. In such cases Sir Morell Mackenzie recommends the use of Soden Mineral Pastilles (Troches). He says, "They are specially beneficial in Catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, which include Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Lung troubles, and I have found them of great service in the case of singers and public speakers."

The treatment of Throat and Lung diseases in Europe has advanced far beyond anything known in America, and when the highest known European authority speaks in such decided tones in regard to these wonderful Soden Troches it should be a valuable suggestion, not only to public speakers and singers, but to the vast army of sufferers from Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung diseases, which are so dangerous and so constantly fatal.

Obtain the genuine imported article, which must have the *signature* and testimonial of Sir Morell Mackenzie with each box. None other is genuine.

For sale by all druggists for 50 cents. A trial box will be mailed to any address for 25 cents. Soden Mineral Springs Company, Limited, Agents, No. 6 Barclay Street, New York.

**"TELLING A SECRET."**—"Why, there is ammonia in that baking powder; and I thought it was 'absolutely pure.'"

You can test it yourself in a moment.

**Housekeeper's Test.**—Mix one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with one teaspoonful of water in a tin cup; boil thoroughly for a few moments, stir to prevent burning, and if ammonia is present you can smell it in the rising steam.

**NOTE.**—As baking powder, when first thrown into the water, will effervesce, care should be taken not to mistake bubbling for boiling.

Cleveland's Baking Powder stands all tests.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School, says of Cleveland's Baking Powder,—

"It is entirely free from Ammonia, Alum, or other adulterants.

"I am convinced it is the purest powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking-schools and for daily household use."



**PRIMITIVE PLANT-WORSHIP.**—The plant-worship which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will sally forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday, and, falling upon their knees before a tree, will exclaim, "I pray, O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night-time they will run to and fro about their gardens crying, "Bud, O trees, bud, or I will flog you." In England the Devonshire farmers and their men will to this day go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth-Day, carrying with them a large milk-pail of cider, with roasted apples pressed into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and, taking up their stand beneath those apple-trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

Health to thee, good apple-tree,  
Well to bear pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,  
Peck-fulls, bushel-bag-fulls!

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees. In most countries certain plants are to be found associated with witches and their craft.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

**MUDIE AND CARLYLE.**—The following story is told of the late Mr. Mudie. One evening Lady Ashburton gave a brilliant reception. Among her guests was Mr. Mudie, whose name was then—1850—just becoming known. During the evening he found himself standing near Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and, looking him full in the face, said in his brusquest manner, with his broad Doric accent, "So you're the man that divides the sheep from the goats! Ah!" he went on, giving strong emphasis to his words, "it's an awfu' thing to judge a man. It's a more awfu' thing to judge a book, for a book has a life beyond a life. But it is with books as it is with men. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." Mr. Mudie held his ground boldly enough when thus attacked as the man who had set himself up as a  *censor librorum* . "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial stand-point, though it is ever my object to circulate good books, and not bad ones."

**FRIED OYSTERS BY THE FOOT.**—Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian Seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottiar, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the rest-house. One measured more than eleven inches in length by half as many in width. But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster fried in butter, or eggs and bread-crumbs, set before you; but it is a very pleasant experience, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial even in that land of luxuries.—*Oysters and All about Them*.



**QUINA-LAROCHE.**—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

THE question of purity in food is a matter of the greatest importance, and deserves most careful and constant consideration; yet so ingenious are the methods nowadays adopted to adulterate, and the processes employed to cheapen manufacture, that it is often very difficult to determine the merits of any particular article of food. With W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, however, no such difficulty arises, for it is produced from the finest cocoa seeds only, exclusively by mechanical processes, and, as no chemicals whatever are used in its preparation, all possibility of impurity is avoided. The result is that W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is not excelled in solubility and is not approached in purity by any similar product in the market, and it still remains, as for over one hundred years past, the standard of purity and excellence, and the most healthful and nutritive cocoa in the world.

THE eminent piano-makers of New York, Messrs. GEORGE STECK & Co., hold a letter from Richard Wagner, in which he speaks in the following eulogistic terms of one of their Grands, which was in his home at Baireuth: "The fine Grand Piano of George Steck & Co., of New York, which I have obtained, is everywhere acknowledged to be excellent. My great friend Franz Liszt expressed the liveliest satisfaction after he had played upon it. The magnificent instrument has taken up its useful abode in my home, where it will ever serve for my pleasant entertainment."

This piano Herr Wagner used during the last ten years of his life, and it is now treasured by his family as one of the most cherished mementos the great master has left behind him in his sanctum at Baireuth.

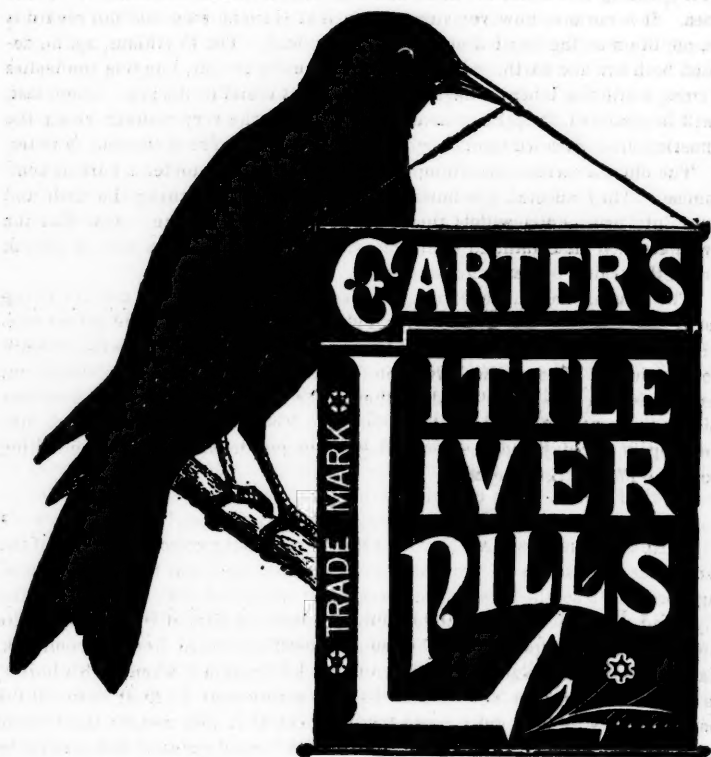
**DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.**—If sun- and fire-worship be the earliest forms of religion in the world, it is reasonable to infer that cremation is older than inhumation. And yet the Chaldeans, who were fire-worshippers, regarded the burning of a human body as a pollution of their Deity, and the ancient Parsees (as do their modern representatives) exposed their dead to the attacks of beasts of prey, caring not about the flesh, and confident in the indestructibility of the bones. It is curious, however, that the ancient German races did not regard it as a pollution of the Earth deity to bury their dead. The Scythians, again, declined both fire and earth, and made their graves in the air, hanging the bodies on trees, while the Ichthyophagi of Egypt sought theirs in the sea. These last, it will be observed, thought to avoid corruption in the very manner which the Homeric heroes dreaded most,—by the extinction of the fire of the soul in water.

The old Balearians, according to Diodorus Siculus, adopted a curious compromise. They affected urn-burial without burning,—crushing the flesh and bones into urns, upon which they heaped wood without fire. And that the Jews were not unacquainted with cremation is certain, for the men of Jabesh burned the bodies of Saul and his sons.

The Massagetæ, who, according to Herodotus, inhabited the country to the east of the Caspian, had a cheerful habit of boiling their aged and infirm relatives and of feasting on their bodies, “esteeming universally this mode of death the happiest.” Those who died from disease, however, were not eaten, but were buried in the earth as altogether unfortunate subjects, to be forgotten quickly as unworthy members of the family. Yet, as the Massagetæ were sun-worshippers, we may imagine something of the religious element in the boiling process.—*The Scottish Magazine*.

**WHERE BAGPIPES HAD NO CHARMS.**—An amusing episode recorded of the Peninsular War seems to prove that even the charms of our beautiful national bagpipes fail to soothe these savage beasts. It happened that, while one of the Highland regiments was marching across a desolate part of Spain, one of the pipers for some inexplicable reason found himself separated from his comrades. Halting on a lonely plain, he sat down to eat his breakfast, when, to his horror, he saw wolves approaching. When they came very near he flung them all the food he had with him, fully conscious, however, that this meagre meal would not stay their advance for many seconds. With the calmness of desperation he then said, “As ye’ve had the meat, ye’ll hae the music too,” and thereupon he proceeded to “blow up his chanter.” No sooner did his unwelcome guests hear the first “skirl” of the pipes than they turned in wild terror and fled as fast as their long legs would carry them. “De’il hae ye!” said the piper; “had I thocht ye were so fond o’ the music ye wad hae gotten it afore meat, instead o’ after!” Then hungrily he went his way, not forgetting from time to time to blow a blast so wild and shrill as might effectually scare any prowling foes.—*Temple Bar*.

**SMOKING IN JAPAN.**—Smoking is so common in Japan that all men and most ladies smoke, the girls beginning when they are about ten years of age. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him, and lets him smoke.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

CARTER MEDICINE Co., New York City.

**BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER.**—The creator of the popular "Mrs. Partington" recently died of heart-disease at his home in Chelsea, Mass., after a long illness. He was born July 12, 1814, in Portsmouth, N.H., and at the age of sixteen took up the trade of a printer. Later he became a journalist, and was first attached to the *Boston Post*. It was during his connection with the *Post*, in 1847, that Mrs. Partington first made her appearance in the columns of this paper. She was a success from the start. Three years later Mr. Shillaber undertook the publication of a comic paper, but it did not live long, and he returned to his place on the editorial staff of the *Post*. Later he was connected editorially with the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, and contributed at the same time to a number of papers. About this time he became first known as a poet. For a time he took to the lecture-platform, but met with little success. The list of his published works is as follows: "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington," "Rhymes with Reason and without Knitting-Work," "Partington Patchwork," "Lines in Pleasant Places," "Cruises with Captain Bob," "The Double-Runner Club," and "Wide Swath."

**RECIPT FOR PLUM-PUDDING.**—The extract of which the following is a translation is from an article on English Christmas customs, reprinted from the *Kreutz-Zeitung* by the *Petersburger Zeitung* of January 5: "The ingredients of this famous national dish consist of dough, beer in the course of fermentation, milk, brandy, whiskey, and gin in equal parts, bread, citronade, and small and large raisins in profusion. The mass must be stirred by the whole family for at least three days, and then hung up in a linen bag for six weeks in order to thoroughly ferment. The cost of this delicacy," adds the well-informed writer, "is about twenty shillings for four persons."—Live and learn!—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

**JOHN ERNEST MCCANN**, the rising poet, is an ebony-haired, lustrous-eyed, clean-shaven man of magnetic manner and one-and-thirty. Russell Sage intended him for a broker, but Nature intended him for a poet, and Nature prevailed; so that, as soon as he discovered the mistake, he jilted Wall Street for Literature, and he has not yet had reason to regret it. He has lately garnered the charming verses of some years together under one cover, which is a poem in itself if there was nothing behind it. But there is. He writes originally and even epigrammatically, and with an utter disregard for the dull and commonplace methods with which the professional "reader" is but too familiar. He is disastrously energetic, and is said to nurture aspirations for dramatic fame.

**HYPNOTISM AND CRIME.**—Some of the possibilities for crime offered by the practice of mesmerism—or hypnotism, as it is now the fashion to call it—were shown recently in Paris, when a hypnotist secured a check for ten thousand francs from the victim. The existence of such possibilities has been recognized in a practical manner by the Russian Medical Department. Their Medical Council has resolved that henceforward the application of hypnotism for medical purposes can be permitted solely to medical practitioners, under the condition that the operation is to be practised invariably in the presence of other medical men.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.



"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"WHAT I EAT, THAT I AM."—What we put into the stomach becomes "us," in brain, muscle, and blood. "Simple foods are the best." The "soul of wheat" contains the all-essentials of life, stripped of all injurious chaff and covering. "GRANŪLA," the perfect health food of the famous Dansville (N.Y.) Sanatorium, the product of Dr. James C. Jackson's fertile genius, is the "soul of wheat," and is the food of foods for nursing-mothers, invalids, children, the aged, and the robust. It is thoroughly selected, properly cooked, and "fit for kings' banquets." "One can live on it forever and never miss meat." Trial box, 36c., by mail, postpaid.

Address GRANŪLA Co., Dansville, N.Y.

AN interesting word-contest will result from the offer (appearing in our columns) of \$700 in prizes to those forming the most words from "TADELLA ALLOYED ZINK PEN." The Post-Office Department at Washington has decided that this prize contest does not come under the lottery act, because merit, not chance, determines the award.

A WATCH in the form of a shirt-stud has been made by an artisan in Newcastle. With it are worn two other studs, one above and the other below the watch. The three are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt-bosom, and the watch is wound up by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.

**GERRYMANDER.**—The recent elections have brought this word to the front again, and a great many inquiries are made concerning its origin and meaning. The Century Dictionary has the following: "*Gerrymander* (ger'i-man-dir), *n.* [In humorous imitation of *salamander*, from a fancied resemblance to this animal of a map of one of the districts formed in the redistricting of Massachusetts by the legislature in 1811, when Elbridge Gerry was governor. The redistricting was intended (it was believed at the instigation of Gerry) to secure unfairly the election of a majority of Democratic senators. It is now known, however, that he was opposed to the measure.] In *U. S. politics*, an arbitrary arrangement of the political divisions of a State; in disregard of the natural or proper boundaries as indicated by geography or position, made so as to give one party an unfair advantage in elections. The effect of such a proceeding has sometimes been to secure to a party a majority in the legislature of a State, or in its quota of members of Congress, at an election in which the opposite party received a majority of the total number of votes. *Gerrymander* (ger'i-man-dir), *v. t.* [*Gerrymander, n.*] 1. To district, as a State, by the unfair arrangement called a gerrymander; arrange arbitrarily and unfairly, as the boundaries of political divisions, for the sake of partisan advantages in election. 2. To shift and manipulate, as facts, so as to force an agreement with a preconceived notion. (Rare)."

**SLAVONIC CUSTOMS.**—It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas-Eve supper-tables, and for the young people, blindfold or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green, the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath or the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar during the approaching year; but a dried straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts, on the "Christ's Eve," wine, beer, and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If, as the clock strikes midnight, a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be "well-to-do." If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if, as the clock strikes, no man comes to her table, the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of Death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect. On New Year's Eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire, and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background, it is the one they will marry; but if they see a shape as of a coffin, it forebodes for them death during the year close at hand.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**"A RUMP AND DOZEN."**—Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were frequently "three-bottle men." A common bet was a "rump and dozen,"—not a dozen of oysters, but a dozen bottles of claret or port. This rump of beef, cooked as steaks, and the dozen of wine, provided entertainment for the bettor, the bettee, and, say, two friends.—*Notes and Queries*.





**LYDIA PINKHAM:**—"My son, I was just thinking how our little group of three generations so strongly demonstrates and illustrates my theory of the *transmission of health* from mother to child; and what can be more striking than the fact that my vigorous health is reproduced in your darling children?"

The normal life, well-being, and happiness of mankind depend upon the physical health and perfection of *Woman*.

Thousands of women in all parts of the civilized world cherish grateful remembrance of the Vegetable Compound, and daily bless its discoverer.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND** is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.**

**BIRD-MANNA!**—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



**OSSIP SCHUBIN.**—Lola Kirschner is the *réal* name of the young woman who writes under this pseudonyme. In spite of the familiarity with diplomatic life which she shows in her books, she lives in a quiet Bohemian village, and published her first book before she was twenty-one.

**KIPLING'S NAME.**—Rudyard Kipling's peculiar Christian name is said to have had its origin in the fact that his father and mother plighted their troth on the banks of Lake Rudyard.

**JEROME K. JEROME.**—The literary idol of the hour is Jerome K. Jerome. With three of his plays running simultaneously in New York, the circulation of his books running into the hundred thousands, and his slightest sketches eagerly sought after, his success might readily turn the head of many a man of thirty. A writer in *The Magazine and Book Review* gives a glimpse of him in his London home: "A little beyond Chelsea Barracks is a huge building of yellow brick with red stripes, known as Chelsea Gardens. A door stands invitingly open, with the humorous announcement that trespassers will be prosecuted. This statement is evidently intended to rouse a spirit of contradiction in the human breast, or else to lure one on to mounting the ninety steps which intervene between the ground-floor and the suite of rooms of the 'English Mark Twain.' The walls of this ascent are painted a cheerful blue, while a plum-colored dado checks the light-heartedness which would otherwise be inspired by such a pleasing color. Once within Mr. Jerome's drawing-room, the plum-colored dado is forgotten. Over the trees, facing the house, all London can be seen. Almost opposite, and a little to the right, is the Tower House. To the left, the river shines like a silver streak in the sun, and beyond the river in the far distance is the Crystal Palace. The 'interesting personality' of Mr. Jerome is, at this moment, clad in light trousers, slippers, a boating-jacket, and eye-glasses. He might have stepped in from some secluded bower after a nap. In reality, he has been sleeping off the effects of a long stretch of work extending from six o'clock to lunch-time. His brown hair is rumpled over his broad high forehead; somewhat deep-set gray eyes look out with a kindly glance from beneath heavily-hanging brows. He has a thick, drooping moustache, good straight nose, and rather large head for a man of medium height. Greetings are exchanged; he flings the casement wide; and in the refreshing breeze we sit and talk of many things, the sunlight dancing over the dainty room, with its soft-cushioned chairs, picturesque photographs, and delicate water-colors on the walls. Mr. Jerome could not get any one to look at his books at first, and nothing but the most indomitable perseverance and faith in his own powers could have carried him into the happy haven of successful authorship. 'I remember taking the *Idle Thoughts* to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. I think I saw Mr. Marston, senior. He looked at it, said he didn't want to discourage me, but that it was simply rubbish. Field & Tuer took it at length. One hundred thousand copies have been sold up to date. *Three Men in a Boat* has now reached the same number.'"

**A MERRY MONARCH.**—It was in the reign of Charles VI. of France that the fine qualities of champagne first approved themselves to the palates of men of taste, among whom we must reckon Wenceslas, King of Bohemia, who, visiting France for diplomatic purposes, took up his residence at Rheims in May, 1397. There he was induced to try the local vintage, and he found it so good that he devoted three hours daily, from three to six, to getting drunk upon it. At length he was reluctantly compelled to turn his attention to business; but as soon as the treaty was signed which he had come to France to negotiate, he expressed a strong desire to remain some short time longer in a city which had revealed to him a new pleasure in life. The short time extended to twelve months: so that he spent a year in waiting for the treaty, a year in discussing it, and a year in resting from his labors, and all three years he refreshed himself with "the glorious vintage of Champagne."—*All the Year Round*.

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# WAVE OF LIFE.

BY

CLYDE FITCH.

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"People of artistic instincts are being ruined by bric-à-brac, I think; and that is why no stronger work is done."—WM. D'URBAN, in a *private letter*.

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PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

WAVE OF LIFE

TO  
LOUISE STARRING.

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